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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

JULY 1949.



AN ODD GAME.

MR. VYSHINSKY'S performances at the Paris Council of Foreign Ministers made me think, in the words of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, that he was playing,

With a twisted cue
On a board askew
And elliptical billiard balls.

The general direction of each stroke could be seen. Its negative effects might be judged in advance. The difficulty lay in guessing what he hoped to achieve by it. And behind that difficulty remained the further puzzle whether he was attempting to score points according to rules laid down by the Kremlin or whether he was to some extent improvising his own rules as he went along. It looked like a crazy business. Was there method in it? There may have been several methods—those of Moscow, changeable according to circumstances, and those of Mr. Vyshinsky, who was making his first appearance as Foreign Secretary and successor to Mr. Molotov. If it be asked whether any representative of the Soviet Union can afford to indulge in personal methods the answer must be sought in the peculiar stresses and rivalries that are known to exist among members and groups in the Moscow Politburo. To reconcile advocacy of whatever aspects of Soviet policy may be uppermost at a given moment with the avoidance of individual risks to their advocate is as tricky a game as Gilbertian fantasy ever imagined.

Has anything happened since the real or apparent lifting of the Berlin blockade on May 12th to alter the views of Moscow on the international situation? To me, relatively unversed in the subtleties of the Soviet outlook, on which Mr. I. Deutscher dwells at length in his *Stalin: A Political Biography*, it seems likely that the talk or the fact of a "business recession" in the United States may have influenced Moscow in a degree disproportionate to the immediate importance of the "recession" itself. While we are still in the dark about the inner reasons for the replacement of Mr. Molotov by Mr. Vyshinsky, two main explanations of the change have been given in quarters not ill-informed of conditions in the Soviet Union. The first was that the critics of Molotov in the Politburo felt the results of the Five Year Plan to be unsatisfactory, and believed that a change in foreign policy might improve its prospects by inducing the United States to grant desirable credits. The second was the plea, put forward by Stalin's relative, Beria, head of the secret police, that foreign affairs should be handled by a technical functionary, as Chicherin and Litvinoff had been, not by an important member of the Politburo capable of pursuing a personal policy. This principle had been laid down by Lenin himself as a check upon Trotsky. Beria therefore demanded the replacement of Molotov by Vyshinsky, who is not a member of the Politburo, and whom certain files in the police archives enable Beria to control.

Stalin, fearing lest this dispute take an unpleasant turn, ended by supporting his relative and fellow Caucasian, Beria, up to a point. Molotov was released from the management of foreign policy while

retaining his membership of the Politburo, the supreme Directory of the Soviet Union. Beria's candidate, Vyshinsky, was preferred to Molotov's candidate, Gromyko; but Gromyko was placed alongside of Vyshinsky, doubtless in order to keep an eye upon him on behalf of Molotov and the uncompromising "cold war" group in the Politburo. This group, which includes Bulganin and Malenkov, is convinced that the Five Year Plan can be made to succeed, without concessions to the West, if the European satellites of Russia are completely incorporated in the Soviet economic system and if Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia can be "liquidated" or brought to heel. The so-called "Caucasian" group, consisting of Beria, a Georgian, and Mikoyan, an Armenian, with some degree of backing from Stalin, agrees with a larger "economic" group in the Politburo that there may be danger in squeezing the satellites too tightly. An economic *modus vivendi* with the West, and some degree of relaxation in the "cold war" might be preferable if, as there seemed reason to believe earlier this year, the capitalist world is not on the verge of crisis or collapse. Hence, apparently, the agreement to lift the Berlin blockade and to resume the meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris.

Between the agreement and the actual meeting of the Council came imprudent jubilation in some Western countries over the defeat of Russian tactics in Berlin (by the "air lift" and the conclusion of the Atlantic Treaty) and the "recession" in the United States, which Molotov and his group may well have interpreted as the beginning of widespread economic crisis in the West. Mr. Vyshinsky's task would in any event have been difficult and delicate. He could not allow the Western democracies to claim victory over the Soviet Union, and he could not be sure that the American "recession" would not strengthen the hands of the Molotov group by appearing to vindicate orthodox Marxist theories. So, in Paris, he had to walk warily and to strain his ears for echoes of what might be going on in the Politburo. Mr. Dean Acheson, Mr. Ernest Bevin and M. Schuman doubtless have their worries. None of them are comparable to the stake for which Mr. Vyshinsky was playing—as a pawn in a grim game for power in which his own fate, and the choice of Beria as the eventual successor to Stalin, might be involved.

Apart from these special considerations Mr. Vyshinsky was bound to bear in mind the main issue, that of the future of Germany, an issue no less important to Russia than to the Western democracies. The abiding, ultimate aim of the Soviet Union is undoubtedly to foster and to hasten a world revolution so as to make the world "safe for Communism" on the Russian model. But Russia has suffered too severely at the hands of Germany not to feel genuine fear of any revival of militant German nationalism; and her rulers may believe that the surest safeguard against a German Fourth Reich, thirsting for revenge, would be to unite Germany under strict Communist control. Could this be done, France, Italy, and the other countries of Western Europe would, they may reckon, fall like ripe fruit into the hands of the Kremlin. Great Britain would cease to have much say in European affairs, and even the United States would be powerless for "capitalist" mischief. Western notions of democratising a federalised Germany are, therefore, in Russian eyes, both pernicious and dangerous—pernicious because they retard the triumph of Communism, and dangerous because federated German *Laender* might become centres of nationalist agitation for complete unity with a resuscitated German army.

Another leader might arise, taking perhaps Bismarck rather than Hitler as his model, and seek to regain for Germany a dominant position in Europe.

If the Russians, agreeing with this indictment, conclude that they would rather get the leadership of Germany into Communist hands, they may be deceiving themselves as egregiously as those Westerners who fondly believe in the conversion of the German people to faith in democratic principles by the virtue of federated provincial autonomies. What pledge can there be that German Communists would not again go over to some new form of militant nationalism, as large numbers of them went over to Hitler as soon as his star was in the ascendant? What proof is there that the German divisions trained and indoctrinated in Russia since the end of the war would turn out to be more pro-Russian than were the German officers and men whom General von Seeckt sent into Russia for training when he was building up the cadres for the Reichswehr? There can be no such pledge, no such proof. Even in the Western zones of occupied Germany the revival of the nationalist spirit is already apparent, and the tendency to extol Bismarck as the greatest of Germans is gathering strength. Very few Germans, in Germany, admit German responsibility for the two world wars. Propaganda against the "war-guilt lie," and for the "stab in the back" myth, effectively smothered all attempts to teach the German people unpalatable truths about the war of 1914-18, and smoothed the path for Hitler. Nor is it yet possible to discard as obsolete the considered verdict of Edgar Ansell Mowrer, in his famous book *Germany Puts the Clock Back*, that

It was not imperialistic scheming, but vanity amounting almost to a vital need that caused the people to deny reality in the form of its own war responsibility and defeat. What to foreigners seemed wrong-headedness or sheer duplicity was mere incapacity to face a truth incompatible with the national self-esteem.

To-day, neither the reports of the Nuremberg trials nor the waning influence of publications sponsored by the Western authorities appear to have made a serious breach in the German conviction that Hitler's greatest fault was his luckless loss of the second world war. More than one young German has written to me recently to this effect. One of them has taken me to task for having suggested that French anxieties are explicable by the fact that from 1870 to 1940 France was thrice invaded by German armies. Those invasions, writes my young German, were purely defensive. Never has Germany been guilty of aggression!

Mr. Ernest Bevin, at all events, is alive to this state of mind. In reply to Mr. Vyshinsky's proposal that the four Governments draft a peace treaty providing for the withdrawal of occupation forces within one year of its signature, he said flatly that the British Government do not intend to commit themselves to a date for the withdrawal of troops until they know what sort of Germany there is going to be, and what means there would be to prevent the rise of another dictatorship. On this, he added, "We are not going to play up to the Germans." Mr. Schuman said much the same on behalf of France; and Mr. Dean Acheson remarked that treaty-making would be fantastic against the background of their disagreements on the future of Germany. The Council of Foreign Ministers, he reminded Mr. Vyshinsky, had a very grave responsibility to the world. Millions of lives might depend on the

way the peace treaty was concluded, and he would not play with it for propaganda purposes.

So, agreement on any unification of Germany under a German Government being out of the question, the Council sought some kind of *modus vivendi* in the hope of facilitating trade and ensuring greater freedom of movement between the Eastern and the Western zones. In mid-June, as I am writing, this hope has not entirely faded, though its fulfilment appears to depend upon a specific Russian undertaking that the Berlin blockade will not be renewed, and perhaps upon Western assent to conditions under which Mr. Vyshinsky would no longer oppose an Austrian peace treaty. Even limited success in these directions would save this meeting of the Council from total failure and would, in a minor degree, bear out the supposition that the Soviet Union has departed tentatively from the negative rigidity of the Molotov policy. On the whole Mr. Vyshinsky has been less offensive and slightly more accommodating than his predecessor, and has given the impression that Russia wishes to keep the Council of Foreign Ministers in being. While it is conceivable that the dock strikes at Avonmouth, Bristol and Liverpool, and the "token strike" of British railwaymen, were "staged" by Communist or pro-Communist influences as accompaniments to the Council meeting, similar to the Communist demonstrations in France and Italy on earlier occasions, they did little more than exemplify the general hostility of Communism to the Labour Government, and the effects of Communist infiltration into British trade unionism. As far as foreign policy is concerned, the reception given to Mr. Ernest Bevin by the delegates to the Blackpool conference of the Labour Party will have shown Mr. Vyshinsky and, possibly, the men who pull the strings in Moscow, that the British Foreign Secretary can afford to ignore Communist and "fellow-travelling" intrigues against him.

This is all to the good. If it does not simplify the problem of Germany it does lend stability to the decisions hitherto taken by the Western Powers in dealing with it. Those decisions are not in themselves a solution, but if they are firmly adhered to, with entire freedom from sentimentality, they may prove to be the beginnings of a solution. It would be foolish to imagine that the Germans will observe the provisions and accept the restrictions of the Basic Law of Bonn in spontaneous good faith. They are more likely to regard them as a *Diktat*, imposed by victors, and involving no moral obligations on the part of the vanquished. They may, indeed, "play up" to the West in the expectation that the West will, in return, "play up" to them and give them opportunities to utilise the Western Union in a spirit analogous to that in which Dr. Stresemann concluded the Locarno Treaties and undertook to bring Germany into the League of Nations. His famous memorandum to the German Crown Prince, written before he went to Locarno, should never be forgotten; and though in later years, towards the end of his life, his outlook gradually changed until his words and deeds were inspired by an appreciable degree of good faith, it was quite plain to me, when I sounded opinion in Berlin in December 1926, that the nearer he drew to the standpoints of Austen Chamberlain and Aristide Briand the more estranged from him would German national feeling become. This definite impression I recorded publicly at the time. Nazism was then but a tiny cloud on the German political horizon. Similar clouds may become visible in the near future. We should ignore them at our peril.

What then is to be done? Germany is an integral part of Europe, and there can be no revival of Europe as a whole unless Germany is in some way integrated in a workable European system. For the present there are, and perhaps will be for years to come, two Germanies. For one of them the Western Powers will remain responsible. Russia appears likely to dominate the other. So the German problem resolves itself provisionally into a problem of relations between the parties to the Atlantic Treaty and the Soviet system. These relations, in their turn, seem likely to be governed partly by Russian need of the West and partly by cumulative proof that the Atlantic Treaty is in reality a purely defensive arrangement compatible with some measure of tolerant give and take between East and West, yet firm against any Soviet policy of "cold" or "hot" aggression. And it is here that prudent and open-eyed observation of tendencies in the Soviet Union becomes indispensable.

President Truman's exclamation, "We have friends in the Kremlin" was an example of the kind of thing that ought not to be said. In a sense it was true. In another sense it was a case of "Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire." It may be doubted whether there are any "friends" of the United States or of the West in the Kremlin. Less doubtful is it that certain members of the Politburo, maybe a majority of them, are persuaded that Russian interests demand a *modus vivendi* with the West, if only in the economic sphere. Even on this assumption their influence would be diminished by enabling their opponents to denounce them as "friends" of the United States or any other "capitalist" country. For the moment, and no matter what the final outcome of the Paris meeting of Foreign Ministers may be, it is clear that the Cominform with, probably, a strong section of the Politburo behind it, is intensifying the drive against Marshal Tito and Yugoslavia both in order to punish "deviation" and to prevent the infection of the satellites of the Soviet Union by Yugoslav heresy. Molotov and his group in the Politburo are, as I have said, believed to favour the complete incorporation of the satellites, with their economic resources, in the Soviet system as the best means of saving the Five Year Plan from failure. Another, numerically stronger, group fears lest total incorporation offend the national susceptibilities of the satellites and cause them to look wistfully upon Tito's assertion of Yugoslav independence. Hence the importance to the Molotov group and to the Cominform of coercing Yugoslavia into submission. Hence also the removal of László Hajk from the Foreign Secretaryship of Hungary, the expulsion of Kostov from the Bulgarian Communist Party, and the execution of an Albanian General and former Vice-Premier for "collaboration" with Tito. The breaking off of all economic relations between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia points in the same direction. For the time being the Cominform is being given its head. If it can succeed, well and good; the anti-Western group in the Politburo will then proceed with the "squeezing" of the satellites to relieve the economic stresses in the Soviet Union. But if the drive against Yugoslavia should fail, there may be a change of tone and temper in the Kremlin, and Mr. Vyshinsky might be able to play his odd game with a cue somewhat straighter on a board slightly less askew.

In that event the problem of Germany, though still intricate, would be likely to become more manageable. It is possible, not certain, that Russia might see she has a common interest with the Western Powers in showing the Germans that the idea of playing off the West against

the East, or the East against the West, lies beyond the range of practicable politics. Given such perception in the Kremlin, given also careful abstention on the part of the Western Powers from any word or deed calculated to foster the illusion of Germans that Germany is looked upon as an eventual asset of the Atlantic Union in a struggle against Soviet Russia, a gradual improvement of the situation would not be past praying for, and the haunting notion of a third world war might recede into a dim background of sinister improbabilities. No man in his senses can be confident that wisdom will prevail. Yet no man with even approximate knowledge of possibilities will rule out the contingency that sanity may gain and retain the upper hand.

WICKHAM STEED.

P.S.—June 21st. The outcome of the Paris meeting is not entirely negative. There is a prospect of a peace treaty with Austria on terms that give a large measure of satisfaction to Russia. There is also a chance, perhaps a probability, that the Berlin blockade will not be renewed. Germany itself remains divided, with a potential "live and let live" understanding between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers—nothing to crow over, yet less bad than the total failure of the Paris meeting would have been. The one thing that could spoil what little has been achieved would be any sign of complacency or of weakening among the democracies of the West. They have their difficulties, which are known. Russia has hers, less known though not less real. For the West, more than ever, union will be strength.

W. S.

CHINESE "FACE" AND THE AMETHYST.

A COUPLE of years ago I had to visit a Chinese governor. He was in almost absolute control of about thirty-four million people living in his province. He lived in a well-built and strongly defended *yamen*. Its grandeur was as much an assertion of his "face" as a protection for his body. In order to reach him I went to the outer gateway at half-past five in the morning. From then until seven o'clock I gradually penetrated through gateway after gateway, past smart sentries in American-loaned uniforms, to the central courtyard. Here I made myself known to the *Mishih*, the personal private secretary of the governor. Since I was a foreigner I, too, had a certain local importance, and in deference to my "face," I was entertained with great politeness to many cups of tea, whilst we waited for the great man to get up. About eight o'clock came word that he was ready to receive me. I was shown into a great audience hall, and the governor actually advanced several paces towards me to show that I was welcome. Then we sat down on a low sofa, and sipped more ceremonial cups of tea, whilst the tall, handsome young governor stretched out his legs and admired the impeccable cut of his riding-breeches and the perfect shine on his highly polished boots. After the preliminary courtesies we began discussing the business which had brought me. He listened with polite attention, whilst at the same time instructing the horde of *equerries* and *aides-de-camp* who served him with tea, cigarettes, and his own special tube of digestive tablets. At the end of the interview, and to

show how great was his regard for me, he rose, and made as if to accompany me all the way to the outer gate, actually walking as far as the entrance to the audience hall before allowing my formal protestations to stop him and send him back to his sofa.

Not long afterwards, equipped with a safe conduct from the governor, two colleagues of mine set out to lead a truck convoy of relief and reconstruction supplies from this province to one adjoining, which was occupied by the other side in the civil war. Not far from the governor's *yamen* lay the air strip from which, under his command, bombing and strafing sorties were being flown. The convoy passed quite close to the air field on its way out. Right up to the no-man's land which lay between the two provinces the safe conduct that the governor had issued was respected. But about the time that the convey was edging its way across the frontier a small force of bombers took off from the air strip, followed the convoy, located it, and destroyed it utterly. My two friends escaped with their lives, and eventually, travelling by night and on foot across some hundreds of miles of disputed territory, got back to safety.

A few weeks later, when we had pieced the story together, there was another interview with the governor. Of course he regretted the "misunderstanding." Counselling by more experienced "China hands," we did not attempt to argue the point with him: it was a question of "face." The governor had apparently received orders from his government that the passage of relief supplies into enemy territory should be discouraged. On the other hand he knew, as we did, that the government had officially proclaimed its willingness to assist the passage of relief supplies wherever they were needed. There was also the small question of my "foreign face" which would suffer if I were openly rebuffed. So the governor, being well schooled in the old style of Chinese diplomacy, had chosen the only proper way out. He kept "face" for his government by issuing the safe conduct, in conformity with the government's declared policy; he kept "face" for himself by keeping me waiting in his outer courts; he showed the correct amount of respect to me, and thereby helped to preserve my "face" by treating me with a measure of courtesy, and verbally acceding to my requests. Finally, he respected the spirit of his commission from his government by arranging for the convoy to be bombed to bits as soon as it passed across the provincial boundary.

Once again we pressed for, and obtained, safe conducts, and on the off-chance that this time they might be respected, a second convoy set out, and this time I went with it. For once we were lucky. No plane followed us; and our only trouble was from the governor's troops who opened fire on us from the other side of the Yellow River. Their aim was indifferent and the convoy got through. Our destination was the headquarters of another provincial governor. In theory he, too, was based on a city, but in fact his administration found it wiser not to expose themselves in any place which could be easily located from the air. So the whole organisation of this province, covering about twenty million population, was split up and decentralised with every department based on a different village. Instead of going to seek the governor, whose headquarters must be kept a secret from strangers, our neutral party was shown to the village which at the time contained the provincial guest house. And there, in a simple three-roomed family house, we settled down and waited. Outside there was one sentry. I was never quite sure how far he was there to prevent other people from

the Chinese mentality, and in the end will distinguish but little between either side in the war of the West. Victory in China has gone to the party which for the Chinese peasant, the Chinese student, and the Chinese business man, best typifies their feeling of outraged national independence, and which holds out the best hope of building up a country and a government which the world is forced to respect. We shall do well if we accord that respect now, and of our own free will, whilst we still have the opportunity.

TONY GIBSON.

TIBET AND THE COLD WAR.

TIBET has long been untouched by the main cross-currents of international affairs, but the probable extension of Communist political power over the whole of China, coupled with increasing Communist activity throughout the Indian sub-continent and the region's economic and military importance to both sides, may well draw the isolated high plateau into the meshes of the "cold" war in Asia. The Chinese have for three centuries asserted suzerainty over Tibet whenever political power in China has been consolidated. The Republican Revolutionaries, after 1912, differed in no way in this respect from their Manchu predecessors. Tibet was enabled to regain autonomy only because the Republic itself collapsed into anarchy of rival war-lords and factions. Later, the Kuomintang Nationalists were too preoccupied, first with the suppression of the war-lords and the rise of Communism in Kiangse, afterwards with Japanese aggression, to concern themselves with the western frontier. Yet they took the opportunity on the death in 1933 of the thirteenth Dalai Lama and the subsequent discovery in Kokonor territory, under their nominal jurisdiction, of the fourteenth incarnation to re-establish the Chinese Amban at Lhasa, accompanied by a detachment of Chinese troops. It is unlikely that the Communists will prove less assertive. The excuse, if one is needed, for interference in Tibetan affairs lies dormant in the historic dispute over the sovereignty of the semi-independent native Tibetan states of Kam, on the borders of Assam and Burma, and over the position of the line of Tibet's eastern frontier. It will be worth while, therefore, to examine briefly the possibility of Tibetan resistance to any attempt aimed at including them within the Communist orbit, and the factors which may underlie that.

Tibetans have never seriously resisted the Chinese claim to suzerainty since it was first made by the Manchus during the seventeenth century, but they have always claimed internal autonomy. It is this, which they claim includes the disputed area of Kam, rather than Chinese control of Tibet's foreign relations, which provoked Sino-Tibetan conflict between 1905 and 1918. The Chinese desire for suzerainty derives naturally from the religious influence of the Dalai and Tashi Lamas throughout Chinese Asia and from their inclusion of Tibetans in the Chinese racial family. The influence of the Tibetan lamas is almost certain to provoke the hostility of the Communists, to whom its mysticism is anathema. It is possible, in view of the Chinese habit of compromise and the probability of Communism in China being Chinese first and communistic afterwards, to foresee the two gradually establishing a mutual working basis; but this could happen only within the framework of Communist control of Tibet's external relations. Whether Chinese Communists unite with Russian in presenting an actively

aggressive front towards the Liberal-Democracies or not, their control of Tibet would be of major importance to leaders within the Indian sub-continent. For both the Indian Union and Pakistan, with their precarious subsistence ratios, vast peasantry on sub-standard levels of existence, and certain irresponsible minority elements, are obvious targets for widespread Communist agitation and sabotage. Indeed, Indian Communists are already preparing for that, as is illustrated by their increasing power within the All-India T.U.C. and the armed, though minor, revolts early this year in and around Calcutta.

In contrast to the religious basis of Chinese desire for control of Tibetan affairs, their attempts early this century to include within China proper the native Tibetan states of Kam arose from no pre-determined policy of the Imperial Government in Peking, but chiefly from the aggressive ambitions of the Frontier Commissioner, Chao Erh-feng. Events followed the pattern of the Manchu Throne reluctantly acquiescing after the fact in the forward policy of its representative. Until a British military expedition in 1904 forced a trade agreement on the Lhasa Government, the Chinese had adhered to the boundary, running from the Burmese border south of Menkung, through Kam, along the Yangtze-Mekong divide, to the Kokonor border east of Nangchen, which had been established by the Manchus in 1727. It had been marked on the main south Tibet-China road by a pillar erected on the Bum La. West of it the Lhasa Government was autonomous, except for control of its foreign relations. East, to the borders of Szechuan Province, local Tibetan rulers enjoyed considerable independence as feudatories of the Imperial Government. By 1911, during which he was executed by revolutionaries in Szechuan, Chao Erh-feng had either reduced local Tibetan rulers to the status of puppets or driven them into exile, and had pushed the boundary well beyond Kam and the Salween-Brahmaputra divide to within a few hours' march of Lhasa, with the intention of creating a new province, Hsikang. This boundary was claimed by the Republican Government under Yuan Shik K'ai in 1914, when the British acted as mediators. The Tibetans claimed the right to bring under their jurisdiction the whole of Kam, as far as Tachienlu on its eastern border. The present *de facto* boundary, dating from 1918, when the British again acted as mediators—the Chinese being, after military defeat, in no position to press the matter—follows in the south the historic Manchu line, only diverging from it across the Litang-Yangtze divide at a point west of Batang, almost in the centre of Kam. The greater part of Kam is, therefore, now controlled by the Lhasa Government. Whether a Government which had consolidated its position in China would consider it worth while re-asserting the claim to incorporate Kam within China proper would probably depend entirely on its approach to the question of Chinese suzerainty over the whole of Tibet. Kam is the starting point for any invasion of Tibet from China.

Friendly relations between Britain and Tibet date from the Chinese march upon Lhasa in 1909, when the Dalai Lama fled to Indian territory. British and Indian hospitality during the following three years undermined his traditional suspicion. On his return to Lhasa, following the expulsion of the Chinese, the Tibetans accepted British mediation in the frontier dispute. In 1920, they requested the stationing of a British representative at Lhasa. Shortly afterwards the city was linked with India by telegraph. But Sir Francis Younghusband had pointed out* that the seclusiveness of Tibetans had been due largely

* *India and Tibet*, 1910.

to Chinese influence. The tales of European misdeeds, intentions and weaknesses, woven into Tibetan ears by Chinese Ambans, had appeared to be substantiated by the Gurkha and Dogra invasions of Tibetan territory during the nineteenth century and by the acceptance by the British, in 1893, of Chinese suzerainty over Tibet, which had been interpreted by Chinese to Tibetans as being due to fear of themselves. Catholic missionaries on the eastern frontier had also played a part, indirectly, by looking for support when necessary to local Chinese forces, who were bound by treaty to protect them, thereby incurring the hostility of local Tibetans. Whether official friendliness will persist, however, may largely depend on the personality of the fourteenth Dalai Lama when he attains his majority in two years' time; and on developments in Sino-Tibetan relations. He is at present controlled by a Regent, who rules with the aid of a Council (*Kashag*) consisting of one ecclesiastic, the Kalon Lama, usually head of the Tibetan army, and three laymen. Even during hostilities between the two countries, Tibetans never rejected the close ties between themselves and the Chinese. Not until after the Republican Revolution did they offer official military resistance, contenting themselves during Chao Erh-feng's aggression with appealing both directly to the Imperial Government and to Western Powers to intercede on their behalf at Peking. More recently, they vigorously denounced Japanese aggression and offered a military force to fight beside those of their neighbour.

The most that can really be said of Western influence in Tibet is that the barrier of suspicion has been pierced and that individual Europeans have actually been welcomed at Lhasa. Beyond that it is confined to trivialities, as the introduction of training on Indian lines for the Tibetan army and police and the installation of electricity in the Potala Palace above Lhasa. A Nationalist Party in opposition to the priest-rulers was formed about 1939, but it appears to have had little success. Despite considerable gulfs in wealth between the nobility and the larger monasteries on the one hand and the peasants and herdsmen, tied feudally to the great estates, on the other, there is close community of outlook and interests between all classes. It is possible for the poorest family to provide a Dalai or Tashi Lama, or any one of the 700 or so *Skushoks* (living incarnations) who rule the larger monasteries. The fourteenth Dalai Lama is of Kokonor peasant stock. A family into which the soul of the Dalai Lama is believed to have migrated and is re-born is rewarded by grants of large estates and is subsequently counted among the hereditary nobility. Lamaism, in its fundamental dogma, does not discriminate in favour of wealth and position. Moreover, the lamas, who number about one-fifth of a population variously estimated from time to time at between 700,000 and 5,000,000, are of primary importance in every Tibetan community. They fulfil the rôle of the professions in Western countries, besides the mumbo-jumbery of priestly rites and charm-giving inseparable from most social events. The arts and letters, mostly copyist, are also concentrated in their hands. Many monasteries combine large trading and business houses. It is the ambition of every Tibetan family to provide a recruit to the local monastery. There is, therefore, at present no radical conflict of either outlook or interest to provide the background for the infiltration of either Communist doctrine or Western ideas. Russian influence is also negligible. The one could arise only from an extension of Chinese control imposed from above, and the other from the unlikely event of Tibetans embracing Christianity.

Tibet's great social problem is also, on the surface, inimical to the spread of Communist doctrine. Although the total population is uncertain, it is certain that it is diminishing fairly rapidly. Where land is cultivable on the valley beds, all of which lie above 12,000 feet, labour is becoming more and more scarce. Most peasants are tied to the estates and permission to leave, when it is sought, is rarely granted. Herdsmen, also, are usually tied by contract to a landowner. This, however, gives a fair degree of security to both peasant and herdsman. The root of the labour shortage lies in the demands on manpower made by the religious sects. Priests of the Black-Hatted Bon, or pre-Buddhist Shamanistic, sect, and the Buddhist Red-Hat (unreformed) sect, are allowed to marry, but those of the dominant Yellow-Hat sect, to which all *Skushoks* belong, are celibate. All accounts agree on their strict discipline on this point. Moreover, only the physically perfect are admitted into the priestly caste. This deliberate seclusion from marital relations of an important and comparatively large section of the male population is gradually undermining the social fabric and, if unchecked, must eventually have serious political effects. The prevalence of polyandry among herdsmen subsisting on the higher levels is another factor in the process, although the practice of polygamy among the nobility and wealthier merchants tends to counteract that. Expression of the problem politically is most likely to arise from serious reflection and activity by the lay nobility, on whose estates labour shortage is felt most acutely, producing a nationalist movement against the power of the lamas, in whose regimen the fault lies. But this, in turn, by undermining the influence of the priesthood, would create psychological conditions among the peasantry favourable to Communist propaganda. That a nationalist movement would open the door to Christian proselytisation and the consequent propagation of Western ideas is doubtful. Tibetans, like most Asiatics, are fairly tolerant in religious matters if left alone; but their very tolerance presents a barrier in which proselytisation makes comparatively few breaches. The influence of education is also negligible. Of the two Lhasa public schools, one is devoted to the training of ecclesiastics and the other to that of lay government officials. For the rest, only the monasteries offer instruction, and this is largely confined to Lamaist dogma and ritual.

One other possible source of internal dissension remains in the historic rivalry of the Dalai and Tashi Lamas. The Tashi (or Panchen) Lama, head of the important Tashi-Lhünpo monastery near Shigatse, is the spiritual, whereas the Dalai Lama is the temporal, head of the Buddhist Church. There seems always to have been considerable rivalry between the two since the rise of Tashi-Lhünpo in the seventeenth century. Holders of both offices have invariably been strong-minded men. During the reign of the thirteenth Dalai Lama discord became such that in 1924 the Tashi Lama was compelled to fly into Chinese territory and was exiled there until his death in 1937. He was largely responsible, however, for the "discovery" of the fourteenth incarnation of the Dalai Lama. The Chinese Nationalists tried to take advantage of the demand for his return to Tibet by stating their intention of sending with him an escort of Chinese troops. The Tibetan Government rejected the proviso, but the Chinese gained their point, after the death of the Tashi Lama, on the entry of the new Dalai Lama into Lhasa. It remains to be seen whether both contemporary incarnations prove mutually belligerent.

Tibet is important economically to its neighbours only in its position on the Central Asian trade routes, the bulk of Tibetan trade being with China. Mineral deposits are almost unexplored, but gold may be widespread, as almost every river which rises in Tibet washes down sands impregnated with gold. Iron, also, has been found in eastern Tibet. The difficulty of creating other than primitive communications and means of transport points to Tibetan economy remaining frugally domestic, pastoral and agricultural, for many years unless external political developments force the pace.

A Communist attempt to control Tibetan affairs would meet most resistance in the field of religion; and it may be, though it is unlikely in view of Communist antipathy to organised religion, that Chinese Communists will prove shy of provoking Buddhist susceptibilities throughout Asia. Yet, as the Manchus proved, Chinese domination of Tibetan relations is possible without that. Neither the Government of Pakistan nor that of the Indian Union could view with equanimity the extension of Communist power over the northern frontiers—with inevitable interference with the trade marts at Gyantse and Gartok—and on the borders of Ladakh and the influence to which their militant Communist minorities could look for propaganda, intrigue and supplies. The transformed military position alone would tax their resources at the present time. At present, leaders of the Indian Union incline towards the Liberal-Democracies in the "cold" war, but would prefer to remain neutral. The vast resources in manpower and raw materials of the Indian sub-continent and the influence in Asia of the Indian Union, and in the Middle East of Pakistan, make the region fundamentally important to both sides. This, in view of Communist success in China, points to the fairly imminent destruction of Tibetan peace and isolation. It is certain that Tibetans will resent the intrusion, but it is doubtful, in view of the history of their relations with China, if they will actively resist.

MARK FINLEY.

AMERICAN POLITY AND TRADITION.*

IT is close upon 120 years since Alexis de Tocqueville set out upon the westward voyage which resulted in the most accurate and prescient book of its kind, *Democracy in America*. Half a century later, when surveying the American Commonwealth, Bryce was concerned almost wholly with the political system and the administrative machine. In the long interval since the Frenchman's great enterprise no European has attempted a full analysis and interpretation of American life and character until Professor Laski, whose nearest American parallel is the Beards in *The Rise of American Civilisation*. His book is an astonishing achievement. We need not be surprised to learn that it has been a generation in the making. The author began work in America nearly thirty-five years ago, as a very young history instructor. He has made many tours since the first world war and has enjoyed almost unequalled opportunities in the United States. It is safe to say that no

* *The American Democracy*. By Harold J. Laski. Allen and Unwin. 25s. *The Shaping of the American Tradition*. By Louis M. Hacker and H. S. Zahler. Two volumes. Oxford, Cumberlege. 42s. *Mr. President: An Introduction to American History*. By Maurice Ashley. Cape. 21s.

other English writer could have compassed the task he has essayed and I do not know an American who would make the attempt. If any did, we may be sure that the result would afford a startling contrast to *The American Democracy*.

In a brief review one can do little more than indicate the scope of the fourteen chapters that make up this volume of 650 pages. Two only, both fairly long, are devoted to Government—federal, state and local. After a broad and challenging discussion of the American tradition and spirit Mr. Laski moves on to industry and commerce, and then to American labour, the problems of minorities, the professions, foreign policy and the United States as a world power. American culture and its chief agencies—the churches, literature, schools and colleges, newspapers, films and radio—occupy roughly half the volume. These chapters display Mr. Laski's extraordinary powers in full measure and unflagging animation. His reading is immense, and it is all at command. His range of historical and personal allusion is almost unbounded. He is positive in judgment, steadily provocative, easily at home in a forest of facts and opinions, memories, political and other scandals. One minor characteristic is manifest throughout. He throws in a bewildering number of names. The book is already established in the colleges of Canada and the United States. Not a few of the names are obscure. If they are retained in later editions, footnotes will be needed by the large majority of readers, in America hardly less than on this side of the Atlantic.

The American Democracy is certain to be debated for years to come, since every chapter is a battleground. Perhaps the sharpest objections so far have been evoked by its merciless dissection of the business man and his outlook. The author has been told that a good part of this indictment is out of date, for the reason that it describes the world of business and finance before the war and so takes little account of its latest developments. Similarly, there is plenty of American objection to Mr. Laski's exposition of foreign policy and to his account of organised labour during and since the Roosevelt period; together with his emphatic demand for a political Labour Party. In this connection it may be noted that he calls attention to the absence from the American labour movement of any special tendency towards Socialism. On education and institutional religion, on radio and current literature, Mr. Laski is challenging at every turn; and he has had his reward in abundant question and contradiction.

His sweep is so wide and his step so confident that American historians and critics have found a good many mistakes in detail, some of them by no means unimportant. These will, of course, be taken up when the time comes for revision, and that time cannot be long delayed. Some of the slips are rather curious. Sacco and Vanzetti, for instance, were not both fish hawkers. Oswald Garrison Villard, the veteran publicist, is the son, not grandson, of the railroad magnate. So diligent a reader of periodicals as Mr. Laski should not have allowed himself to become confused between weeklies and monthlies. These, however, are trifles, but one major slip calls for an urgent word of protest. On page 738 there is a reference to "Washington's warning against entangling alliances." That explosive phrase, as Professor Laski well knows, was never used by the First President, although it is incessantly quoted as from a cardinal American document, the Farewell Address of 1796. It appears in Jefferson's inaugural of 1801. Here, indeed, is what may not inaccurately be described as the most serious political misquotation of

the modern age. In 1919 the destruction of Woodrow Wilson was brought about largely through the merciless misuse of Washington's name and these two words. By means of a straight correction in this important book Professor Laski can perform a valuable service.

From *The American Democracy* to *The Shaping of the American Tradition* is an easy step, for the two books are in the closest connection. Professor Hacker and his associates of Columbia University have done extremely well. They have assembled passages from national documents and general literature illustrating American life and thought through three centuries of settlement and expansion. An Introduction sets forth the salient features of the England and Europe from which the first adventurers launched out, with the bases of the new society they bent their energies to build. Each of the later sections is prefaced by a short statement of facts and leading issues. The extracts have been made with skill, always with an eye to variety and literary effect. Here are descriptions of American life from colonial days, passages from journals and letters, from sermons, editorials, speeches, political tracts; summaries of American policies, domestic and foreign; the prophets from Emerson and Thoreau to Veblen, philosophers from Jonathan Edwards to William James and John Dewey. The second volume includes the Roosevelt period and ends, rather curiously, with Wendell Willkie, who after all was no more than a transient. His bid for the Presidency in 1940 left no mark on either the political situation or the party machine. In all there are 1,250 pages, excellently printed in double columns. It is a valuable and fascinating miscellany, having only one notable fault. There is no index; merely a list of documents. In this list the name of George Washington does not appear.

There is much to be said for the idea of writing an introduction to American history by way of the most important Presidents. Mr. Ashley, who enjoyed the advantage of war-time liaison work in Washington, has chosen six: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson. It might perhaps be asked whether a seventh, Grover Cleveland, is not needed to complete the group. Alexander Hamilton said that the makers of the Constitution had endowed the Chief Executive with "attributes superior in dignity and splendour to those of the King of Great Britain." W. H. Seward later remarked that every four years the American people elected a king with dictatorial powers. Each one of the six is an original and powerful character, and no two are similar. George Washington was a gift of Providence to the infant Republic. Jefferson's contribution, in freshness and intellectual range, was inestimable. Jackson brought in the new West. Lincoln, now almost fully revealed in the archives, saved the Union at an appalling cost. The first Roosevelt was far more valuable to America than can be measured to-day by his diminished fame. Wilson, a tragic victim of the party system, narrowly escaped being the man of his epoch. *Mr. President* is good history and sound exposition, a thoroughly enjoyable book.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

BULGARIA IN FETTERS.

THE note addressed by Great Britain and the U.S.A. on March 16th, charging Bulgaria with flagrant violations of the peace treaty, reveals only vaguely the extent to which these obligations have been disregarded. With the exception of the Communists and their sympathisers the rest of the population is to-day a veritable slave-gang, obliged to toil unceasingly in order to secure the indispensable minimum necessary to its subsistence. The most elementary human rights are made light of, and people are sent to penal labour camps on mere suspicion of harbouring opinions hostile to the party in power. Justice is a travesty, for judges have to subordinate their conscience to the dictates of the party, such is the guidance offered by M. Vyshinski in his *Procédure Penale*: "Le juge soviétique ne doit pas tenir simplement à la logique juridique, il doit toujours être conscient que la loi n'est pas autre chose que l'expression de la politique du Parti."

The most disgruntled section of the population is certainly the peasants, who are being gradually collectivised. In the other satellite States there was a distribution of land among them on the advent of the Communists to power, so that this went a long way to appease them; but in Bulgaria, a community of smallholders, there was no compensatory gain to balance the privileges they lost. All their produce is requisitioned by the authorities, and they are only allowed to retain the bare minimum necessary for their sustenance and that of their dependents. They are granted once a year about four or five yards of cotton cloth, a pair of mocassins, and two litres of petroleum for lighting purposes every three months; but as there are no glasses obtainable for the petroleum lamps in use in the countryside the peasants must depend entirely on daylight. They are not allowed to market any vegetables, fruit or poultry without a permit from the Communist supervisor of their village, which permit can be obtained by offering a gratification. It is on selling such odd comestibles that the farmer relies upon to obtain the requisite money wherewith to acquire the few indispensable articles for himself and his family. Prices, however, have soared so high and there is such a shortage of goods that he is unable to satisfy his needs, though they are exceedingly modest. He is obliged to plough and sow when and what the authorities ordain. He dare not criticise or complain, for he is immediately packed off to a penal labour camp whence he never knows whether he will ever be released. In every village Communist inspectors, supported by armed militiamen, pry into every hole and corner lest the peasants have hidden any of their grain. To break the spirit of the peasantry, armoured cars often circulate in the countryside to instil awe and intimidation and demonstrate the futility of any attempt at revolt or resistance.

The peasantry, which after the formation of the agrarian party often controlled the State machinery and was powerful enough to make itself always heard in the Government of the country, sees itself turned into a horde of helots, devoid of the right to raise its voice in the management of its affairs, dragooned by a ruthless minority of task-masters, who make no secret of their intention to dispossess it eventually of its farmsteads owned by it for generations. According to the recently adopted five-year plan, 75 per cent. of the holdings are to be formed into co-operatives, which is but a euphemism for collectivisation, 5 per cent. are to revert to the State, and the balance left to the

owners. The ominous term of kulak is beginning to be applied to the peasants, and it is only their helplessness that prevents them from wreaking vengeance on their brutal oppressors. To the few to whom they dare confide their thoughts they make no secret that at the first opportunity they would massacre every Communist they could lay their hands on.

Last autumn, partly owing to a persistent drought, partly to the passive resistance of the peasants, very few fields were cultivated. The authorities, frightened by the prospect of a famine, have issued strict orders that every available plot of land should be ploughed and sown this spring. Communist supervisors have been appointed to see the plan carried out. It has been decreed that the peasantry should be organised into three shifts, relieving each other without interruption, in all sorts of weather, throughout the twenty-four hours, in order to make up for lost time. How the work is to be carried out at night is not explained. It was intimated to the peasants that any of them who would not comply with these orders would be treated as kulaks and have their farms taken from them.

The plight of the urban population is no brighter. What is most reprehensible is the treatment meted out to the young. Some 6,000 students have been expelled from the Sofia University owing to their apparent lukewarm feelings for Marxism. They are precluded from completing their studies abroad, for Bulgarians are prevented from leaving their country, which has been transformed into a vast penitentiary. By every means youth is being indoctrinated in Communism. Distortion of knowledge, the crippling of the mind, suppression of truth seem to be now the aims pursued in schools. No shadow of doubt is allowed to be thrown upon the infallibility of the expounders of the doctrine so that the emasculation of the minds of the pupils may be complete and definite. The degrading spiritual mutilation of the rising generation, if persisted in, will undoubtedly have the most disastrous consequences for the moral health of the people. What is most characteristic of the retrograde spirit animating the governing clique is the closing of all those excellent American and French educational establishments and the expulsion of their staffs. To them Bulgaria owes much of such progress as she has made in the past. It is a case of the blackest ingratitude, for the American missionaries have not only translated the Bible into modern Bulgarian, but have contributed largely to her emancipation from the Turkish yoke. Another revolting act is the raising in a novel form of a Janissary corps by kidnapping some thousands of Greek children, who are being brought up in the Marxist faith with the object of being eventually sent into Greece to proselytise their countrymen. It is mainly on these matters that the United Nations Organisation, under whose auspices the charter of the rights of man has been adopted, should exert its influence and so put a stop to these acts of spiritual degradation and perversion of the population. As Plato affirms in the *Sophist*: "And surely contend we must in every possible way against him who would annihilate knowledge and reason and mind and yet ventures to speak confidently about anything."

The inhabitants of towns have been regimented into distinct classes according to the tasks prescribed to them and are paid wages which hardly suffice for their bare maintenance. This is in order to compel even women to work by rendering their contribution to the expenses of the household indispensable. The privileged classes are composed of

Communists of old standing who hold all the responsible key posts in the Government and the municipalities, the armed forces and the police. The salaries paid to them have not been divulged so as to avoid creating an unfavourable impression when compared with those of the other categories. Functionaries in Government and municipal departments, in co-operatives, industrial enterprises, and most of the artisans form another section, their salaries varying from 6,000 leva* to a maximum of 18,000 leva monthly. Members of the liberal professions are all drafted together. They are obliged to adhere to a collective group which apportion the work among its members among whom it distributes 60 per cent. of the emoluments received, retaining the balance to cover administrative expenses. The maximum remuneration payable to a solicitor would thus not exceed 12,000 leva monthly. Physicians and dentists may exert their professions only in public health institutions to which they are assigned by the authorities. Manual and industrial workers, whose number did not exceed until recently 123,000, form another group, and their wages vary between 160 to 430 leva for a day's work of eight hours.

The food rations allotted vary according to each category, and range between 200 and 300 grammes of meat a week, 300 and 600 grammes of sugar, 300 grammes of fats, and 125 grammes of soap a month. A uniform ration of 400 grammes of bread is daily distributed to all except to members of the liberal professions, who receive no bread coupons and have to purchase it on the free market at the price of 100 leva per kilogram, while those provided with coupons obtain it at the reduced price of 20 leva per kilogram. Manual workers receive extra allocations of the above articles, while the families of those employed in a productive occupation are granted similar rations to those mentioned above.

Private shops have practically disappeared. The few that yet exist have nothing to offer except what remnants have been left over at the end of the war, such as ribbons, artificial flowers, buttons, etc. They are constrained to close down as they have no possibility of replenishing their stocks. The State now runs the shops where foodstuffs and clothing may be procured. Some are available exclusively to Communists, who may acquire all articles in store at moderate prices. The remaining shops are open to all, but the goods are offered at prohibitive rates beyond the reach of the bulk of would-be buyers. The following list of prices, compared with the prevailing wages, will show that very few wage-earners can afford to purchase any of the articles they so badly need. A pair of shoes 10,000 leva, woollen material for men's suits 9,000 leva per metre, ditto for overcoats 15,000 leva per metre, white shirting 1,800 leva per metre, printed cottons 1,500 leva per metre, zephyrs for shirts 3,000 leva per metre, a chicken 1,000 leva, a goose 5,000 leva, sugar 1,000 leva per kilogram, lard 1,200 leva per kilogram, oil 1,800 leva per kilogram, potatoes 120 leva per kilogram, mutton 500 leva per kilogram. In comparison with the shops accessible to Communists it may be stated that in the latter shoes are offered at 2,000 leva a pair, and woollen cloth for suits at 700 leva per metre. It must be noted that it is not safe to pay frequent visits to these Government shops, for the authorities would suspect purchasers to be living beyond their means, and thus risking the accusation of having resources which they had not divulged at the time when enforced loans had been raised.

* The pound sterling (paper) fetches about 3,000 leva in the black market.

Fuel is exceedingly scarce. A mere quantity of 500 kilograms of coal and 200 kilograms of wood is allocated to a household of two persons once a year, and provided it is paid for a year in advance, but only 20 per cent. of the applicants had received their allocation in time. Single persons get no distribution. One can imagine the drabness and gloom of the Sofia homesteads, especially in winter, when the thermometer often registers temperatures of 20 to 25 degrees below zero Centigrade. To crown all, the city is deprived of water and electricity several days a week. It is alleged that the electric generating plant was damaged by the low quality of lubricants supplied by the Russians. Further, there is a dearth of such essential articles as medicines, needles, sewing cottons, spectacles, electric light bulbs, etc.

Towns are divided into wards, each placed in charge of a Communist, whose function consists in spying on the inhabitants of his sector. He has the right to grant or withhold ration coupons, and he may order the incarceration of any of those committed to his charge. He may intrude at any moment in the apartments of those living under his sway in order to pry on their doings, examine their correspondence and the books they read. To win his favours, those who are subjected to him have to pretend they are infatuated with Communism, fawn on him, and occasionally even denounce their neighbours for alleged infringements of regulations or unfriendly feelings for the powers that be. A similar attitude of servility must be adopted by whoever needs to be appointed either as a functionary or employee. He must furnish proofs of his loyalty to the party in power since it is the dispenser of all jobs and posts, no independent employment being available now, the aim of the authorities being to convert every individual into a functionary. Besides their regular employ all men of 18 to 65 and women of 18 to 55 are liable to serve for three months every year in labour brigades, to which such heavy tasks as road making, building, harvesting, etc., are assigned. Workers may be transferred from one locality to another. This may involve the loss of their lodging quarters, to which they are debarred from returning, and their families may not follow them owing to the difficulty of securing the requisite living accommodation. It is not to be wondered that manual workers are unable to fulfil the amount of work apportioned to them, being underfed, badly clothed and lodged, tired out by the extra hours they are continually exhorted to furnish, and harassed by attending meetings, where they are initiated to the Communist conception of the good life. Thus it was reported that in January the metal industry attained only 75 per cent. of its target and the tyre industry 63 per cent. In contrast with the majority of the population, artists, writers, poets, musicians and painters are pampered and enjoy great privileges provided they place their pretended, or simulated, talents at the disposal of the authorities.

The Communists have found the Orthodox Church convenient, and have sought to utilise it. This can be even more destructive than persecution to that Church's witness of the gospel. Religious instruction has been eliminated from the schools and many priests have been arrested for disapproval of the present régime. Even the religious periodical *Zornitsa*, which was tolerated under the Turkish domination and appeared uninterruptedly since 1864, has been suspended. The head of the Bulgarian Church, Exarch Stefan, has been relieved of his post and confined in a small house at Karlovski Bani. According to a recently promulgated law, priests may follow their religious precepts

so long as they do not conflict with State laws. They are to be appointed or dismissed by the State authorities, they must swear allegiance to the republic and its head. Other religious denominations than the Orthodox must sever their relations with the West, and to that effect the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Dongaloni, has been requested to leave Bulgaria. It is to be noted that the Ecumenical Patriarch and head of the Greek Orthodox Church has fittingly denounced the insincerity and underhand attempts of the Russians to win over to their cause such Orthodox Churches as have still retained their independence, and has not failed to emphasise that their real object was to undermine the Christian Faith. It is apposite to quote the weighty opinion of W. R. Inge with regard to such discreditable manœuvres as the above: "Neither those who bow before the Crucified," he states, "nor those who venerate the hero of the *Phaedo*, can have any dealings with the men who wish to make the Christian Church the jackal of any dominant political party."

There are some twenty known penal labour camps in the country, with 1,000 to 7,000 inmates in each. They are employed in mines, in construction of dams and railway lines. The most noted for the inhuman treatment of the prisoners are those of Rositsa and of Bobov-Dol. One camp, situated at Dervishka Mogila, employs the internees on building fortifications, a matter which is in contravention with the clauses of the peace treaty. With such a state of affairs it is not surprising that all is not going well with those in charge, even though the membership of the party has increased from 25,000 to 464,000 since it has seized power. But this rapid accretion should be attributed to utilitarian rather than to idealistic motives. Tr. Kostov, formerly secretary-general of the party, has been accused of unfriendliness towards the Soviets and relieved of his post. He has been appointed as head librarian at the national library at Sofia, a post which excludes him from any active part in politics. His retrogression is due to the fact that during the recent negotiations with Russia he attempted to defend somewhat energetically his country's interest by insisting on higher prices for the articles exported to that country. The rift must be widening, for the hopes of securing the necessary equipment from Russia for the carrying out of the proposed industrialisation plan are vanishing into thin air. Most of the Bulgarian rulers are certainly far from relishing the prospect of their country remaining indefinitely relegated to an inferior position in the Russian scheme of things. The example of Tito is probably proving contagious to the more independently minded Communists at Sofia. And there are good reasons for this growing discontent among them, for most of Bulgaria's produce is earmarked for export to Russia, and the Greek rebels have also to be supplied. This is the main reason why the food situation is so deplorable, for with the retrocession of Southern Dobrudja, which is Bulgaria's granary, her cereal production must have increased since the war by some 50 per cent.

Another victim of the mounting dissatisfaction is Terpechev, until lately head of the State Planning Committee. Apparently it is beginning to dawn on the planners that such insane schemes as the creation of heavy metal and chemical industries are beyond the means of a poor country devoid of metal ores and with meagre coal resources. Not only is it a question of finding the necessary foreign exchange, but also of the particular machinery being obtainable at all, and, last but not least, the trained man-power for running such industries. By now

it must have become obvious even to the most gullible that Russia has no designs to promote the execution of other reconstruction plans than her own. Dimitrov, too, has left for Moscow for medical treatment. Judging from his disdainful rejection of the Marshall plan and his conceited declaration that his country needed no assistance, he must be suffering from a swollen head. This may also be inferred from the rumoured proposal he made recently to Greece to renounce all claims to Greek Macedonia, provided Greece connived at Bulgaria annexing Serbian Macedonia and Albania, the southern part of the latter, known as Northern Epirus, reverting to Greece. The Macedonians, however, seem to prefer not to be run on Cominform lines, judging from the views expressed in the organ of the Macedonian emigration in the U.S.A., the *Macedonian Tribune*, which publishes regularly a correspondence under the heading "The Bulgarian Paradise," in which it dilates on the corruption and incapacity of the Communist administration. Even in Bulgarian Macedonia there must have been disturbances of late, for it is reported that the Bishop of Nevrokop had been killed. Dimitrov has been replaced by Kolarov, who is 73, and seven years his senior, but who is not a great favourite with Moscow owing to his having been patronised by Zinoviev, who in 1923 entrusted him with the mission of fomenting a revolution in Bulgaria, which, however, was suppressed.

Last year we imported from, and exported to, Bulgaria, goods to the value of £140,000 and £390,000 respectively, the latter consisting largely of rubber and wool, indispensable for the economy of that country. It may be questioned whether it is a sensible policy to provide such essential raw materials to the Communists, and thereby help them to tighten their hold on their hapless victims, all the more so since other markets may easily be found for such goods.

Such is the plight of the Bulgarian people, and probably that of some of its neighbours. The Anglo-Saxon Powers who light-heartedly abandoned them to the stifling embrace of the Russian bear should at least insist that the very limited privileges which the peace treaties purport to guarantee should be respected so that these unfortunate peoples might breathe more freely. It is imperative that steps be taken to secure this aim at the earliest, not only for those mainly concerned, but also for alleviating the condition of Greece, which country, as Mr. Macmillan recently predicted, may collapse and be absorbed in the Soviet system if the struggle with the rebels is not ended by this summer. Such a disaster may be avoided by imposing on Bulgaria a genuinely democratic and independent Government capable of respecting international conventions.

G. C. LOGIO.

THE STOICS AND THE ATOM BOMB.

THE view expressed by Dr. Inge that we are approaching the "end of our age" may be compared with the Stoic theory of history as consisting of a succession of cycles each terminated by a conflagration. There seems to be no obvious reason for the further conception of the Stoics that the cycles repeat each other with exactitude. And this idea of repetition does not appear to enter into modern speculation concerning the world of humanity after the event of destruction by an atom bomb. But in a more subtle form it may be seen to have some effect upon the actual course of history. The absence

of the notion of strict repetition might be a superiority in modern speculation. It would allow to mankind greater freedom in the realisation of ideals, some of them suggested but not realised in the past, the Utopias of More and others. For the necessary repetition of the Stoic cycle there is substituted some degree of historic freedom. Instead of the eternal sameness of age after age it would seem possible that the spirit of an Elizabethan age might be again evoked, or the phase of Victorian security and British leadership of civilisation.

If the destruction of our civilisation by an atom bomb, or a series of such bombs, may be conceived to threaten mankind to-day as the conflagration was assumed by the Stoics to threaten the termination of every cycle, it may be argued that in order to rise superior to the limitations of the cycle or any analogical conception, mankind must overcome completely the tendency to repetition and discover the way to a continuous progress. For the event and danger of the atom bomb has this essential difference from that of the conflagration, that it is a product of man's own creation.

In contrast with the Stoic view, it has to be noted that in the actual world there is only a single cycle which comprises all history. This at least seems a more valid interpretation. Comparing the cycle of Stoicism with a circumscribed phase of modern history, the analogy would be between the culmination of the modern phase in destruction by the atom bomb, and the end of a Stoic cycle in the conflagration. The modern students find that their characteristic form of progress passes into its denial. For the atom bomb appears as the final creation of mechanical science, to which so many triumphs of the modern age are due. How is the nature of history to be estimated in the two cases? In the cyclical conception the principle of history is primarily (as noted) repetition, and that in its crudest form, since every cycle repeats its predecessor. It seems obvious that there can be no freedom of action, no originality, if the personages of the drama are only fulfilling an inescapable destiny. Does then the analogy with the modern sequence of events break down? It certainly seems more doubtful in this light. But it may be argued that it holds good in a deeper and even more important sense. History, as we experience it, is not repetitive in the manner of the Stoic conception. But throughout the ages it may be truly said to repeat itself in spirit. The rule of repetition might not seem to represent history when freed from the cyclical view. This might even be regarded as a denial of the essence of history. But it has in a striking way though not in the simplicity of the cyclical interpretation entered into actual history and narrowed and even impoverished its character. It is the spirit of history which has been pervaded if not dominated by repetition, as for instance in Gibbon's characterisation of the record as consisting of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.

It is this spirit which sets a limit to every progressive movement. It is in general not recognised as repetition. The adventurous amongst the young can imagine themselves to be producing something wholly new, in a new era. It is the tragic succession of wars separated by periods of peace, often uneasy, that historic repetition has been especially manifested. Achievement of a permanent peace has seemed beyond hope. After unlimited suffering from this cause there appears, at times, to be some promise that mankind will abandon the curse of war. Yet is not the fundamental and lasting origin of this institution to be seen in the struggle for life throughout the animal species? For this—in myriad forms—affects all living things.

When we compare civilised man with the savage, or even the twentieth century with the seventh or eighth century type, do we not find new properties and qualities which might be held to constitute him a new species? These new properties, however, spring from developments of his nature. To-day there is the vast field of activities which result from the growth of mechanical science. The flying or submarine man has indeed acquired so much of the capacities of the bird or fish as almost to play a part in another species. But in the development of mechanism as it were on its own account and not merely as a powerful, additional arm, he barely avoids the danger of becoming its slave instead of master. Thus when the atom bomb appears, has he not produced his Frankenstein which may compel him to feats from which his true self shrinks, and finally to self-destruction? At this point we may see a double contrast with the conflagration of the Stoics. The bomb is created by human work whereas the conflagration is wholly independent of man. But the bomb is yet more fatal to him than the conflagration. For the latter does not bring his historic experience to an end, though the absolute form of the repetition does in fact annul history.

The main questions to be raised in the present article are, firstly, whether a catastrophe such as the destruction of civilisation by an atom bomb or series of these bombs could conceivably usher in a new age, and secondly, whether an optimistic view of the character of this new age can be indulged in, in reaction against the shipwrecks of the past. History being essentially the work of men, we should really be assuming that the supposed catastrophe has had the effect of bringing about a reformation in human character, and a common purpose to make a nobler use of man's existence. They recognise that the production of the atom bomb is, in its chief significance, the summit of human genius in the sphere of mechanical science, and at the same time that it brings dangers which it is beyond man's power wholly to avoid. They resolve that it must be so dealt with as to be a blessing rather than a curse. If this were not possible, would not man's destiny be the most pitiful of tragedies? How then is this beneficent result to be effected? If we turn again to the analogy with the Stoic conflagration, it may be noted that this was presumed to bring the course of history to a conclusion before it had gone very far wrong. It was possible for humanity to start afresh in a new cycle. Similarly might not the destruction caused by the atom bomb be conceived to open the gates to another historic age? Now the lesson of history, instilled again and again, has been to warn against repetition of the past. In the Stoic theory (or philosophy) this lesson was not learned, and the new cycle did repeat the old. How is the kind of repetition which has haunted actual history, the repetition in spirit, to be escaped in the historic era to follow the downfall of modern civilisation? We may ask, How would this downfall come about? The most probable form to be taken by the catastrophe would be that of war—the greatest war of history, in which all the combatant nations would use the weapon of the atom bomb.

Let us suppose that this does eventuate, and that amongst the survivors there arise a certain few who are gifted with a type of prophetic vision. They perceive the whole past of mankind as owing its tragic character chiefly to the dire influence of the passion of hatred. If the future is to be different this must be exorcised. Hatred and love have been contending for the domination of human nature from the beginning. Other forces have prevailed, but these have been the most

powerful and constant, and hatred the more widely spread. Again and again has a process originally inspired by love changed its character. The greatest instance must be felt to be—in some respects, though not all—the Christian religion, in the transition from the simple gatherings of the first disciples to the great institutional services, of diverse sects in later times, and the bitter animosities dividing the sects. Human history may be seen as a great panorama of the conflict between love and hate. The drama has innumerable instances. Taking for example ancient Egyptian history—a great civilisation, in which the most impressive institutions seem to reflect the spirit of cold hatred animating their development. The Pyramids express the massive suffering of the slave builders. A kind of distorted love might be presumed in the belief that the rulers cannot die like ordinary men, and must be treated in their embalmed state as if still needing food. But it was nearer to fear—akin to hate. It was through the terrific climax of the atom bomb, the war of all against all, the triumph of hate, that it would be revealed that only on a foundation of love, and in mutual respect and aid, could a tolerable world be created. In this sense out of the greatest evil good might come, the greatest hatred pass into love.

The chief problem which arose in regard to the way of life to be promoted in the communities of the future concerned the development of mechanical science. Would it not be for the happiness of mankind rather to encourage, by all available means of education, a return to the simpler agricultural type of existence associated with the highest kind of cultural experience? Some of the leaders who advocated this course would have in mind an idealised conception of the ancient Athenian society, without slavery or political faction, and with highly developed cultivation of the sciences of nature. In conclusion, however, this speculation must leave undetermined the question whether the shock occasioned by the war of atom bombs could in reality have the effect of bringing about a new era, or whether the historic tendency to repetition would, as in the case of the Stoic conflagration, drive mankind to a return to the type of behaviour which has, on the whole, characterised the human race since the days of the early civilisations.

HILDA D. OAKELEY.

LORD ACTON ON SOCIALISM.

REVIEWING the works of Molinari, the Belgian economist, in 1864, Acton, then aged 30, expressed his disagreement with what he referred to as the socialist system of universal administration.* Six years earlier he had been trying to arrange for the review of Robert Owen's autobiography immediately it appeared.† And in 1873 he was trying to persuade Gladstone to read Marx's *Capital*, expressed surprise that Gladstone had not yet had time to read it,‡ and indicated the book's importance as "the Koran of the new Socialists." In the essay on nationality (1862, *et al.* 28) Acton had characterised nationalism as "more criminal and absurd" than socialism, and in a number of passages in his study of democracy Acton's continuing disagreement with socialism is strongly marked.

* *Home and Foreign Review*, Jan., 1864, pp. 310-12.

† Gasquet, *Lord Acton and his Circle*, p. 35, Sept. 1858 (*et al.* 24).

‡ *Correspondence*, Vol. I, p. 169 (*et al.* 39).

Writing of the July Monarchy, Acton says :

In 1836, when the horrors of the infernal machine had armed the crown with ampler powers, and had silenced the republican party, the term Socialism made its appearance in literature. Tocqueville, who was writing the philosophical chapters that conclude his work, failed to discover the power which the new system was destined to exercise on democracy. Until then, democrats and communists had stood apart. Although the socialist doctrines were defended by the best intellects of France, by Thierry, Comte, Chevalier and Georges Sand, they excited more attention as a literary curiosity than as the cause of future revolutions. Towards 1840, in the recesses of secret societies, republicans and socialists coalesced. Whilst the Liberal leaders, Lamartine and Barrot, discoursed on the surface concerning reform, Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc were quietly digging a grave for the monarchy, the Liberal party, and the reign of wealth. They worked so well, and the vanquished republicans recovered so thoroughly, by this coalition, the influence they had lost by a long series of crimes and follies, that, in 1848, they were able to conquer without fighting. The fruit of their victory was universal suffrage. From that time the promises of socialism have supplied the best energy of democracy. Their coalition has been the ruling fact in French politics.*

Acton goes on to say that this coalition created "the saviour of society," and the Commune, and that it still (i.e. in 1878) entangled the footsteps of the Republic. "It is the only shape in which democracy has found an entrance into Germany. Liberty has lost its spell ; and democracy maintains itself by the promise of substantial gifts to the masses of the people."

Acton adds :

... the domain of political economy seems destined to admit the rigorous certainty of science. Whenever that shall be attained, when the battle between Economists and Socialists is ended, the evil force which Socialism imparts to democracy will be spent. The battle is raging more violently than ever, but it has entered into a new phase, by the rise of a middle party. Whether that remarkable movement, which is promoted by some of the first economists in Europe [the academic socialists] is destined to shake the authority of their science, or to conquer socialism by robbing it of that which is the secret of its strength, it must be recorded here as the latest and the most serious effort that has been made to disprove the weighty sentence of Rousseau, that democracy is a government for gods, but unfit for man.†

Acton was a democrat none the less. He accepted the designation in 1888 in an article in the *English Historical Review*. Writing to Mary Gladstone, he said :

The men who pay wages ought not to be the political masters of those who earn them, for laws should be adapted to those who have the heaviest stake in the country, for whom misgovernment means not mortified pride or restricted luxury, but want and pain and degradation, and risk to their own lives and to their children's souls.‡

As these passages indicate, Acton looked for a reconciliation between

* *History of Freedom*, pp 92-3 ; cf *Rambler*, Oct. 1862, p. 551 : "The violent and revolutionary condition of France is founded primarily on the antagonism between rich and poor, property and labour ; and hence the socialist character of the revolution of 1848."

† *History of Freedom*, pp. 94-99.

‡ *Letters to Mary Gladstone*, pp. 49-50.

economists and socialists through the rise of the "academic socialists," the socialists of the chair, who captured most of the more important economic professorships in Germany, and had their counterparts in France (Laveleye) and England (Ingram and Cliffe Leslie). The greatest of these men was Roscher. And when Acton first read Henry George he wrote that he was less impressed than he otherwise would have been because he had previously met most of Henry George's ideas in the writings of the academic socialists.* He adds: "I believe he has in large measure the ideas of the age that is to come."† Acton regarded Gladstone as a practical exponent of the main ideas of the academic socialists. He agreed with Chamberlain that there was "latent socialism" in the political philosophy of Gladstone,‡ his political hero, and he regarded socialism as the main inspiration of democracy, of which he wrote in 1888, that its programme would be the work of generations.§ In a letter to Mary Gladstone, Acton admitted that he could not sleep for thinking of the sufferings of the poor. In his remarks on the poor law as early as the early 'sixties Acton had said that those in want through no fault of their own deserved to be maintained by the State.|| But he was constantly suspicious of "public works" to relieve unemployment as certain to increase the power and possible tyranny of the State (he was thinking particularly of Napoleon III).

It is Acton's estimate of Roscher which gives the chief clue to his mature views on these questions. This occurs in the celebrated article on German Schools of History, written for the first number of the *English Historical Review*, which began to appear in 1886, and still the most masterly treatment of its theme in a short compass that exists.¶ Roscher he had studied from an early age, and he regarded him and Tocqueville as the two most important writers of the nineteenth century. He notes that Roscher "places the *Réforme Sociale* of Le Play at the head of books on social science."** Roscher's starting point was that the ancients understood distribution better than we do.†† He began his work at the time when some of the generalisations of the classical economists were being severely criticised in the light of comparative statistics.‡‡ Acton quotes Dunoyer: "Socialism is merely the present system logically carried out." He adds: "On the other side, if it is right that the State should do so much, the reign of the law was usurpation and the ancient ways were wrong. Then the indictment brought by Considérant and Engels against the society of 1840 is just, and the order of things which produced so much sorrow was criminal."§§ In short, Acton began by regarding "the socialist system of universal administration" as incompatible with freedom because it would put too much power in the hands of the State. On the other hand, he came to believe that the main question was a technical one to be argued out by socialists and economists. He regarded socialism as the chief future inspiration of democracy. But economics itself he believed to be as much an ethical as a material science. And he thought it possible that a "third party," represented in his day by the academic socialists,

* *Letters to Mary Gladstone*, 170 (1883).

† *Ibid.* 175 (1884).

‡ *Ibid.* 212 (1885).

§ *Essays*.

|| Gasquet, 246. The actual words are "have a claim on the State."

¶ Reprinted in *Historical Essays and Studies*, pp. 344-392. Two years later he noted that Gneist described England as "floundering in a transit of Socialism." (*Ibid.*, p. 473.)

** *Essays*, 386.

†† *Ibid.*, 389.

‡‡ *Ibid.*

§§ *Ibid.*, 390-391.

might effect a reconciliation between socialism and economics. Lord Keynes was not an academic socialist in Acton's sense of the term, but the Keynesian revolution in economic thinking has greatly affected socialism. I myself heard Lord Keynes argue in a lecture in the Oxford Examination Schools in 1924 that the chief future function of the Liberal Party was to teach socialism to the Labour Party.

The spirit of the age spoke through Acton, and it may be that sometimes his words knew more than he did. It was against complete, that is, totalitarian socialism that his strictures were directed; and the "partial socialism" which he attributed to Roscher, whom he so much admired, and to which we are now committed, perhaps comes close to realising some of his ideals. For, writing in the *English Historical Review* in 1888, he expresses the wish that the author he was reviewing had told us why some Tories are democrats and some Socialists liberal. Acton's overriding judgment is in the lectures on freedom: "Liberal progress aims at a point where the public is subject to no restrictions but those of which it feels the advantage."* Some further reflections suggest themselves. Recently a plea was made by Mr. Bernard Shaw and endorsed by Sir Ernest Barker in the correspondence columns of *The Times* for a dictionary of political terms. A generation ago Mr. Shaw himself began an encyclopædia article with the words: "Socialism, the same as Communism; Trade Unionism, the same as Capitalism." Professor Macmurray finds the unity of theory and practice the distinctive doctrine of communism. Acton believed Gladstone's identification of theory and policy was his unique quality, as a statesman. There is a Christian maxim—Practise what you preach.

In Acton the underlying thought is that it is better to be poor and free than prosperous and enslaved. But he said also that the supreme political object, which is liberty, ought sometimes to be postponed to still higher moral objects. He liked to cite the withering remark of Sieyès, "They want to be free but don't want to be just." The partial socialism towards which Acton seems to incline is, like everything in practical politics, a compromise. The inevitable necessity of compromise in politics Acton fully recognised. But he also had a deep foreboding about the dynamics of political and social change, and dreaded the recurrent cycle of Greek politics. He thought the requisite balance and equipoise had been approximately reached by the British constitution in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and he felt uncertain how long it would last. But in the Acton MSS. at Cambridge there is a list headed "How much to come?" following an enumeration of the social and political gains since the revolution of 1688. The list runs:

Peace.
Socialism.
Education.
Temperance.
Direct Taxation.
Sanitary Science.
Conquest of Asia and Africa.†

The approximate date of this is 1876-77. This note shows clearly Acton's appreciation of the importance of socialism in future history.

* p. 23.

† *Add.*, 4870, p. 81.

It has not been generally recognised with what minute thoroughness Acton had studied the literature of socialism. The reference to the second edition of the first volume of *Das Kapital* in the letter to Gladstone in 1873 as a "new book" implies that Acton had compared the second edition with the first, issued six years earlier, and had recognised it for what it has since been realised to be, namely, virtually a new book. Acton had read and annotated Marx's earlier *Critique of Political Economy*, and the copy with his own notes is in the Acton Library at Cambridge. Acton cites the *Anti-Dühring* in one of the notes to his *Inaugural*, and in the same place he borrows a quotation from Landor from Holyoake's *Agitator's Life*.^{*} Similarly, Acton carefully notes the circulation figure for socialist newspapers in Germany, and the extent of social democracy in Zürich. And economics in general he regarded as the scientific (i.e. exact) part of politics. He is the only nineteenth-century writer who was completely master of the philosophy, politics and economics of both his own and earlier ages. The intensity of Acton's indignation at the neglect of the social question is shown in the following passage written in 1878:

The old notions of civil liberty and of social order did not benefit the masses of the people. Wealth increased, without relieving their wants. The progress of knowledge left them in abject ignorance. Religion flourished, but failed to reach them. Society, whose laws were made by the upper class alone, announced that the best thing for the poor is not to be born, and the next best, to die in childhood, and suffered them to live in misery and crime and pain. As surely as the long reign of the rich has been employed in promoting the accumulation of wealth, the advent of the poor to power will be followed by schemes for diffusing it.[†]

Acton was a true prophet.

G. L. FASNACHT.

"DEMOCRATISATION OF JUSTICE" IN THE SOVIET ZONE.

ON February 3rd, 1949, the Berlin Kammergericht, the Supreme Court of Appeal for the whole city area, which until then had been functioning under quadrupartite control, decided, on its own initiative, to leave its seat in the Soviet sector of the city. Narrowly avoiding arrest, the president of the court, together with forty-eight of his fifty-four judges, moved to the British sector. It had finally become clear that a free and independent judiciary, acting only in accordance with the law and not subject to political influence when giving judgment or trying criminal cases, cannot exist in territory under Soviet control. To-day no single court exercises jurisdiction over the whole city. Despite all efforts of the Western Powers and of German judges to maintain for Berlin a uniform administration of the law, even after the complete disruption of city government, the split had become inevitable. The event, unfortunate though it is in its consequences for Berliners, is not one of purely local importance. It resulted from the impossibility of finding even a remotely reasonable basis for a *modus vivendi* acceptable to the Western Powers as well as to the Soviet Union and was really a clash of irreconcilable views

* A highly significant one: "Few scholars are critics, few critics are philosophers, and few philosophers look with equal care on both sides of a question."

† *History of Freedom*, p. 94.



about the place of the law in the State. Followed as it was by measures to bring the administration of the law in the Soviet sector of Berlin into line with conditions prevailing in the Soviet Zone, the exodus of the Kammergericht has indirectly drawn attention to the gradual destruction of the independence of the courts of law which has taken place, under the guise of "democratisation of justice" in Eastern Germany under Soviet occupation since 1945.

Just as during the war the Western Allies unfortunately allowed Soviet propaganda to gain something like a monopoly of the term "anti-fascist," the word "democratisation"—in its primary meaning obviously acceptable to and indeed desired by all—appears in occupied Germany to have been turned, of late, into a specifically Communist catch-phrase of great propaganda value. In the war of ideas, words—as the Communists were not slow to realise—win battles. At first sight there is nothing suspect in the call for "Democratisation of Justice" which is being raised with such violence in the Soviet Occupation Zone. Given the contamination of the German judiciary with National-Socialist ideology and practice, there was indeed need for reform. For this reason it has taken some time until it became manifest that, under the cover of an unobjectionable slogan, the rule of law is once again being challenged, in a manner not unlike, but perhaps even more formidable because more systematic than, during the Nazi régime. As under the Nazis, government according to the law is rapidly giving way to arbitrary power rule. To-day there can no longer be any question of the supremacy or predominance of the law where the interests of the Communist Party are at stake. Independence of the courts of law, the paramount safeguards of individual liberty, is expressly guaranteed in the new Constitution, but it exists on paper only. "The Law and its administration," wrote *Tribüne*, the organ of the Communist trade union organisation in the Eastern Zone on March 2nd, 1949, "must be a sharp weapon in the struggle against all enemies of the new Order." A recently published symposium, assembling under the title "Contributions to the Democratisation of Justice" articles by leading lawyers of the Soviet Zone, shows how the law and its machinery is being fitted for this purpose. In a revealing introductory essay, Max Fechner, deputy-chairman of the Russian-sponsored, Communist-dominated Socialist Unity Party and at the same time Head of the Administration of Justice in the Soviet Zone, says that "there can be no politically neutral law. "Judges," he continues, "cannot be allowed to work as unpolitical officials in an academic world, but must take part in the political life of the people and must side with democracy and progress."

This demand for a form of justice which takes account of "the needs of the time" (or brings it closer to "the people's instinctive notions of right and wrong") has been used to justify direct interference in the day-to-day work of the ordinary courts, and has thus made the latter subject to the exigencies of political expediency. Once again, judges are liable to indirect, or even open pressure. The Occupation Power, the German administration and the Unity Party make a habit of issuing orders to all courts which contain instructions of a general kind, with local variations, covering, above all, the conduct of cases with political or economic significance. Though these instructions may well cut right across the Penal Code of 1871, which is still nominally in force, judges disregard them only at their peril. Soviet

officers, officials of the Ministry of Justice, even local party officials, have on numerous occasions summoned judges before the hearing of a particular case in order to impress upon them, by way of advice or veiled threat, the desirability of a decision one way or the other. Trials are sometimes interrupted or indefinitely suspended on higher orders. Even cases of open interference during the proceedings have occurred where the conduct or likely outcome of a hearing failed to find the approval of the authorities. Where the courts have shown themselves firm in the face of such attempted intimidation, it has become a well-known device to invoke "popular indignation" and to appeal, by Press and radio, to public opinion even while proceedings are pending. The Socialist Unity Party has, on occasion, gone as far as to organise "spontaneous" public demonstrations within or outside the courtroom, forcing, in at least one case, the judge to leave the building under police protection.

By 1947 it was clear that, despite such open flaunting of the most elementary requirements of a fair trial and despite all pressure applied against judges, judgments were not infrequently passed by the courts which were not in accord with Communist policy. Machinery was accordingly created which makes final decisions and verdicts subject to administrative review even after all means of appeal have been exhausted. Each of the six Laender in the Soviet zone now possesses a law according to which the Prosecutor-General has the right to insist that a criminal case be reopened within a year, if in his view the sentence is "not in accordance with justice." This so-called Kassationsgesetz gives State officials the right to determine whether, in any given case, the punishment imposed by a criminal court is, or is not, "just," i.e. in accordance with the law. What is no less serious is that it places at renewed peril an accused person long even after his acquittal has been confirmed. In practice the Kassationsgesetz has proved an important weapon of oppression in the Eastern Zone, since it makes it possible for the administration to send cases back for new trial to whatever court it chooses, until it has found one ready to do as it is bidden.

If the civil liberties of the individual are to be respected and assured within the limits of the law, it is essential not only that judges should administer justice impartially and freely but that they should not be influenced in the execution of their task by fear of adverse consequences to their own person. Such impartiality and independence of the courts has ceased to exist in the Soviet Zone. Judges possess no security of tenure of their office whatever; they are removable at will. It is known that some have been dismissed purely on the ground that "their attitude was not sufficiently 'forward-looking'." Decisions against a public body or Communist organisation involve serious danger of victimisation. In many individual instances the threat of disciplinary measures alone may have sufficed to bring to heel those who originally failed to toe the line. Sweeping removals of judges have, however, occurred in the Laender of the Soviet Zone on several occasions and the scale of these purges can be gathered from the fact that in one land only one of the nine Landgerichtspräsidenten appointed in 1945 is still in office. Some have fled to the West; of others, nothing has been heard and more than one must be presumed to have perished in Soviet concentration camps.

These purges of the judiciary have still further aggravated the serious shortage of employable trained lawyers, above all of qualified

judges, which, for obvious reasons, prevails since the collapse of the Nazi régime all over Germany. In the Soviet Zone the Communists have taken advantage of the existing vacuum to pack the bench with judges of a new type who can be relied on to act as tools of their policy. Trained lawyers, and, above all, those who have gained experience in judicial capacity, frequently tend to conservative ways of thinking; they look to the law itself and to the Statute book as the guiding principles in their work. To steer the course mapped out for judges in the new order, sound political doctrine is more important than knowledge of the law; legal training may, indeed, be a drawback rather than an asset.

The desire to change radically the social structure and outlook of the profession led the Soviet authorities in Germany as to advocate as early as 1945 the creation of so-called people's judges (*Volksrichter*) by recruiting for judicial office men predominantly drawn from the working class with no more than elementary school education. *Volksrichter* in the Communist sense are not, it must be emphasised, laymen sitting, like our jury or Admiralty assessors, with a professional judge to deal with matters of fact as opposed to questions of law which are reserved to trained lawyers. They are specially selected, politically reliable workers, or party and trade union officials who, after a short period of training, are given the status of judges. *Volksrichter* are full members of the bench; they can hear and decide cases as puisne judges or may be appointed, as some of them have already been, to judicial office at the highest appellate courts.

Originally, the period of training of people's judges was limited to six months; the all-too-obvious shortcomings of the recruits have forced the authorities in the Soviet Zone to increase the period first to nine months and eventually to one year. A syllabus recently published reveals a gigantic effort to cram into this inadequate period a maximum of legal teaching; a course consists of 946 lectures and exercises, covering seven hours a day, on subjects ranging from the law of contract to legal history, labour law, procedure and even forensic medicine. Medical men with such a cursory training might find it hard to get patients. That lawyers so superficially equipped should make good judges is hardly to be expected. Yet, as a counterweight to trained lawyers of the old type, the people's judges are already more than pulling their weight. In the selection of judges to be entrusted with spectacular political trials or with the mounting number of important prosecutions for offences against the new economic regulations, *Volksrichter* are being given preference. Their selection by the Socialist Unity Party and other Communist organisations provides a satisfactory guarantee that they will not show any opposition to the implementation of the Communist programme for the Soviet Zone.

Barely a fortnight after the enforced walk-out of Berlin's Supreme Court to the Western sectors, Marshal Sokolovsky, the then Soviet commander, issued a decree ordering the appointment of people's judges for the Soviet sector of Berlin which the Western Allies had until then been able to oppose. It has now become easier to observe how the Communist minority, supported by the Soviet occupation forces, in its endeavour to impose upon Eastern Germany a new authoritarian régime, carries out the so-called "Democratisation of Justice." Even now the complaint is voiced that this development is proceeding at far too slow a rate and lags well behind progress made

towards the new order in other spheres of public life. To-day, with the first phase of integration already completed in the Soviet Zone of Germany, the Unity Party speaks quite openly of its aim to use the machinery of the Law Courts for the furtherance of its political ends. Max Fechner, in the work I have quoted, says with surprising frankness: "The law is the last bastion on which the dying bourgeoisie attempts to stem the onslaught of the young proletarian class to which the future belongs." Justice has been the first victim to be overrun.

H. A. HIMMELMANN.

SMOLLETT'S *HUMPHREY CLINKER*.

THE last novel Smollett wrote was finished just before he died at Leghorn in 1771. It is generally regarded as his masterpiece.

A convenient sub-title to the book would be "Matt Bramble's 'Tour of Britain.'" For, written in the epistolary manner, the letters by different members of the Squire's family are descriptive accounts of the cities, towns and country they visit and pass through on their tour. We are thus presented with an eighteenth-century itinerary of some instructive and entertainment value. In using the epistolary form in this instance he was following the fashion set by Richardson. He has thus employed a most natural sequence of varied information such as would be supplied by one intelligent friend or relation in the course of their travels to those with whom they corresponded. In this way we are allowed to view the same incidents treated by individual members of the party from their own standpoint. The only objection here is that the love story contained in and running through the novel is interrupted from time to time by the details thus supplied.

Smollett in all his work is most outspoken on the sordid and brutal side of life. *Roderick Random* is a particular example. Even in *Humphrey Clinker* this tendency is to be observed although toned down because of the general scene and circumstances of the case. This is significant when we remember it is the later or golden half of the century which is reckoned to have produced the most enduring things of charm and delight allowing us to refer to the *exquisite* eighteenth century. When Matt Bramble holds the stage it is almost certain that Smollett himself is talking.

The most important personages in the novel are as follows: Matthew Bramble, a Monmouthshire squire living in Abergavenny; a most good-natured and generous man but inclined to be irascible. His sister Tabitha, who keeps house for him, a veritable shrew, and, unlike her brother, mean and stingy. In his portrait of Mrs. Malaprop Sheridan is said to have been influenced by Tabitha's frequent misuse of words. She was undoubtedly a capable housekeeper though her craftiness and cupidity were known to her brother. Miss Bramble is determined to become married at all costs and eventually succeeds after several failures. The Squire's nephew and niece, Jerry and Lydia Melford, who show themselves attractive young people. Then there is that extraordinary almost impossible man, Lismahago, who in the end is married to Tabitha. Finally there is Humphrey Clinker, who gives his name to the title of the book, a lively, pleasant young man, twenty years of age, who eventually proves to be Mr. Bramble's natural son. He is a very Admirable Crichton of postillions and man servants. A creation of Smollett he is a most unique personality. Is there not a trace of him

in Mark Tapley? Clinker has endeared himself by sterling qualities to his master, whom he adores for his kindness and generosity. The postillion's entry into the Squire's service was in this wise. On their way to London the coach had been overturned near Marlborough Downs and the occupants rudely upset. The postillion on duty was held responsible for this, and, on the insistence of Tabitha, dismissed summarily. To take his place until they reach Marlborough Clinker was temporarily engaged. At the time he was terribly poor and ill-clad. This disgusted and shocked the ladies, who complained about his appearance. Mr. Bramble therefore later on interviewed the lad, found he was known to the innkeeper, and on the latter's information and his own judgment, engaged Clinker on trial. During his employment Humphrey is attracted by the great Methodist preacher Whitefield and becomes a hot-gospeller himself. This lands him in trouble. Much to the astonishment—not to say annoyance—of his master, Clinker is discovered whilst in the Squire's service carrying the message in most unorthodox places, before affected gatherings of men and women. Wilson, although not important to the tour itself, is a shadow character who flits across the stage as Lydia's lover, to whom she is eventually married, after various vicissitudes.

Transport from one part of the country to another in Georgian days was carried out by means of post-chaise or coach and horses. There is an inescapable romantic glamour attached to the old coaches now to be seen as museum pieces. But when we read the actual experiences of Squire Bramble and his party on their tour we realise all is not gold that glitters. Charm does not always spell comfort. In addition to the discomforts attached to coach travel there was only too frequently the risk of attack by highwaymen. This form of terror has been treated lightly by Gay in *The Beggar's Opera*. Our eighteenth-century ancestors, however, seem to have been thoroughly inured to all these hardships.

The Bramble party are at Gloucester when we first meet them. Having been recommended to try the hot wells at Bristol the Squire proceeds there. He does not take long to convince himself the treatment here will not help him. "In short," he writes to his doctor friend, "I have for some time been of opinion . . . that the sum of all your medical discoveries amounts to this, that the more you study the less you know." He comes to the conclusion "the water contains nothing but a little salt and calcarious earth, mixed in such inconsiderable proportion, as can have very little if any effect on the animal economy." He then carries his party to Bath. Here he takes the waters and bathes in the Roman baths. His sister and her maid also try the baths. The Squire is dissatisfied with the curative qualities of both baths and springs. Indeed, he suspects there is every chance of infection after seeing the other bathers and learning the near location of the baths to an ancient burial ground. "I vow to God," says the Squire, "the very idea turns my stomach."

His niece and nephew, whom we can accept as typical young people of the period, find the city full of interest. Jerry tells his friend Phillip that the Assembly Rooms "are most entertaining" and "a source of infinite amusement." Jerry Melford, whom his uncle describes as "a pert jacanapes, full of college petulance and self-conceit; proud as a German count, and as hot and hasty as a Welch mountaineer," is inclined to show all the traces of what has been so frequently styled the "Oxford" manner. But he is at the same time a sportsman in his

dealings with those with whom he comes into contact. He relishes meeting his uncle's friends whom they meet on the tour. Amongst these at Bath is the famous actor, James Quin. To Jerry, Quin is "one of the best bred men in the kingdom. He is not only a most agreeable companion ; but . . . a very honest man . . . disdaining flattery, and incapable of meanness and dissimulation."

Lydia Melford, Jerry's sister, the Squire tells his friend, is "a poor goodnatured simpleton, as soft as butter and as easily melted . . . her education has not been neglected . . . she can write and spell, speak French and play upon the harpsichord ; then she dances finely, has a good figure . . . but she's deficient in spirit . . . has a languishing eye, and reads romances." This young lady finds Bath an enchanting place. "All is gaiety, good-humour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage . . . the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. We have music in the Pump-room every morning, cotillions every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number." She varies this giddy and frivolous life with visits to the booksellers' shops . . . "where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers."

From Bath they proceed to London which the Squire finds "literally new to me" on account of the vast changes in the metropolis since he was last there. He says "I am credibly informed that in a space of seven years eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster. . . . It must be allowed, indeed, for the credit of the present age, that London and Westminster are much better paved and lighted than they were formerly. The new streets are spacious, regular and airy ; the houses generally convenient." He goes on : "notwithstanding these improvements, the capital is become an overgrown monster . . . the tide of luxury has swept all the inhabitants from the open country . . . the plough boys, cowherds, and lower hinds are debauched and seduced . . . they desert their dirt and drudgery and swarm up to London, in hopes of getting into service . . . numbers of these, being disappointed in their expectation, become thieves and sharpers." Mr. Bramble continues his summary judgment of the city by describing the residents and says "the gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures ; which, upon enquiry, will be found to be journeymen taylor, serving men and abigails, disguised like their betters." He has no use at all for either Ranelagh or Vauxhall or the people who attend these public gardens. Here his niece does not agree with the Squire. She admits having "been dazzled and confounded with the variety of beauties that rushed all at once upon my eye."

By the persuasion of a friend the Squire and his nephew were enabled to attend a Court levee. Here they saw King George III. Mr. Bramble was evidently much impressed with his Majesty, for he says "There comes the most amicable Sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of England. . . . A very honest, kind-hearted gentleman ; he's too good for the times. A King of England should have a spice of the devil in his composition." At this levee they meet several of the prominent politicians of the day. London did not charm Mr. Bramble for long. Smollett's description of the general squalor of the city as detailed by the Squire is reinforced on looking at the works of Hogarth and Rowlandson.

After leaving London the party turn north and make for Harrogate

(spelt by Smollett Harrigate). The Squire complains bitterly of the state of the turnpike roads on which they make the journey. It is on this part of their travels they meet with highwaymen, but do not suffer at all as the attackers are easily dispersed. Mr. Bramble has a very poor opinion of the Spa, the hotel accommodation, and the waters. On the latter, he says, "I was obliged to hold my nose with one hand, while I advanced the glass to my mouth with the other; and after I had made shift to swallow it, my stomach could hardly retain what it had received." Mr. Bramble next visits Scarborough in which resort he was also disappointed. On the way here he spends a day at York, where he goes to see the Minster, Castle, and Assembly Room. Not one of these buildings makes much appeal to him. As to the architecture of the Minster he is most critical of this, which, he says, is common to most of our greater churches generally in the country and mistaken at that. However, he does admit a certain amount of benefit derived from the chalybeate water and sea bathing at Scarborough. While indulging in the latter he narrowly escapes drowning.

They go on and reach Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here the extraordinary character Lismahago enters the story, having joined the party at Durham. From Jerry Melford's description he would appear to be a second Don Quixote, and, he says, "I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputacious." He claims descent from "one of the original covenanters." Lismahago was the family surname taken from Lesmahagow, on the Nethan, a few miles south-west of Lanark. On their way here they pass through Durham, which the Squire describes as a "confused heap of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain. . . . The streets are generally narrow, dark and unpleasant. . . . The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile." He mentions Morpeth and Alnwick, "neat, pretty towns . . . this last is famous for the castle which has belonged so many ages to the noble house of Percy, Earls of Northumberland."

They next arrive at Berwick-on-Tweed from where they proceed to Edinburgh by way of Dunbar, where, Mr. Bramble notes, "there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his headquarters, when Lesly at the head of a Scotch army, took possession of the mountains in the neighbourhood." "The city (of Edinburgh) stands upon two hills and the bottom between them," says the Squire, "and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom. It is full of people and continually resounds with the noise of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce." "The University," he continues, "is supplied with excellent professors in all the sciences; and the medical school, in particular, is famous all over Europe. . . . Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction; such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie . . . and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings." Nephew Jerry writes to his friend "If I stay much longer at Edinburgh I shall be changed into a downright Caledonian. My uncle observes that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers."

From Edinburgh Mr. Bramble takes his party to Glasgow via Stirling and Alloa. He says "I am so far happy as to have seen Glasgow,

which, to the best of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettiest towns in Europe ; and without all doubt, it is one of the most flourishing in Great Britain. . . . The streets are straight, open, airy and well-paved ; and the houses lofty and well-built of hewn stone. . . . The people of Glasgow have a noble spirit of enterprise." Jerry Melford says, " My uncle is in raptures with Glasgow. He not only visited all the manufactures of the place, but made excursions all round, to Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was anything remarkable to be seen in art or nature. . . . At length we set out for the banks of Lough-Lomond, passing through the little borough of Dumbarton. . . . Inverary is but a poor town, though it stands immediately under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland."

After leaving Glasgow the party turned north-west and, as mentioned by Jerry, visited Loch Lomond. On this famous beauty spot Squire Bramble has this to say : " I have seen the Lago di Garda, Albano, de Vico, Bolsena and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch-Lomond to them all ; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view." This is undoubtedly Smollett himself speaking as the proud, and justly proud, Scot. Hereabouts, Mr. Bramble visited " the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett." The Commissary had erected a pillar to the memory of his ingenious kinsman, Dr. Smollett, and he consulted Dr. Johnson as to the inscription for it.

After leaving this part of the country Mr. Bramble introduced his people or, as he politely styles them, " impediments," to the islands of Ila, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill or Iona, on the west coast. He notes the sanctity of Iona, with which Dr. Johnson was so much impressed. They then turn southward by Lanark and Nithsdale. By the invitation of the Duke of Queensberry they spent a night at his castle of Drumlanrig. Of his lordship Mr. Bramble remarks he is " one of those few noblemen whose goodness of heart does honour to human nature," and to Jerry Melford he appears " one of the best men that ever breathed." Defoe admired the castle and compares the estate to Chatsworth in Derbyshire. Passing through Dumfries they came to Carlisle and then on to Manchester. Of this town the Squire remarks, " I am much pleased with Manchester, which is one of the most agreeable and flourishing towns of Great Britain." Turning south from here Mr. Bramble concludes his tour with visits to show places in Derbyshire, finishing up at Buxton. As before the Squire found this spa as unsatisfying as he had Bath and Harrogate and only stayed two nights. From here the party made a leisurely progress homewards but not without some attendant excursions and alarms. These ended, let us hope, in happy marriages of some of the travellers.

A critic talking about this book on the wireless said, " If there had been no *Humphrey Clinker* there would have been no *Pickwick Papers*." Dickens when young had been a keen reader of Smollett's books. Thus Smollett, alias Matthew Bramble, has presented us with an instructive picture of the Great Britain of his period. It is of interest as indicating what town and country and the inhabitants thereof were like just before the industrial and agricultural revolutions. As is the case with most things, his view sees good and bad points. It is, taken altogether, perhaps a depressing picture. The prevalent evils indicated by Smollett have had far-reaching results down the centuries even to the present

day. It is but just to the author, however, to praise and thank him for this eighteenth-century canvas which enables us to enjoy, in addition to his view of Britain, the good fellowship of Mat Bramble and his natural son, Matthew Lloyd, amongst the rest of his family circle.

W. H. GRAHAM.

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

THE American airmen who were recently rescued from the Greenland ice-cap after weeks of isolation could not have found themselves marooned in a more inhospitable part of the earth's surface. A favourite hymn speaks of "Greenland's icy mountains," which is true enough since there are plenty of peaks topping 10,000 feet. But "Greenland's icy cap" would be equally if not more appropriate. For out of 838,000 square miles of this vast island—it is the world's largest, a fact often overlooked—almost three-quarters of a million square miles consists of one gigantic glacial ice-cap. Although Greenland has been known to Europeans since the days of Eric the Red, the Viking who began its colonisation, this ice-cap, and especially the northern part of it, is still one of the least-known areas of the globe. Greenland is really a huge shallow bowl of rock filled with ice 6,000 feet deep at its centre, and the heart of the ice-cap, because of the combination of low temperatures with strong winds, is probably the coldest place on earth.

Some of the least trodden ground in the Far North lies behind the East Coast of Greenland. Expedition after expedition has been beaten back by the physical obstacles facing its members. Time and again parties endeavouring to reach the ice-cap from the coast have failed because of the steep and terrible crevasses ascent from the sea-board, and the pack-ice which bars access to the shore except for a few weeks each year. This was the fate of two well-equipped French and Italian attempts a few years back. Spencer Chapman, the young British explorer who was with Gino Watkins (drowned while hunting seals in an Eskimo kayak) on his last trip, drew a vivid picture of the hazards which threaten the voyager along that dread coast. On one occasion the party was caught in a violent storm. Every minute the seas got worse and the usual vivid green was varied by sinister patches of indigo and white breakers, which were dashing against a vertical rock wall 3,000 feet high. In Chapman's own words: "The huge icebergs were rocking about like mere ice pack, and every now and then lumps would fall off them with a thunderous noise which was only just audible above the howling of the seas. The waves, which were 20 feet high, were being hurled back from the sides of the bergs making a maelstrom of a sea. . . ."

Not until 1888 was the first complete crossing of the inland ice made, and there are still many people who can recall the thrill they experienced when the news came through of Nansen's conquest of the island continent at a point where its width is about 250 miles. Although since then expeditions have been frequent, discoveries have been few and slow because of the formidable obstacles facing the explorers. In recent years three names have been prominent in the stories of the endeavours to unveil Greenland's frozen secrets. The island belongs to Denmark, and Dr. Koch, the famous Danish explorer and scientist,

has given the best years of his life to mapping and geology of the country. Shortly before the last war he reported the discovery of a new range of mountains consisting of seven or eight peaks, each of which averages 13,500 feet, over 3,000 feet higher than any previously recorded in Greenland. In addition he discovered the longest and deepest fjord yet located anywhere, winding inland 200 miles, and on either side of which the mountains plunge sheer into the icy depths for almost a mile. It was the brilliant deductions of Alfred Wegener, the gallant German explorer, which led to the discovery that Greenland is really an enormous ice-filled bowl of rock. Unhappily he fell a victim to the terrors of the ice-cap, after incredible suffering and endurance. Only a short time after his death, however, it was man's turn to triumph, when the British explorer, Martin Lindsay, and two companions accomplished one of the greatest sledge journeys on record, crossing the ice-cap where it is 500 miles in width. Their feat will long stand pre-eminent in the annals of polar journeys.

Despite the perils and disappointments, such endeavours will go on, because science and progress demand them. For instance, meteorologists have discovered that the climatic conditions of the ice-cap profoundly affect the weather of the Northern Hemisphere. That glacial covering has been appropriately called the "North Pole of the Winds," and it is vital for accurate forecasting that scientific observations shall be made there. Moreover, the air age has cancelled out Greenland's age-old isolation. Surprising as it may sound, the shortest route by air between Great Britain and North America is over the ice-cap of southern Greenland. In the future commercial airways will pass over the Arctic regions as the shortest distance between many of the world's great cities. Emergency landing-places will be necessary, and then the research carried out during the war will prove valuable in their preparation.

That rough and forbidding island in the middle of the polar sea—neighbours to the North Pole the Greenlanders have been aptly dubbed,—played an active part against the common enemy. Greenland became the stopping-over place for powerful squadrons of fliers on their way to Europe and as points of support for movements of the Allied navies. Air bases were constructed in the face of fearful difficulties within the storm-swept inland ice, and meteorological stations were set up in great numbers. The Allies feared that the Germans would attempt to make similar airfields on the ice as possible take-off grounds for bombing the United States. To offset such schemes, as early as April 1941 America acquired certain rights to establish air bases in Greenland. During the Battle of the Atlantic that country provided some of the most strategic weather stations, and to gather data for the forecasts twenty-five airmen and scientists were stationed on the ice-cap. The Nazis attempted to organise their own weather stations amid the ice long before the United States entered the conflict. They realised that whoever controlled Greenland weather information would have the upper hand in any transatlantic air war. Few knew that their U-boats were refuelling in silent fjords to strike at convoys to Britain and Murmansk and that their planes were flying within striking distance of the States. Some of the Nazi installations were routed only in 1944. War there was a secret struggle waged in semi-darkness on a battlefield perpetually locked under thousands of feet of ice. It was a war of long distances and longer silences, a war of waiting. Events were far apart and small. A trawler halted in a hidden cove, and a

group of men set up their equipment on a barren beach. A passing sled-driver was ambushed and shot. That shot, from a Nazi trooper, marked the first fatal clash of the Greenland Patrol with the enemy. It was the initial contact between United States troops and an armed German anywhere in the Western Hemisphere. The first knowledge of it was the finding of that driver face downwards in blood-stained snow with a bullet through his temple.

In Greenland the battle was not for territory but for weather, because Greenland's weather to-day is often Europe's to-morrow. News of conditions at "the Pole of the Winds" was vital information for convoys on the life-lines and bomber crews waiting to set off for German industrial concentrations. To get these data it was essential for stations to be established on the ice-cap, and some idea of the difficulties attendant upon any penetration of it can be gained from the tremendous labours that were entailed in setting them up. Back of the cove stretched the icy rocks leading up to the ice-cap. Motor toboggans failed to grip on the gradients; heavily laden dog-teams slithered backwards. The party attacked the slopes on skis, and with light dog-teams penetrated sixteen miles inland, where the first weather station was established. This was used as a depot to which hundreds of tons of supplies were brought on vehicles specially fitted with skis, while winches were used to haul materials up the slopes. Planes were able to take off from the summit after being fitted with skis, but mechanical vehicles were useless and reconnaissance work had to be carried out by dog-teams. Seven thousand feet up on the dome of the ice-cap the central weather station was established, and the precious news was flashed out over the Atlantic day after day, the winter through, although sometimes blizzards raged at 125 m.p.h. and the awful wind seemed to suck away the breath from the observers' lungs. Even that speed, of over two miles a minute, is by no means a record for Greenland blizzards, as the official record of the British Greenland Survey Expedition of 1932 noted. It logged 140 m.p.h. on one occasion. The party were sometimes confined to their tents for days on end, with such blizzards howling outside that it seemed any moment the tent would be torn to shreds. The snowstorms were so blinding that visibility was reduced to practically nothing, and so extreme was the cold that the compasses were frozen, rendering them useless. Wegener once registered 117 degrees of frost.

Travel in such conditions is incredibly difficult and entails terrible privation. When Lindsay started on his memorable journey in June 1934, men and dogs were entirely dependent on their own exertions and the provision they carried with them. No succour was possible; if things went amiss the whole expedition, as the three men well knew, would perish. They won through, suffering all things, enduring all things. For week after week the ice-cap stretched ahead, monotonous, illimitable. Even the dogs felt the unchanging sameness, and one man had to ski ahead so as to give them something at which to aim. It was like voyaging on a frozen ocean, and quite naturally at the end the leader recorded, "We sighted land at last" when a frozen peak appeared on the horizon. The going was unimaginably hard: "Hungrier and hungrier, bad blisters and a strained back. All of us are pretty beat. . . . Give me guts, I hope I've shown up all right so far. . . . Thank God for pemmican hoosh which makes me feel a man again, but I'd give ten, twenty years of life for another plateful. . . . Odd how one is on this slow slogging across a bloody waste. One staggers along in a coma of fatigue."

and not giving a damn if one leaves one's bones on the ice. . . ." During the Wegener expedition Johannes Georgi, the meteorologist, was detailed to stay for the winter at a station in the very heart of the ice-cap. In consequence of a series of transport mishaps he and two companions found themselves there without winter equipment. After a desperate sledge journey the leader, Wegener, got through with supplies, but he perished while returning to the coast. The three men had to abandon their tent as the cold increased, and dug themselves an ice cavern. One sustained such frost-bite that his toes had to be amputated. Georgi had no surgical instruments, so he "sharpened a thin knife as fine as possible," and used that. The patient was nursed through five months of illness in temperatures always far below freezing point. In spite of this, of the malaise of inaction and anxiety, of increasing privation, they survived and were rescued.

Why do men submit themselves to these torments? The winning of scientific information is not a sufficient answer. One of Georgi's final diary entries, with a footnote, supplies not the answer to the question, but an indication of the mysterious springs of heroism. It runs: "But the inland ice—don't speak to me about it! How glad I shall be when I stand on Scheidick again, and by the seashore, and if I have one really strong feeling it will be this: Never again on the inland ice. . . . My moral is not very high just now. If only I were once on the road! But this indefinite time of waiting is awful. When I am lying in my sleeping-bag my brain works like a coffee grinder. . . ." The footnote is: "Since then the memory of these daily unpleasantnesses has faded, and the longing for the great space of the inland ice, common to all who have been to Greenland, has alone remained." The stories of such men as Lindsay, Wegener and Georgi bring to the reader not the measurements of wind and ice, but the grip of hostile and sometimes tragic circumstances and the stature of men who refuse to be crushed by them.

D. ENGLAND.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN IN INDIA.

WHO was the first Englishman to go to India? If we can believe the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Alfred the Great, in 883 A.D., in fulfilment of a vow made three years previously, when London was besieged by the Danes, sent one Sighelm or Swithelm, bishop of Sherborne, on a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Saint Thomas at Mylapore, near Madras, whence he brought back what Hakluyt describes as "many strange and precious unions (pearls) and costly spices," which were still extant in the abbey muniment room in his day. Gibbon, however, unkindly suggests that he actually went no further than Egypt.

But if we reject the claims of Sighelm, the honour must unquestionably go to Father Thomas Stevens, of the Society of Jesus. The early history of this pioneer is obscure, but apparently he was a west countryman, born in the old faith in 1549, and educated at Winchester and Oxford. When the Elizabethan persecution became intense, he fled with a fellow Catholic, Thomas Pound, to the Continent. Pound was arrested, but Stevens reached Rome and was enrolled as a novice at the seminary of Saint Andrea in 1575. Here he studied under Garnett and Parsons and met Campion. He did not, however, return to England to face martyrdom with that gallant band; his imagination was fired by

the example of Saint Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indes, who had died in 1552, and he begged for permission to go to Goa. "Golden Goa," the capital of the Portuguese Empire in the East, was then at the height of its glory, and the exploits of Vasco da Gama and the other pioneers had just been sung by the Portuguese poet, Camoens.

He was accordingly sent to Lisbon, and on April 4th, 1579, he embarked on a vessel forming part of the annual trading fleet. The voyage was not without adventure. Off Madeira they had a smart brush with an English cruiser. At the end of July they rounded the Cape of Good Hope, "the point so famous and so feared of all men," and were blown nearly to Socotra, when "God sent great winds from the north-east" (the monsoon) which took them to Goa on October 24th, short of food and water and with half the crew ill with scurvy.

Soon after he landed, Stevens wrote a long letter to his father, a prominent London merchant, describing the voyage and discussing the prospects of opening up trade with India. Its effect, when it at length reached its destination, was electrical. It passed from hand to hand in business circles and was eventually printed by the industrious Hakluyt. Just at that time, the question of the spice trade was a pressing one, as Amsterdam had raised the price of pepper from three shillings to eight shillings a pound, an unheard-of sum for those times. The importance of pepper in medieval economy is difficult to realise in these days, but it was then an almost indispensable article of diet; it was necessary for pickling meat for the winter, for flavouring the dull, monotonous food and drink in times when condiments were unknown, and for medicinal and other purposes. The idea of opening up a direct route to India was in everyone's mind. But how? The quest for a north-east or north-west passage had proved a costly failure, and Queen Elizabeth was not yet prepared to challenge the sea supremacy of Philip II, who was at that time King of Portugal as well as Spain. As long ago as 1441, the Vatican had granted a perpetual donation to the Crown of Portugal of whatsoever should be discovered from Cape Bajadore to the East Indes exclusively. The question had been for some time in the minds of a syndicate of merchants headed by Sir Richard Staper and Sir Edward Osborne, the Lord Mayor of London. Their plan was to re-open the old overland route by way of Syria which had made the fortunes of Venice and Genoa, but had been in abeyance since the conquest by the Turks of Constantinople in 1453. For this end they had obtained in 1581 a charter giving them a monopoly of English trade with the Turkish dominions, and had established a factory in Aleppo. They now determined to go a step further in the same direction, and organised a reconnoitring expedition under John Newbery, an experienced traveller who had recently returned from a visit to the Persian Gulf. The other members were Ralph Fitch, John Eldred, William Leedes, an expert in gems, and James Storey, a painter.

The little party, armed with letters of introduction by Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor Akbar and the King of China, "being desirous to see the countrys of East India," sailed in the *Tyger* for Tripoli in February 1583, reaching Aleppo on May 20th. The event is referred to by Shakespeare in *Macbeth*, when the First Witch says:

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tyger*

They attached themselves to a caravan, and travelling mostly by night in order to avoid the great heat, in due course reached Babylon

(Baghdad), where they hired a boat to take them down the Tigris to Basra. There Eldred left them. The rest went on to Ormuz, the great Portuguese fortress at the head of the Persian Gulf, where they opened a little shop, ostensibly to trade in cloth, knives, and other small ware. Under cover of this, Leedes invested a considerable sum in jewels, and particularly Bahrein pearls, which his expert knowledge enabled him to pick up cheaply.

Here disaster overtook them. Their presence was discovered by a Venetian merchant, who denounced them as heretics and spies, and insisted that they should be shipped off to Goa for examination by the authorities, and deportation as interlopers. They set sail for Goa on October 9th, reaching their destination on November 29th. They were thrown into gaol, but managed to avert suspicion by behaving themselves "very Catholickly and devoute, every day hearing Masse with Beades in their hands." Storey entered the cloister as a lay brother; he eventually married a half-caste girl and was employed in decorating the walls of Saint Paul's College. The others found a friend at court in our old acquaintance, Father Stevens, who, with another Jesuit, Padre Mark, interceded with the Archbishop of Goa to have them released on bail, Father Stevens himself finding a surety for 2,000 ducats. They were released and opened a shop.

But their happiness did not last long. The matter had reached the ears of Philip II, who sent the viceroy a peremptory letter ordering that they should be dealt with at once, and no more Englishmen allowed in Portuguese territory. When Fitch went to the viceroy and said that they should be released from bail as they had been in Goa for five months and no charge brought against them, the viceroy replied sharply that they should be "sifted presently," and threatened them with the "strapado." This so alarmed them that they determined to escape. One day in February 1585, leaving the shop in charge of a Dutch boy, Fitch, Leedes and Newbery went on a picnic into the country and slipped over the border into Bijapur territory. The Jesuits were greatly incensed at being let down, and Padre Mark called them "heretics, spies and a thousand other railing speeches." Philip was furious: he ordered that every step should be taken to catch them, and that Storey should be sent home to Lisbon. He was apparently drowned when the ship carrying him was sunk on the voyage.

Meanwhile, the rest of the party, having made good their escape, made their way by easy stages to the great diamond mart at Golconda, where, profiting once more by the expert knowledge of Leedes, they managed to acquire considerable riches in a highly portable form. Then they started on their long overland journey to the Mogul Court, which was then at Fathpur Sikri, near Agra, a distance of over 1,000 miles. Fitch and his companions were wonderstruck at the splendour of the Mogul capital, with its magnificent palaces and its stables for 1,000 elephants and 30,000 horses, beside which London appeared like a mere village. Its commercial possibilities were almost illimitable. In the market was "a great resort of merchants from Persia and out of India, and very much merchandise of silk and cloth and of precious stones, both rubies, diamonds and pearls." Fitch saw the Emperor, dressed in "a white *cabie*" (or tunic), made like a shirt tied with strings on one side, and a little cloth on his head, coloured oftentimes with red and yellow." But he does not tell us whether he succeeded in presenting Queen Elizabeth's letter. It may have been confiscated by the Portuguese, and in any case, these strangers from an unheard-of island in the

distant west were unlikely to attract much attention. Leedes, however, obtained a post as a court jeweller, with a horse, five slaves, and a salary of six shillings a day. Fitch and Newbery were now alone. Newbery determined to make his way home via Lahore, Constantinople and Aleppo, and promised to meet his companion "in Bengala within two years with a ship out of England." He never kept the rendezvous. He died in his return journey, as Purchas notes, "unknown how or where."

Fitch then went on by himself to the mouth of the Ganges, travelling by a boat which was one of a flotilla laden with merchandise for Bengal. On the way he halted at Allahabad, Benares and other places. He had the true Elizabethan love for the strange and marvellous, and gives us a vivid picture of the holy city, with the crowds of pilgrims bathing in the sacred stream, the burning ghauts with their ghastly burdens, and the innumerable temples. "In this place they be all Gentiles, and the greatest idolators that I ever saw. To this towne come the Gentiles on pilgrimage out of far countreys. Here amongst the waters side bee very many faire houses, and in all of them, or for the most part, they have their images standing, which be evill favoured, made of stone and wood, some like lions, leopards and monkeis; some like men and women, and pecocks; and some like the devil, with four arms and four hands." The religious mendicants particularly struck him. "Here I sawe one which was a monster amongst the rest. He would have nothing upon him; his beard was very long; and with the haire of his head he covered his privities. The nails of some of his fingers were two inches long, for he would cut nothing from him; neither would he speak. When any man spake to him, he would lay his hand upon his breast and bowe himself, but would not speake. He would not speake to the King." At Patna, Finch saw "a dissembling prophet which sate upon an horse in the market place, and made as though he slept, and many people came and touched his feate with their hands, and then kissed their hands. They took him for a great man, but he was a lazy lubber. I left him there sleeping."

The journey from Agra to Bengal took five months, and then Fitch struck north to Cooch Bihar, in order to investigate the trade with China by the overland route through Tibet. On his return he visited the Portuguese settlement at Hugli. It was independent of Goa, and he was warmly welcomed. From here he went to Chittagong and Pegu. He describes Pegu as a magnificent city, with broad, straight streets, splendid pagodas, and palaces with façades of gilded wood. He was especially interested in the reverence paid to the King of Burma's white elephants, each of which had a gilded stable, and ate from silver and golden vessels. When one of these beasts went to the river for its daily bath, a silken canopy was carried over it, and it was accompanied by men playing on drums, shawms and other instruments. "And when he cometh out of the river, there is a gentleman which doth wash his feet in a silver basin, which is his office given him by the king." From Pegu, Fitch journeyed to Malacca, where the Portuguese had an important settlement in the heart of the spice country. It is not clear why he did not go on to China, which was the original goal of the mission, but during his two months' stay in Malacca he gained much valuable information about the China trade.

In November 1588 he returned to Bengal, and hearing nothing about Newbery, he determined to retrace his steps homeward. He took ship to Cochin, touching on the way at Ceylon, "a brave island, very

fruitfull and faire." He had to stay for eight months in Cochin waiting for a passage to Basra, and actually changed ship at Goa, where, luckily, he was not recognised. The journey from Goa to Basra, and from Basra to Tripoli via Aleppo, appears to have been uneventful.

He eventually embarked at Tripoli for London, which he reached in the spring of 1591, after an absence of eight years, in which he had covered many thousands of miles of unknown country and collected a vast amount of information about the trading resources of the East, hitherto a jealously guarded monopoly of the Portuguese. He had long been given up as dead. During his absence, one event of outstanding importance had occurred. The Great Armada had been scattered and sunk, and Spain in her downfall had dragged down Portugal with her. The way to India round the Cape was now open. Fitch lived on till 1611, taking a prominent part in the affairs of the Levant and East India Companies. This intrepid pioneer certainly deserves to have an honoured niche in the ranks of the Tudor explorers who laid the foundations of the Empire.

And what of Father Stevens? Almost forgotten by his countrymen, "Padre Estevao," the Apostle of Salsette, lives in the grateful memory of the Malabar Christians. He rose to the position of Rector of Salsette College, and helped many other European travellers, including the Frenchman Pyrard de Laval, and Sir Thomas Shirley. He was the first of a long line of British orientalists. He wrote in the Konkani dialect of Marathi a remarkable poem of 11,000 couplets, called the *Christian Purana*, giving a versified account of the whole Christian story from the Creation to the Resurrection, which has been not unfairly compared to Milton's great epic. It was the first and only poem of any length written by an Englishman in an Indian language and is regarded as a classic. Full of years and honours, he laboured among his converts for forty years, dying at Goa in 1619, at the ripe age of seventy.

H. G. RAWLINSON.

THE INDIVIDUAL IN ENGLISH LAW.

JONATHAN SWIFT did not think much of the laws of England. "They are like cobwebs," he said; "they may catch small flies, but they let wasps and hornets break through." In the eighteenth century it was mainly true. If it appears to be less true of the twentieth that is partly because there are fewer wasps and hornets and immeasurably more flies, but it is also because the insular security of seventeenth-century Britain has gone for ever. In the genial climate of that security was born the "liberal" tradition of English justice, which so many learned jurists have for so long held up to their gratified compatriots as the expression of a peculiarly British genius for fairness and social compassion. The part played by the English Channel, as compared with the land frontiers of other countries, in the development of this tolerant exercise of judicial authority has received inadequate attention: to the British ear, attuned to the metaphysical in the contemplation of British ideals, references to it have a discordant, materialistic, foreign sound like the "geopolitics" of the Nazis. The present is an interesting moment for a brief consideration of some indigenous legal principles accepted by many proud Britons as evidence of a geographical moral excellence.

It is a good moment for this reason. British lawyers have long been aware that two unwritten rules of "procedure" have attached themselves to the general rules for the interpretation of the law in criminal cases. These are that penal laws, any laws which invade the liberty or privacy of the individual, must be construed "strictly," and that *mens rea* (i.e. guilty intention) must be proved in all cases. Both these rules have, in the past thirty years, been disregarded in a large and growing number of cases—English criminal law is becoming stricter and less "fair." And the change is, I think, clearly traceable to the influence of the two wars on liberal thought and Britain's newly recognised accessibility to a "fifth column." I do not mean that all our cases are now tried by war-minded judges. I mean that the minds of Englishmen, including their judges, have been so changed by war and a new sense of vulnerability that they now tend to regard anti-social behaviour like the Central European does, as a weakening of the State against dangers that beset it from outside. In such an emotional climate the status of the individual will always decline. In going on to give specific instances I shall unavoidably invite the charge that I am writing selectively to support a theory, but in the limited space available I must risk it.

The undermining of a legal principle begins with the admission, however grudging, of exceptions. If the over-riding principle in English law has always been the dignity of human personality, a recognition of the "sacred rights of the individual," its chief expression has been in what is called "the presumption of innocence." In some countries "accusation is nine points of conviction"; an accused man is required to prove his innocence or suffer the consequences of his failure to do so. In Britain it is the rule that the prosecution, having proved the commission of a crime, must go on to prove that the accused man is the one who committed it. At the close of the prosecution the case must be complete—nothing is required of the prisoner; and if it admits any gap which can be filled only by something the prisoner is expected to say, the court will discharge him without calling upon him to utter a word in his defence. It still happens every day. Judges turn to juries and say: "The prosecution have failed to make out their case; you will please return a verdict of not guilty, by my direction." And bewildered juries, having heard no word from the defence, are constrained to put up their foreman to say the vital words, "Not guilty." Once they have been said, the prisoner is discharged and can never again be arraigned for the same offence, though he shout from the dock, "You're all mistaken. I did it, I'm guilty," or go off to the nearest police station to confess and give himself up.

But exceptions to this have been creeping into the statutes for the last eighty years. If a man is found at night with any tools in his possession that could be used for breaking into a house (and most carpenters and plumbers carry such tools) he can be charged with possessing them "without lawful excuse"; and if he had a lawful purpose in possessing them he must prove it to the court under pain of imprisonment—the maximum is five years. A similar onus lies on the man charged with possessing explosives for an unlawful purpose, or conveying stolen property in the street, or possessing a firearm when arrested for certain offences, or buying or selling counterfeit coin at less than its pretended value, or possessing coining implements. Prosecutions must also succeed in the absence of some positive answer from the defence in the case of a person found "sleeping out" in the open air,

who will be convicted as a vagrant if he does not "give a good account of himself," a man charged with living on the earnings of prostitution, who will go to prison "unless he can satisfy the court to the contrary," and the landlord of a house or flat used for a second time as a brothel—he must prove that he had "taken all reasonable steps to prevent the recurrence of the offence." These are merely random instances in which the "presumption of innocence" has, to say the least, become somewhat infirm; but there are many more. In relation to the existence of lawful excuse the English statutes are honeycombed with the words: "the proof whereof shall lie upon such person."

The rule as to presumption of innocence is responsible, too, for the principle that if a prisoner has previous convictions for crime they may not be mentioned in court until the jury or the magistrate has found him guilty. They may have some bearing on his sentence: they must not influence the verdict. In pursuance of this principle an incautious remark by the prosecution or even an unguarded admission by the prisoner about previous convictions will often lead to the discharge of the jury and the reopening of the case with a fresh one. This, too, happens almost every day. But this scrupulously fair rule is now almost submerged by statutory exceptions. There are many specific charges, such as receiving stolen property, defrauding railways of their fares, obtaining property by false pretences, and "being a suspected person loitering for the purpose of committing a felony," in which evidence of previous convictions can lawfully be given before verdict as a means of suggesting guilt.

A corollary to the presumption of innocence is the rule, to which I have already referred, that penal laws must be "construed strictly." Strictness in this sense has always meant a literal, as distinct from a liberal, interpretation of any statutory terms that could possibly bear two meanings, one favourable to a prisoner and one not. It means adhering as closely as possible to the literal meaning of the words, even though the result may be contrary to what the legislature intended. And according to this rule, the purpose or policy of the statute is irrelevant. This doctrine reached its zenith in the days, too recent to be thought of complacently, when English law listed over 200 offences punishable with death, and humane judges and juries seized upon the tiniest ambiguity, sometimes more imagined than real, to avoid convicting a prisoner and having his death on their hands. Twenty years ago it was a common practice for a defending counsel, in trying to persuade a judge that his client "had no case to answer" and basing his plea on some ambiguity in the statute, to point out that "this is a penal statute, my Lord, and as such is to be strictly interpreted."

In recent years this has met with decreasing success. The courts are turning away from the literal to what may be called the liberal approach to legislation: the result, for the prisoner, is far from liberal. It is the older method, and had the approval of England's greatest jurists, Coke and Blackstone. "The most universal and effectual way," wrote Blackstone, "of discovering the meaning of a law when the words are dubious, is by considering the reason and spirit of it, or the cause which moved the legislator to enact it." This is what the courts are tending to think to-day. In 1820 they could decide that a man who had stolen a colt was not guilty of stealing a horse, and should not be hanged; they could not be expected to know, under the rules of interpretation then in favour, that the legislator meant colt when he said horse. In 1919 they were able to find that, for the purposes of larceny (no longer

a capital crime), the words "cockerel, pullet, cock, or hen" included a capon. A similar severity has invaded the law about the necessity for *mens rea* in criminal cases. There are now thousands of minor offences, and some major ones, in which it is no defence for a man to say that he did not know he was doing wrong, or that wrong was being done by his servant in his absence.

Assuming, as I have done, that Britain's new orientation in world affairs is leading to a subconscious state of the judicial mind in which the courts are willing to convict on a wider concept of the meaning of words, a forsaking of the principle that a prisoner must be proved to have committed his offence knowingly, and a more emotional regard to legislative intention, British justice could soon approximate to the harsher rigours of totalitarianism. In the common law, to say nothing of Acts of Parliament, there is a great mass of prohibitions that could be infinitely oppressive and tyrannical. The Englishman's much-prized "right of free speech" is a right to say what he likes provided it is not seditious, blasphemous, perjurious, slanderous, provoking, obscene, or in breach of official confidence. His "right of public meeting" is proscribed by similar conditions, and the "right" to hold meetings on the highway does not exist at all—any highway meeting, however innocuous, is in law a public nuisance and can be broken up by the police. The inviolability of the Englishman's home, which Sir Edward Coke said was his "castle," subsists because the numerous officials who have statutory powers of entry do not in fact use them—except for the gas, water and electricity inspectors who are given admittance peaceably because they do not demand it. The immense respect of the Constitution for the individual and his importance *vis-à-vis* the State are, in short, the product of an official policy of "masterly inactivity," proceeding as a rule from a providential uncertainty on the part of the police as to what action to take in particular cases; and the British Constitution is a vague, unwritten and plastic entity of which the law itself is only a part. Enormous power, therefore, resides in the hands of the judges. A jury is concerned solely with the facts of each case, and must take its law without question from the judge. And since the feeling of the judges at any particular time tends, under this system, to be the law, the importance of Parliament's capacity to override by statute the decisions of the highest courts grows in inverse ratio to its present-day opportunities for domestic legislation.

Many writers have seen the dualism to which I refer, the conflict between the literal and the liberal approach to meanings. Parliament and its Ministers show that they are aware of it by the careful particularity of the countless new laws they now produce. And in order that "liberal" interpretation shall not begin at too low a level in the administration it has become rare for the police to be authorised to make arrests without a magistrate's warrant. Under the National Registration Act, because it affects every member of the community and makes him a potential offender, they have never been authorised to arrest a person who refuses to produce, on demand, the identity card issued to everyone registered. And a constable who makes an unlawful arrest can be sued in the ordinary courts by the individual, to whom he may be ordered to pay "damages" and legal costs: there is no *droit administratif*. Under a recent Act of Parliament, indeed, the private citizen can sue the Government itself in the ordinary courts, if he can show a "cause of action." But the "literal-liberal" conflict makes for uncertainty. You never know which method of interpreta-

tion the judges will choose ; a study of the law reports shows that they are divided among themselves.

It is the quest for certainty that has inspired so many attempts to "codify" the vast mass of scattered laws and hallowed precedents that make up the law of England. Reformers point to the *Code Napoléon* and to the American Constitution—there, they say, you have systems under which the law is certain. (They should read the American law reports.) In 1861, however, all the main crimes in English law against property and personality were collected into a series of statutes known as the Criminal Law Consolidation Acts, based on a draft code drawn up by a Royal Commission. They are now cobwebbed with judicial interpretations, filling vast series of volumes. More progressive countries have not only codified their laws but also prescribed the way in which they shall be interpreted, even tabulating the circumstances which may be held to mitigate the maximum (and sometimes the minimum) penalty laid down. Not even a code, it seems, will work "fairly" without some such means of standardising penalties. The attitude of English jurists to codification has been, in the main, that it destroys rather than promotes the likelihood of fairness. The foreign critic may regard this as a rationalisation, an apology for *laissez faire* ; but it would be nearer the truth, I think, to say that it reflects again a sincere regard for the individual. English judges have never relished the position in which they must say to a defendant : "I do not think your moral guilt is so bad as the circumstances suggest, or that the sentence I must pass upon you is altogether deserved ; but unfortunately the law leaves me no option." The only sentence fixed by English law is the sentence of death.

A few dictatorships in a crowded world must inevitably, by the impact of their fresh zeal and vigour, tend to impose some of their pattern on administrations which are mainly defensive and "static" ; liberal democracy is not a concept to be spread by fire and sword. In the clash of mass ideals the individual loses importance. And since an "elastic" system of jurisprudence, spurning the fetters of exact legislation, depends in the last resort upon free play for the instincts of fear and self-preservation in the minds of men, the individual is losing importance in Britain.

C. H. ROLPH.

AN ANCIENT PARLIAMENT.

FOR a thousand years and more in the Isle of Man the ancient Tynwald Court has met every July 5th on Tynwald Hill, just as it will meet once again this year with all its old dignity and significance. The Norsemen founded this yearly court, the "Thing-vollor," in Manx Tin-vaal, meaning fenced open Parliament, when, in the eighth century, they invaded and took possession of this lonely little island, that lies mid-way between England and Ireland. Although the Vikings were plunderers of the seas, their three and a half centuries of rule is still looked upon in Manx history as the Golden Age. The wise King Orry, presumed to be the son of a King of Denmark, was the originator of the Tynwald Court, with its democratic laws. Modified as are these same laws, they have been handed down through the centuries, for the consent of the people must be obtained before any fresh ones are passed. When the Norsemen landed they found the island inhabited

by Celts, who unlike themselves were already christianised. Fascinating remains still exist in the ruins of Celtic chapels or keeills, and scattered all over the island were once elaborate stone crosses, also of the Celtic period, which can now be seen in the enterprising Manx Museum in Douglas, together with the later Nordic designs.

Tynwald Hill, where the yearly court is held, is a green mound in the parish of St. John's; and the mound, it is said, is composed of soil from the seventeen parishes of the island. It stands at the point where the two main roads meet, the one running from north to south, the other from east to west. In an old record the Constitution is laid down, stating how the King should come in his Royal Array, and "upon the Hill of Tynwald sit in a chair covered with a Royal Cloath and Quishions, with your visage unto the East, and your Sword before you, holden with the point upward." Wordsworth when a visitor to the island thus describes the ceremony:

On the top of Tynwald's formal mound
(Still marked with green turf narrowing
Stage above stage) would sit the island King
The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned.

To-day some of the ancient pageantry has vanished, for there exists no actual King of Man, but a Lieutenant-Governor representing the King of England, as the island passed to the English Crown in 1405. It was granted by Henry IV to the Stanleys, who inherited the title Kings of Mann, and it was Sir John Stanley, the first to rule of his house, who wisely preserved the Nordic form of government.

On Tynwald Day the Lieutenant-Governor and his Deemsters, preceded by the Sword-Bearer, the Judges and the Council, with the members of the House of Keys and the Bishop of Sodor and Man, process to Tynwald Hill from the Chapel of St. John's, and there, sitting with his face to the east, the Governor listens to the titles of the Acts read both in Manx and English. All the people from the island gather to hear the laws read. The court is "fenced" by the Coroner of Glenfaba, thus carrying out the ancient decree that "he shall make a fence upon pain of Life or Lymme, that no man make any disturbance or stir in the time of Tynwald . . . upon a pain of hanging or drawing." The sword of State, bearing the national emblem of the Three Legs, is still carried before the Governor, point upward. Members of the Tynwald Court on Tynwald Day wear a sprig of Bollanefoll-Eoin (St. John's Wort), and this is significant, considering that the ceremony is held on the Old Midsummer Day. Rushes are strewn on the steps of the Tynwald, as a sign of obedience.

What, one might ask, is the origin of the name of their Parliament, the House of Keys? The probable answer is that the name was derived from the Scandinavian word "Keise," meaning chosen. Or it may have come from the Manx word "Keeshyn," taxes. There are twenty-four members of the House of Keys. The national emblem of the Three Legs of Man was at one time attributed to the Vikings, who, it was supposed, during their many voyages, brought it back from Sicily, where it is still found. But recent investigations prove that the arms of the Nordic Kings was a Viking galley; hence the Three Legs is now attributed to the Scottish occupation, which followed the Nordic. What, one may again ask, is the origin of the name Man? This may be traced to its native name of Ellan Vannin. (How haunting in its lovely words and music is the Manx song of that name!) Ellan is Manx

for "island"; Vannin corresponds to the Irish "Manann," a legendary Irish sea god, who, the legend goes, once lived on the island, in the mountain known as South Barrule.

Although the Isle of Man is filled each summer with thousands of visitors, and the income tax of a few shillings in the pound invites residents from England, the character of the island is unchanged. The ancient laws exist; the storms sweep over moorland and lonely hill; the herrings come down from the frozen North season after season; the sheltered glens, where some Manx still believe the fairies live, are just as beautiful; and the water in the rocky bays reflects the same deep blue as no doubt the Vikings found when they first landed on "Ellan Vannin with its green hills by the sea."

THEODORA ROSCOE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

AMID the gloom of contemporary international affairs it gives relief and pleasure to learn that the old and perennially fresh controversy about the feasibility, advisability and cost of a submarine tunnel between France and Britain has been revived. Such a tunnel was first proposed by a Frenchman in 1800. Since then it has been from time to time discussed in the British Parliament and always rejected from a motive of fear on the military ground: fear that an invading army might pass through it into an otherwise secure and happy English countryside. To-day, when there is talk of Western Union, and when the talk comprises military plans for the defence of the western European countries against hypothetical aggression of the traditional type, this old evergreen is given a new lease of life.

Two hundred members of the British House of Commons, drawn from all parties, have tabled a motion urging the Government to get into touch with the other Governments of western Europe with a view to a joint examination of the question in the light of modern conditions. On this side of the Channel there is in being a Channel Tunnel Parliamentary study group training its ingenuity upon this so far imaginary project. "In the age of the rocket and atomic bomb," says this body of investigators, "it seems at least doubtful whether the existence of a Channel tunnel, which presumably could be blown up or flooded without difficulty, would seriously increase the danger of invasion." Nowadays, however, there is something else that has indeed "seriously increased." The cost of a Channel tunnel in these days would be such as almost to stun the imagination of any normal person, even though we have become accustomed to talking in millions. We have a Government in power which has at last woke up to the fact that there is a limit to the amount of money that can be spent; that expenditure has to be paid for by somebody; that Government expenditure cannot be met indefinitely by "soaking the rich"; that sooner or later (and we are now in the later stage) all sections of the electorate have to bear their share; and that after four years of Socialist expenditure the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had to face the consequences. Nowadays, therefore, the military aspect of the Channel tunnel is not the only, nor even the main, aspect. Even in 1930, when a Socialist Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, presiding over a "national"

Cabinet without a working majority of his own in the House, was advised by the Channel Tunnel Committee of those days that a Channel tunnel scheme, if adopted, "should be carried out by private enterprise and not be accorded any special financial assistance by the Government." In those days it was estimated that the job would cost some £30 million. To-day it seems to be believed by the House of Commons group aforesaid that it would cost some £100 million (which figure probably represents the veriest moonshine of miscalculation in the optimistic sense), but that for the first five years the work could be restricted to the making of a mere pilot tunnel which need not cost the French and the British Governments more than a million a year each.

This old controversy, it seems, is not to be allowed to die. *The Times* has had an editorial on it (May 24th last). The French "Secrétaire du Comité du Tunnel sous la Manche" has written a letter to *The Times* urging the people on this side not to be too panicky about the military dangers. Other correspondents have pointed out the advantages of being able to travel to and from the Continent in peace-time without the inconveniences and to some temperaments even the horrors of changing from trains to boats, and of howling gales in the Channel. American tourists especially, it is pointed out, might be encouraged to drop some of their precious dollars on this, instead of on the other side of the Channel, if they could come over from the Continent in comfort; and one correspondent asks why it is that so few people do come from the other side to this side for their holidays. So formidable a question could be given a variety of answers. Some people might argue that free teeth and free spectacles are not perhaps a decisive attraction to the normal type of tourist who travels abroad: other types may think that good food, with or without free teeth, is one of the basic incidentals of a good holiday; but it may be that some tourists, Continental or American, would be prepared loyally and bravely to face all the discomforts and deprivations of a holiday in Britain if only they could be shot through a tunnel to Victoria station without having to change to and from a ship.

But as there is no prospect in any event of there being a Channel tunnel in working order for many years ahead, why bring dollars and tourists into the argument at all? Why not keep it on the good old unpractical lines that have distinguished it this past half-century? What has usually happened is something like this. First, a bubble of controversy is inflated, has its day, and then in due course it is deflated by the Government of the day, which simply condemns the scheme as both horribly expensive and horribly dangerous in the military point of view. After a time the controversy again arises without loss of interest or even of excitement. Because the scheme is tacitly regarded by all concerned as entirely academic, that is, as involving no danger that it will ever be carried into effect, it produces argument without bitterness, like a Test match (though on a level much below that of a Test match).

Even the details of the controversy in those of its aspects which emerged between the wars of the present century are interesting to recall. In April 1929, for instance, Mr. (as he then was) Baldwin, the Prime Minister (as he then was) solemnly consulted Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George, the leaders of the other two political parties, and, encouraged by them, he instituted an official inquiry into the matter. It was the fifth such inquiry to be made since the beginning of the century, which was only a quarter gone. But is it a valid or a

reasonable objection to a Test match at Lord's on a sunny day, that such things have often happened before? A Channel Tunnel Committee was appointed. It issued a report. In the meantime Mr. MacDonald had replaced Mr. Baldwin in the Prime Ministership; and before the scheme was again rejected it was now Mr. MacDonald who consulted Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George before rejecting it. The old facts, statistics, arguments and counter-arguments had been contributed anew to the report by the Channel Tunnel Committee itself, the Committee of Imperial Defence, the Economic Advisory Council, the representatives of industries that would be concerned, including the Southern Railway (as it then was), and a host of private individuals, some with bees in their bonnets, some without. The Government, of course, had the last word, and used its prerogative neatly and effectively by issuing a White Paper (The Channel Tunnel. Statement of Policy. Presented to Parliament by Command of His Majesty. June 1930. Cmd. 3591. Price 1d.) to explain why the scheme was impossible of acceptance.

The style, circumstance and detail of the controversy change with the passing years; but not the essence. Lord Balfour once made this contribution to it: "So long as the ocean remains our friend, do not let us deliberately destroy its power to help us." That plea was made in the days before aeroplanes began hopping over the wide oceans. There has always been a strong school that pooh-poohs the military argument. What could be more attractive, they argue, than to have an invading army packed into twenty miles of narrow tunnel at the bottom of the deep blue sea? Moreover, they add, it would always be possible, for the comfort of the timid critics, to arrange for the tunnel to be punctured at a moment of crisis or danger. And it would be of inestimable military benefit to ourselves, they argue, to be able to send tanks, guns, etc., to the Continent without all the fuss and bother at the ports.

It is the financial aspect of the argument that has provided the most startling change. To-day, all Governments, especially Socialist Governments, squander money in the most reckless and thoughtless manner. In 1930—when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Socialist, was Prime Minister—the Government formulated this objection to the scheme: "If this island is to be connected with the Continent by a tunnel, the Government's advisers on defence matters have always insisted, and still insist, that it shall be adequately protected, and, as will now be seen, this would cost a great deal of money. . . . It is estimated that the capital cost of the necessary defences would not be much less than from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000, according to the site selected for the tunnel and its exchange stations. In addition there would be a heavy annual charge for upkeep and maintenance of the garrison, including additional air forces. Moreover, Governments would be pressed to keep the defences abreast of the march of military progress, and that would entail from time to time additional expenditure. One thing to which the Government's advisers strongly object is the acceptance of a new and expensive military commitment at a time when our Imperial defence forces have been reduced to a level which leaves no margin beyond our existing commitments. So long as there are great military establishments in Europe, the tunnel, if not adequately defended, becomes a potential danger; if it is properly defended, a military commitment is incurred, in which considerable forces would be locked up and immobilised."

The Battle of the Tunnel, therefore, waxed and waned. The farmers

of the south and the south-east were against it. The shipping companies, of course, were against it. The Chambers of Commerce apparently decided to be at one and the same time both in favour of it and against it: a remarkable feat of gymnastics. They passed a resolution by a majority vote approving the scheme, but making their approval "subject to a reservation on its possible adverse effect on trade"! In short, and as so often before, the proposal ended in a flop. The single sentence which came at the end of the Government's rejection of the scheme in 1930 would still serve to-day: "Having regard to the element of doubt as to the feasibility of construction, the weakness of the economic case, the great cost, the long period before which the capital expended could fructify, and the small amount of employment provided, the Government have come to the conclusion that there is no justification for a reversal of the policy pursued by successive Governments for nearly fifty years in regard to the Channel tunnel." It is a comfort in these days to be able to reflect upon and to examine in detail a proposal which has none but an academic import, which involves none of the ugliness and sordidness of the majority of international controversies which are our lot to-day, and none of their potential dangers. Under the prevailing diplomatic strain, to be given the diversion of a revived proposal for a Channel tunnel is as refreshing as to read again the adventures of Alice in Wonderland: and now, back to the hard reality of Russia versus the West.

BOGGED DOWN.

How many people, even in diplomatic circles, took much interest in the several fiascos that followed the raising of the Berlin blockade during the merry month of May? One of the theoretic consequences of what was expected to be the resumption of commercial intercourse between the west and the east of Germany was the resumption of diplomatic intercourse between the western Powers and Russia. The Council of Foreign Ministers did duly meet in the Palais Rose in Paris on May 23rd last, and were duly involved again in the familiar and nauseating eruption of bolshevic propaganda. Mr. Vyshinsky had the Foreign Ministers of the western Powers, and the Press of the whole world, at his mercy, and he let go, giving them what he characteristically had to give. Meanwhile the commercial intercourse aforesaid took a like course. Because the western German railwaymen struck against being paid by the Russian authorities in eastern marks (which lost three-quarters of their value in the west) the railway traffic to Berlin from the west, so lately restarted, ceased again; at the same time the Russians announced that they were going to hold military exercises in their zone which would close most of the air corridor from the west to Berlin; and to cap it all it was discovered that between 3,000 and 4,000 railway wagons that had passed from the west to the east in the first few days of the resumed traffic had been retained, or in a plain word, stolen, by the Russians.

And Mr. Bevin, Mr. Acheson and M. Schumann sat at the feet of Mr. Vyshinsky in Paris, listening to lectures by him about the violation of democratic principles on the part of the western Powers, and so on. The concert of wireless and newspaper abuse of the western Powers was at the same time let loose from Moscow and eastern Europe.

What ought to be the reaction of sane people to these insane happenings in high diplomacy? The odd thing, to be sure, is not the behaviour

of Mr. Stalin and his henchmen. Their policy and their performance have been consistent and undeviating. They are out for what they call the world revolution, which means the subjugation of the world to themselves ; and the first step in that project is the frustration and confusion of their intended victims : a negative and destructive enterprise, as such enterprises are. It is a remarkable fact that destruction is not only easy, but in a way exciting and sometimes even fascinating. At the moment, for instance, when Mr. Vyshinsky was knocking things down in Paris, something was happening on Wimbledon Common, near London, which gave a simpler illustration of the ease with which things can be knocked down. A well-built structure of brick walls, reinforced concrete roof and steel girders, which had been used during the war as part of the equipment for anti-aircraft defence and which had taken weeks of concentrated constructive work to put up, now had to be put down, destroyed, because its work was done. The destructive process took a few minutes to accomplish. A huge crane swinging a lump of pig-iron several tons in weight aimed the missile first against one wall then against another and after four or five such bangs the whole building lay in a heap of ruin on the ground.

The Kremlin is hitting at the slowly and painfully built up structure of Christian civilisation. It is easy work in the first instance ; but what the Kremlin does not apparently understand is that there is in Christian civilisation something which is not to be found in bricks and concrete, and which cannot be destroyed. Almost any destructive weapon is used indiscriminately by these men of Moscow. When, to destroy the old order in Germany, and thus to clear the ground for the imposition of the bolshevik tyranny upon the country, the method was tried of blockading Berlin, the theory of which was that by starving two and a half million Germans the Russians would make it necessary for the western authorities to evacuate the capital ; and when that method failed (for the reason that the Russians thereby cut themselves off from certain western supplies such as Ruhr coal without which they themselves could not carry on) : very well, when it failed the method was abandoned, the blockade was " lifted," and the old method of propaganda by diplomatic conference was again restarted, without pause or loss of face. At the same time, after an adequate number of trains had brought enough Ruhr coal to the east to meet immediate needs, the effective part of the old blockade in its bearing upon the west was again imposed by other devices.

And the west complacently danced to these Russian tunes. Mr. Vyshinsky descended upon Paris, where to a listening world, with the world's newspapermen writing it all down as he spoke, he took aim with his corrosive words. Mr. Bevin got up (May 30th) and said he was " disappointed " over Mr. Vyshinsky's rejection of the western plan for a united Germany ; Mr. Acheson got up and exposed the general enormities of what Mr. Vyshinsky had said ; and M. Schuman mobilised sweet reason in support of what by contrast the western Powers had proposed, and Mr. Vyshinsky had so roundly rejected. They wasted their breath. Mr. Vyshinsky had done his appointed job of letting off ammunition for the confusion and the corruption of those ignorant masses in the west upon whom the Kremlin relies for the undermining of civilisation in the west. The odd thing is the apparent bankruptcy of western common-sense, first in accepting uncritically the Russian offer to end the Berlin blockade, secondly in agreeing to the Russian demand, made as a virtual bargaining condition for the ending of the

blockade, that a Four-Power Conference should be held to "discuss" the German question, and thirdly in solemnly drawing up proposals, for submission to Mr. Vyshinsky, about including eastern Germany in the Bonn dispensation.

This fact, the proved fact, of long-drawn-out western acquiescence in these Russian tactics, which are as clear as light to anyone with even half an eye, is so remarkable that it deserves to be studied. Why is it that the Kremlin is thus allowed to call the unchanging tune? Why do the politicians of the west solemnly gather together in Paris to hear the Vyshinsky philippics? Is it not yet obvious to those politicians that Moscow has no intention of reaching agreement with the west about Germany or about anything; that her only object is to drive still deeper the disagreement, to advertise it, to break up the foundations of life in the west, much as the road-breaker uses his pneumatic drill? In Paris, as has often happened before, Mr. Vyshinsky in one week used a precisely opposite sort of argument from the one he had used the week before, merely because he discerned the theoretic possibility of an agreement being reached on the basis of his former thesis. After an experience of four years, during which Moscow has left no stone unturned in her efforts to establish a head-on clash of opinion and of purpose with the western Powers (which indeed is a logical tactic, for the one purpose can be achieved only at the expense of the other), do the western Powers intend indefinitely to serve Moscow's purpose by erecting platforms from which Mr. Vyshinsky may be heard? The situation is so remarkable that it seems reasonable to surmise that there must be something in it that does not meet the eye; that is at any rate not at a first glance obvious. The explanation soon emerges if one prolongs the glance. What is it?

It is surely this. The disease, the cancer, of this modern diplomacy can be traced to its origins. The speed with which the world during the past hundred years has been opened up by scientific advances, the barriers overcome, the separate national entities brought into almost instantaneous touch and reaction with each other, has had the effect, among others, of emphasising the essential circumstance that there is no sound basis to international relationships. In the old days the world was effectively divided up into watertight compartments. It is true that man, being an adventurous creature, did explore beyond his immediate borders, by slow and painful stages of adventure. It is true also that, being a selfish and unregenerate creature, he coveted, and grasped, what he saw in his adventures. In short, it is true that there were always wars. But they were of a minor incidence, and wrapt in the glamour of heroic deeds, pondered upon in armchair security by the people at home. The combatants were mercenaries, who had voluntarily chosen to do what they did. Morally it was all wrong; but it was somewhat remote from the routine and consciousness of the vast majority of mankind. Yet it was important to the spiritual development of man; and it may be, under the inscrutable mercy of God, that the evil had to be emphasised and as it were brought home to the arm-chairs aforesaid before it could be exorcised. It may therefore be that these scientific atrocities of our time were part of a long-distance plan. To-day it cannot be thought even by the most romantically minded of men that war is anything but a sordid, ugly and horribly destructive thing, a curse upon the amenities of man and a challenge both to his common-sense and to his spiritual quality.

Now what we call diplomacy, or the machinery of international

relationships, has undergone a corresponding transformation. The days are gone when a diplomat penned his leisurely reports, which might take weeks or months before they reached his liege Majesty at home, and which never were of the slightest concern to the "man in the street." Nowadays the diplomat is in the front line of the atrocities, as is every man, woman and child in the wide world. The work of Foreign Secretaries at home and of ambassadors abroad is now a matter of intimate and immediate concern to the man in the street. It is exposed in its nakedness to the cold light of universal, daily and anguished scrutiny. And what is it we find? We find that it has no foundation in that moral and spiritual body of truth and enlightenment without which mankind cannot prosper. The men of the Kremlin, it may well be, are merely instrumental in reducing to a tragic absurdity an already existing defect. By plunging wildly into any subterfuge or deception that occurs to their disordered minds, by rejecting any but a materialist concept of life, by piling havoc upon havoc in the sphere of our mundane fortune, they first display the nature of the evil and of the horror that are the core of the challenge; and by ostentatiously denying God in their calculations they next inexorably, albeit unintentionally, suggest the answer.

These present enormities that are enacted in the name of high diplomacy may be, and undoubtedly are, a blessing in disguise. The total bankruptcy of high diplomacy, its proved inability to serve the purposes for which it theoretically functions, is the dead-end which unanswerably imposes the need for re-direction in our itinerary. Something has to be done about it. After all it may be that Mr. Bevin, Mr. Acheson and M. Schumann, when they sat and listened to the sordidities that flowed in such quantities from Mr. Vyshinsky's lips, were performing an essential function at this potentially great divide in human history. The truth, perhaps, had to be driven bitterly and pitilessly home, with all the world agape at the spectacle, that human affairs cannot be conducted profitably on the present lines; that if we are not immediately to destroy ourselves, we must reflect and act upon the startlingly simple rules, enunciated by God for the guidance of an otherwise helpless humankind, which alone can produce the welfare we crave.

In other words, we have reached a climax in our experience. The traditional precept that one gets what one grabs, which is the true epitaph of high diplomacy, and which has been shown to be the very opposite of what in fact does happen, must be revised in the light of revealed truth and collateral experience, so that in the future, if we are to survive, we must act upon the rule that we get only what we give, whether of moral or material things. It would be an exciting upshot if our self-produced collapse forced us to be sensible and to recognise that only unselfishness, the thought of others, can serve the human need. If that motive became operative in our public affairs, all the things we have talked so much about, peace, security, prosperity, would follow automatically and we should find, perhaps to our surprise over the simplicity of the thing, that the family of disarmed nations had become a reality overnight.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

June 10th, 1949.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A GERMAN LIBERAL.*

Dr. Bonn has had an interesting life and has written a delightful book about his experiences. He has claims to our attention not only as a scholar but as that rare bird, a German Liberal, and for several years during the Weimar régime as a maker of history. He possesses a singularly independent mind and has no use for the slogans which save people the trouble of thinking. His friends in both hemispheres know him as an entertaining companion, witty without cynicism, a good European and a good citizen of the world. The curtain rises on Frankfurt in the closing decades of the nineteenth century where Liberal traditions had survived the merging of the Free City in Prussia in 1866. No one is less of a "Prussian" than Dr. Bonn, with his Jewish background and his critical mind. "I grew up in opposition to Bismarck and to everything he stood for; I was never dazzled by the crude splendour of the Kaiser's empire. On my mother's side I was Austrian." He was glad to serve his country as a professor and a publicist, but there is little emotional warmth in the references to the country of his birth. There is indeed something of Goethe, another Frankfurter, in this cultivated cosmopolitan. *Ubi bene, ibi patria*. Some of his happiest years have been spent as a professor in England and the United States, and to-day the "Wandering Scholar," with his English wife, lives in London as a British subject.

Among the most voluble pages are those devoted to the pen portraits of scholars and statesmen in many lands. Dr. Bonn is a keen observer, but few of his sitters have reason to complain. Of Schmoller, for long the economic oracle of the University of Berlin, he writes with unusual severity: "I did not like him and he did not like me. He oozed slyness from every pore." Brentano, the leader of the rival South German Liberal school of economists, on the other hand, receives full marks both as a scholar and a man. He and Horace Plunkett, indeed, were the two deepest influences in the author's early years. From that distinguished Irishman who, like Bagehot, might have described himself as "between sizes," he learned about the problems of the country which inspired the most important of his earlier books. His understanding of the British Empire was further enlarged by a year's leave from his academic duties spent in British and South German Africa. Before he was forty he had made his name as an expert on colonial questions, a champion of native rights, and a supporter of Dernburg, the robust German Colonial Minister who, for the first time, interested his countrymen in their overseas possessions.

The most exciting chapter in the author's life opened with the collapse of the Hohenzollern Empire in 1918 and the inauguration of the Weimar régime. At last, for the first time since 1848, the German people was to have a real chance of governing itself. Dr. Bonn was called in to help with the democratic experiment, which was launched at a particularly unpropitious moment and for which the defeated country was so little prepared by experience; Germany had been the paradise of the expert, just as England was the paradise of the amateur. The second half of the volume contains so much first-hand information about the fortunes of the Weimar republic and its uneasy relations with its late enemies that it will rank among original authorities. The pictures of the German Peace Delegation at Versailles, of the conference at Spa and Genoa, where he played a significant part, are full of life. We meet such colourful individuals as Brockdorff-Rantzau and Eisner, Stinnes and Rathenau, Stresemann and Schacht. Brüning, the last of the constitutional Chancellors, is defined as an authoritarian conservative. None of the Weimar Chancellors had loftier ideals and none failed so completely. "He had succeeded neither in breaking the Socialists nor in winning over the bulk of the Nationalists to a constructive policy. He had merely opened the road to a dictatorship by claiming power for a President who was but a kind of

* *Wandering Scholar*. By M. J. Bonn. Cohen & West. 18s.

political robot." It is one of the ironies of history that three such good men as Brüning, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg prepared the way for the victory of the unspeakable Nazis whom they detested and despised. Papen is described as "probably one of the most consummate liars who ever lived." Schacht, as usual, comes out badly: "Both his ambition and his vanity were boundless." One of the most finished portraits in the gallery is that of Rathenau, "the most attractive and elusive personality in modern Germany. He sometimes underlined his Jewish origin, yet he suffered intensely from this martyrdom of his birth. He yearned to be a Teuton."

As an old Liberal Dr. Bonn finds a good deal to displease him in the world of to-day. This arch individualist dislikes the cult of planning, whether on Marxist or other lines, for he cannot share the enthusiasms or, as he would say, the illusions which inspire it. "My eyes have not seen the coming of the Lord and are most unlikely to do so." Yet he is too balanced to wring his hands in impotent despair. As Emerson used to say, we are still at cockcrow and the coming of the dawn.

G. P. G.

ADMIRAL FREMANTLE.*

Ambition has been described as the sin by which fell the angels; but is it a sin? Of course it is not, unless directed towards unworthy ends or achieved by unworthy means. Sir Sydney Fremantle, directing his ambition to the achievement of success in his chosen profession, did not fall, but rose. "Favouritism," proclaimed the late Lord Fisher, "is the keynote of efficiency," and it would be understandable if Sir Sydney had profited thereby. Great-grandson of a famous sailor who was a brother-in-arms to Lord Nelson, and son of another whose career was contemporary for many years with his own, it might well be considered that the way would be made easy for him. Yet the author of this book can claim that only once did he ever ask for a particular appointment, and then only as any officer might have done—to the Admiralty direct. Indeed, it is not improbable that the interest and pleasure taken in the career of "my boy Syd" by his enthusiastic parent may sometimes have been more of an embarrassment than an asset. When he joined the navy favouritism flourished. Admirals still had the right of promoting their youthful flag lieutenants when they hauled down their flags, and influence, if it did not carry as much weight as in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, was still not without its achievements. This, however, was not the kind of favouritism to which Fisher referred. Prone as he was to epigram, in this case he sacrificed clarity for a dubious generality. What he intended to convey was that an officer who, by his own efforts, had earned preferential treatment, should be afforded it, regardless of the conventional claims of others.

Such an officer was Admiral Fremantle. Commencing with passing out of the *Britannia* in 1883 as a midshipman (one of three of his term who achieved this distinction) and thus skipping any service as a "sea-going naval cadet," he also avoided sea service as a sub-lieutenant by gaining four first-class certificates whilst "Acting" and thereby being promoted directly to lieutenant as was the custom in those days. Later, these wonders were compelled to serve for six months as the lower rank at sea first and then "dated back." 1888, accordingly, saw him a fully fledged lieutenant at the age of twenty-one. But now occurred a minor set-back. As the result of an unfortunate *malaise* during the week of examinations, he was only third in his class of prospective gunnery officers. To most men this would have seemed a fairly good place out of fifteen, but it is very typical of the man that he regarded it as a major misfortune and determined to escape from the thralls of specialisation as soon as was practicable. He remarks that, had he

* *My Naval Career*. By Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, G.C.B., M.V.O. Hutchinson. 25s.

passed first he would have had a different but probably more technical career, but adds that, on the whole, he is glad that it worked out that way. I feel that, in either case, the summit would have been reached. His lieutenant's time was, perhaps, his least successful period. "'Tis well if the court doth acquit thee, t'were best had'st thou never been tried," and an unfortunate episode led to his trial and acquittal by court martial. Nor was his last ship as a gunnery officer, with promotion looming if it were to come at a reasonable seniority, one from which it could easily be earned. Nevertheless, he was promoted after twelve years' service in the rank, which was fair going for peace-time and the 'nineties. Only four years as a commander was better, and he was the junior promotion of the list; undoubtedly the reward of his personal merit in this perhaps the most difficult rank of all to pass through. Thirty-six was an exceptionally early advancement to the rank of captain in the ordinary course of affairs.

Few to-day can realise the change in naval conditions during the period covered by Sir Sydney's book. Sail was dying hard when he first went to sea, and he comments that the seamanship necessary to handle rigged ships was still its principal professional interest and the criterion of merit. Senior officers had been nurtured in this tradition and there were few who appreciated the veritable sea-changes which were taking place. The turning point was perhaps reached when that brilliant technician and tactician, Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C., took command of the Channel Squadron at the end of the nineteenth century, and set out to stir up the pools of professional stagnation. By the time war came in 1914 the alteration in ships and methods was as vast as had been that between the days of the trireme and the sailing line-of-battleship. By this time Sir Sydney was well established in his seat and took the remainder of the course with gusto, keeping pace with the changing times.

Space does not permit of any detailed reference to the many appointments which he held until he reached his apogee as C.-in-C. Portsmouth, and retired, a youthful sixty-one; in 1928. All through his career he was more interested in men and affairs than in material. The welfare of those under him was always a principal care, and, in this respect, he was in some ways a pioneer. "There seems," remarked a famous Army commander of the last war on one occasion, "more consideration of welfare than of warfare here," and it may well be that the emphasis on the former has become rather overstressed to-day. Perhaps the complexion of society necessitates it. At the beginning of the century, however, there is no doubt that sufficient attention to the off-duty relaxation of the sailor was seldom paid, and to remedy such an omission was Sir Sydney's constant care both as executive officer, captain and flag officer. Contented ships make efficient ships, and he appreciated earlier than most that the days were past when the sailor could be kept happy by infrequent opportunities to amuse himself in the manner of his forbears.

His tale is told without histrionics, simply, sometimes almost naïvely, always interestingly. To those who have known the Navy of his earlier days this book will produce nostalgic memories—so nostalgic, indeed, that to one reader at least, looking about him at the rush and turmoil and herd existence of to-day, it produces memories that can only be sad. Character and tradition had their rightful places in the structure of a service which is now driven onwards at a pace which can give little consideration to either, and much that is pleasant is lost in the struggle to keep abreast of the machine. *My Naval Career* tells of naval days gone for ever and of those who lived in them. It is written without malice by one possessed of all the zest of seemingly perpetual youth and corresponding sympathy for the younger generation. The result is a book which can be read appreciatively and profitably by all. It should be received by the older generation with a most pleasurable interest—an interest which will be augmented by the scrupulously fair presentation of the "other side" in many episodes still within their memories.

(Captain) LIONEL DAWSON, R.N.

THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF ART.*

In the development of the historical discipline known as art history the main trends of social consciousness are reflected. These can be traced from Filippo Villani and Vasari to their followers, who gave posterity an appreciation of artists, to the æsthetic considerations of Woelfflin in his *Principles of Art History*. They may be found in the writings of the Viennese School, particularly of Riegl and Dvorak, who analysed the artistic "will" in the lesser known styles, in Warburg's interest in the ideological and cultural background, as well as in Freud's psycho-analytical interpretations: in all these cases the conformity between the evolution of thought and of art history is manifest. It can be observed that this discipline, highly developed in the past on the Continent, especially in Central Europe, reflects the changes in the social situation. It is therefore easily understood that at the present day the emphasis is shifting from the formal or ideological considerations to the social background of art. To this theme Dr. Antal devotes a monumental tome, not only a beautifully printed and richly illustrated work, but a contribution of scholarship and clear analysis. His appreciation of Giotto, when compared for example with a recent study by Michael Alpatoff in the *Art Bulletin*, reveals all the detailed information and subtle interpretation which can be gleaned from a sociological analysis. Particularly valuable is his description of the "aristocratic" Sienese style when contrasted with the progressive bourgeois elements in Florence. Nothing perhaps more clearly reflects Antal's sober interpretation than his recognition that "the creative quality in the artist's personality, the uniqueness of the work of art, have naturally not been disregarded, but they have been set within the framework of historical evolution and have thus lost that all-importance and over-emphasis accorded them by an 'art for art's sake' art history . . . what I have set out to do is to give an interpretation, on a new and firm basis, of material already more or less familiar. But the standpoint of this book has necessarily involved a consideration of works of art to which little attention has hitherto been paid. . . . It would have been of assistance had more illuminations been published, especially more popular pen drawings. Art-historical research has been confined almost entirely to pictures, and to pictures of a certain standard of 'quality'—others have remained practically unknown and unmentioned." Antal therefore is keenly aware of the strength as well as the limitations of this method.

By contrast Mr. Klingender's valuable study on *Art and the Industrial Revolution* rather omits to draw the line between works of art and crafts-work. He includes many interesting illustrations not so much of an æsthetic as of a documentary character, creations which do not necessarily possess the expressiveness, the symbolism nor the compositional unity of art. Klingender's analysis is nevertheless a valuable contribution to the understanding of the pictorial evolution of the machine age, from a phase when rococo character is given to a representation of the first English railway at Prior Park (1752), to the classicist tendencies shown in an allegorical engraving by Chapman (1816). Klingender's study, dedicated to the students and tutors of the Workers' Educational Association in North Staffordshire, shows how a factual rather than a formal approach can lead to the appreciation of hitherto unknown or little known works. The present writer is however unable to follow Mr. Klingender in perceiving in the "richly decorated emblems and banners of the trade unions" . . . "the true folk-art of nineteenth-century Britain (Pl. XV)." They rather seem to exemplify the deterioration of standards and the breaking up of artistic traditions. They also represent the attempt—until now unsuccessful—of a new type of creative activity, based on a popular demand, which may

* *Florentine Painting and its Social Background*. By Frederick Antal. London, 1948. Kegan Paul. £4 4s. *Art and the Industrial Revolution*. By F. D. Klingender, London, 1948. Noel Carrington. £1 1s.

in the future lead to a resuscitation of folk-art. Dr. Antal leads us further, by showing how even the great Florentine artists reflect their class position in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Is this situation generally true, or does a change of the artist's consciousness appear during the modern period? Will the categories, which apply to Giotto also be applicable to Rembrandt? They certainly apply to Hogarth, on whom we are expecting a further enlightening study by Dr. Antal.

HELEN ROSENAU.

NOVALIS.*

It is good to have an edition of Novalis's *Hymnen an die Nacht*. And Professor Closs in his introduction stresses the important point that "the poet's longing for death is not 'romantically' and morbidly confused, but full of delicacy of feeling and self-possessed." It is too readily supposed that Novalis, the early-dead, is *par excellence* the poet of the death wish, the frail escapist from the rigours of daily life. But one should bear in mind the homage, admittedly qualified, which he pays to Day, to the Light:

Gern will ich
Die fleissigen Hände rühren,
Überall umschaun,
Wo du mich brauchst,
Rühmen deines Glanzes
Volle Pracht. . . .

If Night is the hero of Novalis's song, then, far from closing the eyelids, it "opens infinite eyes" in us. Unfortunately the translation by Miss Mabel Cotterell included in this volume is likely to confirm the conventional prejudice against the German poet; for it exaggerates the "romantical" element, the luxuriousness of his descent into oblivious Night, while suggesting a feeble *gaucherie* in his dealings with Day—for example:

How poor and childish
Meseemeth the Light
With its varied affairs. . . .

for

Wie arm und kindisch
Dünkt mich das Licht,
Mit seinen bunten Dingen. . . .

The final hymn, *Sehnsucht nach dem Tode*, seems to me to stand, rhythmically, precariously near the more cheerful kind of revivalist jingle (one's opinion of the poem will depend on one's conception of what comprises the "childlike" in religious feeling). The translation, sad to say, goes right over the edge, and at times is even reminiscent of the worst kind of Victorian hymn:

Oh! lonely stands he, deeply sore,
Whose love reveres the days of yore

when the original is

O! einsam steht und tiefbetrübt,
Wer heiss und fromm die Vorzeit liebt.

Occasionally Miss Cotterell softens *Schoss* to *bosom* where *womb* might be more fitting; and, obvious though it is, one has to point out that *thou* is not, for modern readers, equivalent to *du*, since the latter is living language while the former is dead. Admittedly Novalis is an extraordinarily difficult problem for the translator, particularly in his metrically regular and rhymed passages. And, useful though this version is, the fact remains that it is a sentimentalisation of a poetry which cannot afford sentimental-

* *Novalis: Hymns to the Night*. Translated by Mabel Cotterell, with an introduction and appreciation by A. Closs. Phoenix Press. 7s. 6d.

sing. Even in the most energetic sections of the free hymns the reader is aware, I think, of a lack of that masculinity which we find in Hölderlin. Novalis shows less than Hölderlin of that desperate courage which seeks to reconcile Day with Night, less persistency in attempting to relate the ideal to the real.

D. J. ENRIGHT.

MUSEUMS.*

There are few histories of the important social and educational institution of the Museum, and none, as far as I can see, in English which sets out to give a truly comprehensive picture. This is what Dr. Wittlin endeavours to do in a book which falls into two main parts, one historical, the other systematic, from an educational point of view. In a number of lucid, if somewhat uneven chapters the development from the Economic Hoard Collections to modern methods of acquiring specimens is traced. The second part considers the different types of museums and the various sections of the public for whom they cater. The whole work, which is freely annotated, expresses a spirit of optimism and a belief in the future of democracy which is welcome at a time when an egalitarian pessimism raises again its dangerous claims. Obviously in a work of this range not all problems are exhaustively considered; especially the late eighteenth century, in many ways the precursor of our own period, is treated too succinctly, although it played a significant part in the development of the museum. One would have wished for a fuller treatment of the time of the French Revolution and the educational problems arising therefrom. The festivals arranged by David and his interest in the Louvre collections and the Musée des Monuments Français is one example of a widely spread attitude shared by many of David's contemporaries. foremost among them Alexandre Lenoir. Quatremère de Quincy challenged nationalism and was aware of the dangers involved in separating objects from their environment. The *ancien régime* had already planned a Musée Royal, corroborating de Tocqueville's theory of the political and cultural preparation of the Revolution under the monarchy. Desire for further elucidation which may be expected from a variety of points of view cannot mar the essential merit of a scholarly survey, which is hopeful as well as timely. May we add that a second edition could with advantage be enriched by further illustrations, and the elimination of a certain number of rather disturbing printers' errors?

HELEN ROSENAU.

* * * * *

Contemporary History, by Dr. F. W. Pick (Pen-in-Hand, 10s. 6d.), contains a selection from the author's writings on some of the larger problems of the world of to-day. Apart from a suggestive essay on Goethe, an authoritative sketch of the fortunes of the University of Tartu founded by Gustavus Adolphus, a brightly tinted portrait of Dr. Douglas Hyde, the first President of Eire, and an instructive survey of Portugal's little known African colonies, the book is mainly devoted to the inter-war years and the Nazi régime. In this wide field the author moves with sure tread, equipped with the latest information from many quarters: the light that has been shed by the massive United States official publications is particularly welcome. But he is more than a collector of evidence: he has deep convictions which he makes no attempt to conceal. He might be described as a Wilsonian Liberal, detesting war and violence, believing with mind and heart in the necessity and the possibility of an organised world, championing the right of little

* *The Museum*. By A. Wittlin. The International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 25s.

states to exist, hating totalitarianism and intolerance in every guise. In hailing Stresemann as a good European, in saluting Hassell as the undaunted foe and victim of the Nazi gangsters, in pricking the frothy bubble of Vansittartism, he is at the same time delivering his own gospel of liberty, decency and good will. To those who argue that historians should banish the ideologies of their age in dealing with the life of the past, he replies in the opening essay on the writings and sources of contemporary history. It is just as possible for a level-headed scholar to write on the two world wars as on such controversial themes as the Reformation and the French Revolution. Historians, indeed, would be failing in their duty if they declined the challenge provided by the unprecedented output of official and unofficial material so usefully listed in this striking essay. "The proper study of mankind is man," and we can tolerate no "iron curtain," chronological or geographical, in our earnest quest. Dr. Pick's suggestive studies can be read with interest and profit both by amateurs and specialists.

* * * * *

Inquest on an Ally, by Paul Winterton (Cresset Press, 12s. 6d.) is a powerful, eloquent and depressing book. The author is one of our few recognised experts on Russia, where he spent three years during the war, and whose difficult tongue he speaks. Though we fought on the same side for four years and helped each other to survive, the traditional hostility and distrust of the West remained. What can be done to remove or diminish it? Nothing at all, we are told. The Russian people are friendly enough, but they have never had a say. Policy is made by a dozen men in the Kremlin, mentally and morally enslaved to the narrow ideology of Marx and Lenin. Nothing can change them, and no limit can be set to their ambitions. If this darkly tinted picture is correct we have no choice but to build up and co-ordinate the defences of those countries where law and liberty still exist. Mr. Winterton discusses the "cold war" now being relentlessly waged in Europe, in Asia, in U.N.O., in the meetings of Ministers, on the wireless and in the Press. Any stick is good enough to beat the Western democracies, above all to blacken the character of the United States. The only consoling item in this massive indictment is the author's belief that a shooting war is at present improbable. "Russia will do nothing to start a general war as long as the West is strong and united." In the long run, however, Communism can only be defeated by demonstrating that we can build better and can provide security and prosperity without destroying freedom.

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

AUGUST 1949.

THE REPORT ON POPULATION.

AT long last we have the eagerly awaited report of the Royal Commission on Population, which has taken five years to prepare. Has it brought forth a lion or a mouse, or something between the two? It has been well received by the Press, which has chiefly contented itself by giving a summary of the main recommendations. The *Economist*, however, writes of it as deserving to rank as one of the great State papers of its generation. This does not mean that it says anything very new or startling. My own view is also that it has undoubtedly done a big job well. It has gathered together in a comparatively small space nearly all the relevant information of importance with regard to population trends that were known before the war, and it has given a full account of what has happened since. It has worked out more accurate and statistical instruments for measurement; it has initiated important inquiries such as those on family size and on the maternity services. It has provided cautious alternative predictions as to the future and has concluded with a wise set of recommendations. This is not surprising, perhaps, since the members of the Commission were admirably selected, as was the chairman, Sir Hubert Henderson, well known for his experience in economic affairs and for his moderate and balanced outlook.

The task imposed on him was a triple one: To examine the facts relating to the present population trends in Great Britain; to investigate the causes of these trends and to consider their probable consequences; to consider what measures, if any, should be taken in the national interest to influence future trends in population. A separate part has been allotted to each of these points. The fourth part consists of a summary and a recommendation. The first part of Part I sums up the well-known story of population trends in the past, and especially of the decline in the average family size of over six in the middle of the nineteenth century to 2.2 just before the war. They showed this was due not to any biological change but to the adoption of deliberate family limitation, which has now been accepted as part of the usual pattern of family life by the great majority of people. The Commission then proceeded to analyse the equally well-known concatenation of causes which has led to this change and why, owing to the greatly increased Malthusian fears during the 'seventies, birth-control propaganda fell on such fertile ground. They indicated the many social and economic changes of that period which made for a more competitive way of life and for higher standards of living, emphasised the additional expense necessitated by a family, and offered many more alternative ways of spending money—cars, travel, etc. They drew attention to the higher standard of parental care combined with a longer period of child dependency as the minimum school-leaving age was raised and as more and more occupations and professions required a longer period of training. They also showed how the adoption of a scientific attitude to life led logically to the desire to control the size of one's family. Lastly the Commission brought out how the periods from 1875 had coincided with the movements of the emancipation and education of

women, leading to an increasing disinclination of married women to give too many years of their life to the bearing and rearing of children. During many parts of the period from 1870, particularly during the ten years before the war, they describe how economic insecurity and unemployment acted as a deterrent to marriage and parenthood. The whole social atmosphere, therefore, favoured a small family, and this became the custom not only in this country but in all those influenced by Western civilisation.

The second part sums up the war and post-war situation. Since 1944, when the Commission was set up, there have been many startling changes in the situation. Many factors, including the marriage rate, the birth rate, the death rate and mass migration, have been in a state of constant flux. While pointing out the reason for this the report issues a warning against taking the abnormal figures of the pre-war years too seriously, and very wisely draws the distinction throughout between trends that can be expected in the near future, in the middle distance, and several generations ahead. For instance, they show that the high marriage rate, both in the war years and since, was due to a combination of marriages which have been postponed during the years of unemployment, and those of young people who married earlier than they would have otherwise done on account of the stimulus of war emotions. These marriages were followed by a birth rate higher than for many years, but which is now falling rapidly.

Perhaps the most interesting sections in the report are those which discuss probable future trends. For this purpose the authors look carefully at the various factors concerned. They point out for instance that the big increase in the number of births is due to an increase in the number of families rather than to any decisive increase in the average family size—which is of course a decisive issue. If the average family size is not sufficient for replacement purposes a decline in population is inevitable. There are some reasons to suspect that the average family size is slightly higher than pre-war in non-manual groups. In the case of the manual worker, on the other hand, it has, if anything, gone down. The questions immediately arise, Will the size of the average family continue at its pre-war level of 6 per cent. below replacement? Will it remain at its present level? Will it be raised?

The report mentions, but hardly follows up sufficiently, the implications of their estimate, that some 10 per cent. of all births are unintended. If, therefore, better contraceptive methods become more widespread and parents' intentions remain on the average as at present, an inevitably smaller birth rate would result. An examination of the marriage rate shows that for the next fifteen years, at any rate, it must go down owing to the small marriageable stock born during a period when the birth rate was low. This also is bound to have a discouraging effect on the birth rate.

The report concludes by saying, "... if married couples continue to have families of the same size as had those in the pre-war decade, the ultimate trend of births will be a slow decline. A small increase in the family size would be enough to fill the gap and prevent any decline. On the other hand, any substantial fall in family size would make the ultimate decline in the birth rate a rapid one."... "The total population of Great Britain will probably go on growing for at least one or two decades, though the increase in this period is not likely, immigration apart, to exceed more than a few million. If average family size remains at the same level as among the couples married in the decade just

before the war, total numbers will reach a maximum round about 1977, and will thereafter begin a slow decline." They show, moreover, "these trends in the numbers of various age groups will bring about a substantial shift in the balance of the population towards higher ages, thus continuing a tendency which has already been in operation for about sixty years. The average age of the population (now 35.4 years), which has risen by seven years between 1891 and 1947, is likely to rise by at least another three years over the next thirty years, and will rise more than this if the future brings either a substantial fall in average family size or a large reduction in death rates at high ages." With regard to migration the Commission take the view that neither immigration nor emigration is likely to be of decisive importance, though no doubt they could have a modifying influence. They think that, owing to the comparatively small number of young people, the numbers emigrating will be much reduced after the post-war boom has passed, and in looking round Europe they see very few countries from which immigrants are likely to wish to come or whom we would be willing to receive.

In Part II a considerable amount of time has been spent by the Commission on considering changes in the population trends. Here perhaps a word of regret may be allowed at their having devoted their attention almost entirely to the effect on the economic or political situation rather than to the effect or otherwise of the richness of individual family life. The full report on the economic situation as affected by population trends will only be published in about six months' time. The present report is based on conclusions of the Economic Sub-committee. It is pointed out that a larger population, that is to say one which is not necessarily increasing but is not declining, would lead to a more flexible industrial system than a smaller one is likely to produce. A community in which the proportion of young people is increasing is likely to lead to a more adaptable and energetic economic set-up than one which, owing to a declining birth rate, is declining all the time. The Commission admits that it will be a relief for the next few years to have fewer mouths to feed, but they regard the population as only one among other factors which would determine the ultimate level of our trade relationships.

On the political consequences an even more interesting discussion is set out on population as it affects the security and influence of Great Britain. The report recognises that this depends more on the level of intelligence and productive capacity of the population than on the actual size, and that, not only in the eventuality of war but in maintaining a balance of strength by which war may be avoided in association or alliance with other States, the British Commonwealth is likely to retain its influence. The drift of world affairs is giving a new emphasis to the conception of Western civilisation as an entity of reality and value. At the same time the Commission points out that the tendency not only in this country but in all those constituting Western civilisation is for a family size round about or sometimes below replacement level, whereas in Eastern Europe, the U.S.S.R. and Asia, the rise already is, or in certain cases is likely to be, above replacement.

On all grounds, therefore, the Commission sums up its attitude as follows: "We have no hesitation in concluding that a replacement size of the family is desirable in Great Britain at the present time. It is impossible for policy in its effects, as distinct from its intention, to be neutral on this matter, since over a wide range of affairs policy and

administration have a continuous influence on the trend of family size." This brings the Commission to a consideration of what changes are required in order to help to diminish the economic disadvantages of those young people maintaining a family as compared with childless couples or those with only one or two. To quote the report on this point: "In nearly every income range this disadvantage is substantial. Even when the income is high enough to rule out any question of actual want the support of a fair-sized family would none the less entail very large sacrifices of comforts and amenities. . . . In the process of social advance, until recently, the family has been overlooked or given only a minor place in social policy." They mention that "the most important of the non-monetary handicaps of parenthood are felt by mothers who have shared little, if at all, in the growth of leisure in modern times."

The discussion of differential fertility is the only place in the whole report that deals with the question of quality. It is to be regretted that in the interpretation of their terms of reference they did not include this very important issue. Here the problem arises that in all social groups those with the highest incomes, and among individual parents in each social group, the better educated have smaller families than the others. They ask here that the Government should arrange for a thorough investigation of the problem. Much sympathy will be felt with the guiding principles the Commission have set themselves in determining their recommendations. The following quotation sums up the underlying principles on which public policy should be focused: "Public policy should assume and seek to encourage the spread of voluntary parenthood, it should assume also that women will take an increasing part in the cultural and economic life of the community, and make it easier for women to combine motherhood and the care of the home and outside interests."

In their financial proposals the Commission lay down as axiomatic the "urgent need" to give further financial assistance to parents in order to maintain the valuable but very moderate improvement in the relative economic position of the family, which has been effected since 1938 by such measures as family allowances, school meals, free secondary education and often higher education, National Health Service, subsidised foods, etc.

There is not space here to go into all details, moreover they have been well canvassed. Various improvements suggested in the Family Allowances Act have been well received. The Commission has also tackled the very difficult question of how assistance to higher income groups can be combined with social justice. They have solved the problem by changes in and increases in the methods of income-tax rebates to allow of a higher maximum deduction. The other recommendations are mainly directed to improvement in the child welfare and maternity services outside the home, and cover such well-known proposals and relate to such well-known services as home helps, sitters-in and day nurseries. Nor have they forgotten the every-day facilities which make life different and easier: laundries, family helps, rest homes for mothers, children's playgrounds, etc. Here and with regard to recommendations on housing they are on familiar ground.

A criticism which can be levelled at the recommendations is that they refer to improving the material financial situation of families, but they will fail in having any influence on the number of children parents want unless public opinion both of the community as a whole and of potential

parents themselves moves in the direction both on stressing the happiness that comes from family life of more than one or two children, and the responsibility the citizens have themselves for the survival of their own community. The responsibility unquestioned in war is by no means accepted in times of peace. It is true that the Royal Commission recommends education for family living both in schools and in all kinds of adult education, both formal and informal, and recognises the importance of the community showing that it does care about children. But it does not seem to me to lay sufficient weight on doing whatever is possible to increase the desire for children or altering the climate, that has been, I understand, carried out so successfully in Sweden. The Archbishop of York's criticism that never once is the suggestion made that having children brings happiness in itself emphasises an important omission.

The report of the Royal Commission on Population may be finally judged by its value in refocusing and readjusting public policy in their relation to and effect upon family life in this country. In all the social and economic advances of the last century the family has been the chief casualty—it has gained least and suffered most. The scientific importance of the report may well be seen ultimately to be of less significance than the fact that its findings may prove to be the turning-point for the position of the family in this country.

EVA M. HUBBACK.

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[This article was dictated a few days before the lamented death of Mrs. Hubback after an operation.—Ed.]

GERMANY OF THE BONN ERA.

SINCE last year's currency reform there has been a remarkable economic recovery, and a rapid reconstruction is taking place in many fields. Yet the intellectual and spiritual ruins left by the Hitler régime remain as unsightly as they were when the Thousand Years' Reich collapsed. Naturally many attempts are made to clear away the rubbish and put something new in its place. Some intellectual circles and a few party leaders come out with diverse plans, but they are being wrecked by the negative attitude of the public. The political course which is being followed has led, at the Allies' request, to the Bonn Constitution and thus to the Federal Republic. Yet it is a policy of the few at the top, without any echo from below. During my tour of the three Western zones, which lasted several months, I found everywhere the same fundamental outlook. Political activity is generally regarded with suspicion. This mentality breeds those unpolitical and discontented masses who succumb with hardly any resistance to Hitlers and Goebbels with different names. That a demagogue like Alfred Loritz of Munich can attract tens of thousands with his booming but empty bluster of words is highly symptomatic.

On June 20th, 1948, the so-called X-Day, the currency reform was introduced in Western Germany. Again and again I heard optimistic predictions: "With a full stomach, it will be easier to bring the Germans to their senses and towards democracy." It is a regrettable fact that neither of these hopes has been fulfilled; chauvinism and nationalism are on the increase. As to democracy, people resort to well-tried methods to discredit it. Inevitable defects and errors of the

Parliamentary system and individual politicians are identified with democracy as an institution. There is no doubt that the policy of the occupying Powers is at fault in many things. The Germans, however, deliberately put their own past sins on the account of the Allies. They are eager to accuse the Americans and British of war crimes and to cover their own by such grotesque distortions. That the ruins of Berlin, Hamburg and Dresden were preceded by those of Warsaw, Rotterdam, Belgrade, Coventry and London is conveniently forgotten. Such misleading and distorted statements must be attributed largely to the grave sins of omission on the part of the occupying Powers. With all their possibilities and extensive machinery, they did not succeed even in penetrating the surface of the German population with information. After making a few tests, I found that the majority of those I questioned were convinced that the United States had declared war on Germany and not vice versa. According to American polls, a large number of Germans openly state to-day that Fascism and Nazism had been quite a good thing, though badly mismanaged. After the collapse a few films of the concentration camps were shown. In the absence of any preceding re-education they produced no feelings of remorse or of shame.

In the absence of proper information about the outside world, the German does not realise that, compared to English rations, he is receiving a sumptuous allocation of calories. Prior to the new tourist regulations which permit such comforts, guests at British occupation hotels enjoyed themselves eating illegal meals in out-of-bounds German restaurants. Even Norwegians and Danes opened their eyes wide. The former, after a practically meatless winter, believed themselves transported to the flesh-pots of Egypt, while the latter were clandestinely buying coffee, strictly rationed at home. At the same time German housewives were complaining to me about the inadequate fat ration. A brief investigation showed that, including extra allocations, it more or less exceeded the 1936 level of 100 grammes. In accordance with the principle of "Guns before Butter," the latter was already rationed at that time.

To those who have got used to the sight of ruins, Western Germany appears as a land of plenty. No longer need one regard every porter at a railway station as a potential luggage thief. The lunch in the Mitropa dining cars has again become an established thing. Yet the normalisation of life is not uniform. Coming from the South one notices an increase in the food and restaurant prices. A Wiener Schnitzel, for example, of identical size and quality, costs DM.2.50 in Munich and DM.4.50 in Frankfurt. Earnings, too, are higher in Northern and Western Germany, though not proportionate to the difference in the prices.

Within the British zone, far-reaching contrasts may be observed. Compared to Düsseldorf, for example, Hanover seems like a Cinderella despite a remarkable reconstruction effort which has built up from the ruins a town of international dimensions. The French zone has a face of its own. There, too, almost everything is obtainable without, however, the stimulating influence of simultaneous reconstruction. Towns like Constance, Coblenz and Mainz resemble recipients of charity who are permitted by a reactionary social system to live in luxury instead of doing productive work. I could go on for a long time describing the external splendour and comfort, without fear of repetition. In March 1948 good friends of mine provided the landlord of my Kiel hotel with bed linen for my room. The dim bulb did not even allow me to read the

paper. In 1949 everything is in proper order: Beautifully white bed linen, equally white tablecloths, ample light everywhere, including a bedside lamp in working order, hot water (previously a fantastic luxury), and last, not least, multi-course meals against a minimum of food points (in Austria they would have cost four times as much). Needless to say, cigarettes are no longer accepted as tips.

As a land of overloaded shop-windows, Western Germany has itself become a window display for the East. Superficial observers might easily draw wrong conclusions about the general prosperity. The theatres in the capital of Rhineland-Westphalia, whose inhabitants have always been inclined to spend more than they earned, resemble Paris fashion parades. In this town, where the fortunes of countless industrialists are concentrated, the Koenigsallee with its illuminated shop-windows and flower-decorated street cafés is a picture of light-hearted unconcern. We must not, however, be deceived by these external signs of recovery, which are so far merely a façade.

Hotels, restaurants and shops have been rebuilt. Above the well-stocked shops, however, there are still the gaping shells of burned-out flats. A considerable part of the new houses are one-family villas. Much is being said about the Socialistic building drive which forms the central point of every party programme. However, what has actually been achieved in this respect in the destroyed towns is not very encouraging, apart from some initial efforts, as in Bavaria. Württemberg forms a notable exception. The reason for this, however, is not so much due to a Socialistic building programme as to remarkable individual initiative, not synonymous with the usual conception of "private enterprise." The Swabian house-owner—a term which comprises any more or less thrifty wage-earner—repairs all damages himself and even turns ruins into habitable dwellings. When building material was scarce he gave up his leisure and his holidays to work for tiles, plaster, paint, etc., as substitutes.

In Düsseldorf some leading personalities of German industry received me with Havana cigars and well-sounding phrases like: "Our town is Germany's gateway to the world." The proprietary position is not clearly defined; the Board of Directors in trustee administrations like "Steel and Iron" consists of Government officials, former and prospective representatives, and there reigns considerable confusion. But those elements which financed Hitler's war machine are gaining the upper hand.

Leading German politicians are, of course, divided in their attitude to the problem of nationalisation. The Social-Democratic Party has included it in its programme. In a lengthy conversation which I had with Prof. Carlo Schmid, its chief exponent in Bonn and Minister of Justice for Württemberg-Hohenzollern, he described nationalisation as the primary condition for a victory of democracy in Germany. During my talk with Karl Arnold, Premier of the well-functioning Coalition Government of Rhineland-Westphalia, who achieved a great personal success in the frontier disputes with Belgium, he expressed himself thus: "Above all, we have to solve the problem of adapting the key industries to new methods of communal economy." Spoken by him, such words are of special significance since, after all, two-thirds of all German export goods come from the industries of Rhineland-Westphalia. Lack of fuel, caused by export requirements, prevents even "restricted industries" from reaching the maximum output. The German miners are not doing badly, and those in higher positions are

even better off than certain communal and Government officials. The houses of some of these men look rather like villas, more modern and with better sanitary conditions than in England. Yet the problem of recruiting is largely similar. The Board of Directions acts as a sort of guardian. Anyone who wishes to make good in this career—the highest rank is that of a chief official, at a salary of DM.1,500, free lodgings and an appreciable coal gratuity—feels this control which in its turn provokes pressure from below to a corresponding degree.

The rise in production and the economic rehabilitation would have been impossible without the sacrifices made by the trade unions, which shelved their wage claims time and again. The achievements of the worker during the years of want and famine are the more praiseworthy since they were coupled with real loyalty, for his average wage was equal to three cigarettes. Even to-day the standard of the working population leaves much to be desired. The average weekly wages for men have risen to DM.51.46 (1938: 41.95) and for women, to DM.29.34 (1938: 23.45). Railway and post office clerks who start with DM.135-140 monthly, gradually rise to DM.180. A good shorthand-typist earns DM.220.

Compared to 1938, food prices have increased by 50-100 per cent. (meat prices are generally 100 per cent. higher). Sugar costs DM.0.60-1.00* (formerly 0.30), butter DM.2.00-5.00 (formerly 1.60), one egg DM.0.42 (formerly 0.12). If the worker wants to eat reasonably well, he can do so only by cutting down on other items. The declarations by responsible Frankfurt economists on the raising of real wages by price reductions are based on a miscalculation, since the reductions affect only textiles, shoes, etc., i.e. items which in any case are very limited in the budget of the average worker. Even after the price reductions, a weekly wage is still not worth more than 1½ pairs of shoes (in Sweden, the equivalent is 3-4 times as much). Dr. Kurt Schumacher has cynically compared Germany with a Capitalist National Park which needed no planning. In fact there is less planning than even in the America of Truman's second Presidential term. All that requires planning is bound to go wrong. I mention only the "Everyman" project which, unlike the British "Utility" scheme, was a complete failure.

Austerity depends for its success on a certain mental climate which does not exist in Germany. This includes the art of dignified wealthiness and absence of social prejudice. Germans enjoy squandering their money quite openly. After attending a luxurious banquet in Düsseldorf, I visited the public Bunker where 220 persons live in 175 rooms, without daylight and fresh air. It was, of course, intended only as a shelter from air raids. A square foot of living space in the Bunker costs DM.1.20 per month. Only ten minutes away, my host had spent DM.180 for one round of spirits—and he did not stop at one. At every step one finds these almost Oriental contrasts. In the big towns of Rhineland-Westphalia people depending on public assistance are paid DM.50 per month. The weekly unemployment benefit for a shorthand-typist evacuated from Berlin to the Harz, where life is very expensive, amounts to DM.15.90, of which DM.7.00 goes for rent and DM.1.20 for the fare to the county town, where the money must be collected personally. On the other side of the fence are those owning anything of value who took advantage of the abnormal economic conditions during the war or enriched themselves by other means of exploitation. After the collapse these morally not very scrupulous elements began to hoard

* The higher figures refer to prices on the Grey Market.

on a grand scale, without regard for the hunger and misery of their fellow citizens. On the day of the currency reform they flung their hoarded goods on the market against cash and soon emerged as prosperous traders, favoured in every way by the prevailing system.

While the eternal profiteers acquired new riches, one refugee concern after the other broke down because they had no hoarded goods to fall back upon. The "intruders" are regarded as a nuisance and made to feel it. This again produces dangerous reactions. The refugees form their own party-like organisations. Discontented elements—war invalids, bombed-out people, etc.—are caught in the stream of radicalism. This tendency also enables "independent" candidates to put up combined lists at elections. It remains to be seen whether they will become a destructive force or "only" help to split the votes. The new radical trend has also been taken up by the parties themselves since they are anxious to keep their hold on the masses, particularly of the refugees. Dr. Kurt Schumacher, leader of the Social-Democratic Party, is already including Stalin amongst the big war criminals. Generally a clear-minded person and an outstanding dialectician—the vitality of this one-armed and recently also one-legged man merits high admiration—he has an excessive craving for applause which is most easily obtainable by nationalist phrases. He was successful in his resistance to the constant Allied interventions in Bonn. He corresponds to the ascetic ideal of the German. Ambitious, he loves power and responsibility—no disadvantage in a politician provided he uses it moderately. Already he is surrounded by a certain Führer atmosphere which nobody can evade who enters the Party House in Hanover or attends one of the larger S.P.D. congresses. The Christian-Democratic Party also operates with nationalist slogans—I only recall Adenauer's Swiss speech—from which only the Free Democratic Party is practically immune. Always anxious to mediate and to seek a balance, this party can hardly hope to have any decisive influence even in the event of some election successes.

Carlo Schmid, whom I have mentioned already several times, is one of those clear-sighted men who buried their dislike of party politics because they realised that dangers like Nazism cannot be met by individuals but only by united action. However, his is a voice in the desert. Others use phrases like "democratic equality" only when they want to exclude from it real democrats. In connection with the student exchange scheme, for instance, those who are victims of Fascism for racial or political reasons may be sure that preference will, as a rule, be given to their nationalist colleagues. War service counts double. Those unfit for military service or who risked their lives to help the democratic powers are once again looked upon as traitors. A German radio commentator who broadcast from the best-known British secret station is openly compared with Amery and threatened with a Feme trial. Students in Göttingen address each other as "Herr Major." Their textbooks are out of date and reactionary: they still contain passages about psycho-analysis being a typically Jewish invention. At universities with energetic and progressive rectors some ideological changes are gradually effected. Heidelberg does not leave a bad impression, and Tübingen succeeded in re-educating 400 former members of the Hitler Youth who are now doing constructive and promising work. Following discussions on the Kortner film *Der Ruf* ("The Challenge"), the Free University of Berlin opened its doors to all Jewish students who felt terrorised in Western Germany.

A tendency to eliminate new and uncompromised officials in favour of rehabilitated Nazis (categories 4 and 5) is apparent everywhere. Preference is given more and more openly to the fellow-traveller over the ex-inmates of concentration camps, who are suspected of Leftist sympathies. It is not yet possible to estimate the harm done by the de-Nazification scheme which first dealt harshly with the small party member, while the real offenders, up to high-ranking S.S. officers, are now either acquitted or punished symbolically under applause from the public.

Escape from reality is synonymous with the suppression of all the crimes committed in Hitler Germany. Without any exaggeration one may call this a repression complex. Theatre and film are also pushed on to a more and more unrealistic basis. People bluntly refuse to face historic facts, like the slaughter of 6 million Jews. The Church, too, has failed. While priests in Holland have asked their flock to cleanse their minds from anti-Semitism and similar evils, it is a rare event to hear such high-minded appeals from German pulpits. The influence of the Catholic Church, on the other hand, extends again to the ante-chambers of Parliamentarianism, as Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the C.D.U. leader, put it. Behind the scenes it plays an important part in Bavarian politics. This applies to the nationalist Bavarian Party as well as to the Christian Socialist Union. Progressive elements in the latter are being suppressed, as the non-election of its former chairman, Dr. Josef Mueller, shows. In the new Germany Bavaria, with its partly separatist and partly hyper-federalist trends, represents a special danger.

The Bavarian Parliament was the only one which did not approve the Bonn Constitution. In this ancient university town I witnessed the birth of the German Federal Republic under the old black, red and gold flag—a psychological mistake, since these colours are universally discredited. Frankfurt, with its central position and more cosmopolitan character, as regards buildings, telephone communications, etc., would, of course, have been more suitable as capital. However, only the so-called classical ministries will be seated in Bonn, while the actual administration will remain in the Main town. One factor makes up for these disadvantages: Bonn can never be more than a provisional capital. It follows that Berlin will remain the capital symbolically for as long as it cannot actually fulfil this rôle, and the division of Germany is not yet final.

A constitution cannot be ideal, especially under foreign supervision. Yet, according to the F.D.P. leader, Dr. Theodor Heuss, who is an authority on constitutional questions, Bonn has considerable advantages as compared to Weimar. Thus the present legislation is not based on plebiscites which require a far greater democratic tradition and would only lead to a pressure-group democracy. Also, the Bonn Constitution safeguards the stability of the Government. A Cabinet can only be dismissed if a new combination, upheld by Parliament, is ready to take its place. Like the Germany of Weimar, Bonn will remain a form without substance unless it is based on democratic forces, conscious of their civic obligations. Such forces, though a minority, exist in Germany. There are also some writers who are still trying courageously to stand up for democracy and human rights. To support these forces instead of co-operating with the nationalist elements would be the aim for which the Allies claimed to fight the Second World War. If this is not done, German democracy will again be on the defensive and must



fail a second time. Speed, however, is vital, lest the broiling, seething mass of German politics should assume the sinister outlines of Reaction, Chauvinism and Militarism and again plunge the world into catastrophe.

A. J. FISCHER.

ITALIAN VISTAS, 1949.

NEVER mind the date. For the really essential things dates do not matter. You cross the Alps, you turn your back on the snow-covered summits of Switzerland, you look down on the palms which surround the lakes, you look up to a sky which is still composed of all possible shades of blue, a unique colour with which Giotto and Raphael thought fit to clothe the Queen of Heaven; a blue sky that smiled on Beata Beatrix and Laureata Laura; from which Jupiter let the mighty laughter of his scorn resound when any Caligulas or Mussolinis fell to the ground, and which lent itself so readily to the golden halos round the heads of saints. There is a timeless Italy. In the cooling shadow of its black and white, red and blue marbles, with the help of its sugary white wine and the aroma spread by orange and lemon trees, there is still every opportunity to forget time and to feel that the surrounding world, with its wars and rumour of war, its restrictions and regulations, police precautions and official inquiries, is just an intruder: more annoying and tiresome than the dark-skinned stranger who, in the stony and dusty side-streets of Rome or Florence, whips out of his pocket a fountain pen, or five packets of American cigarettes for 1,000 lire, or the little Neapolitan *paisano* who offers a bunch of flowers "*bella com  la sua signora*" at an exorbitant price. If the mild Mediterranean air breathing amongst the immense dark cypresses along the country roads, if the white marble of the *palazzi* and the *duomi* which in the evening look like ivory towers built into the dark sky, if the whole Italian landscape does not make you think of Eternity, nothing ever will. This abundance of centuries, always present in the style of the buildings and the statues, makes us think of the present century as a small and insignificant link in an immense chain.

Yet there are valid excuses to remember the date, even in Italy. We are here on the very border of countries which have been submerged into oblivion by barbaric invasions, which signify nothing less than an attempt to erase the date of the Resurrection, to remove the centre from the chain of human centuries by substituting for the Redemption the foundation of that sanguinary caricature of human society which now prevails in the half of Europe east of Italy. A few hundred miles further east and further north from the Tomb of the Apostles a formidable attempt goes on to erase all that is worthy in human memories, all that is hope and beauty in the life of the nations. This strange and unnatural world, which ends only on the Chinese coast of the Pacific Ocean, throws its shadow over the wealth, the abundance of energy and the vivacity of the ever enchanting peninsula.

The first impressions of the foreigner visiting or re-visiting Florence, Rome or Naples, are of the best. Were it not for the highly impractical and clumsy 100 and 1,000 lire banknotes in his pocket, he would be inclined to think that the war and post-war inflation had had only beneficial effects. With cheap money, reconstruction has made rapid progress. The central railway station in Rome, which was bombarded to a shambles in 1944, is entirely rebuilt and the new station is better

than its predecessor. Rome's first Underground is shortly to be opened. New life has set in, even in those cities such as Bologna which were damaged the most ; few ruins remain, even in spots where the fighting was long and heavy, as in Naples. The modern houses in Florence are under reconstruction. One sees with a happy sigh that, except for the bridges, Florence did not suffer any substantial material damage and that the main beauties on both sides of the Ponte Vecchio—the one bridge which remained intact—are undiminished.

In the shops, restaurants and cafés there is an abundance unknown in austere Britain and even in re-normalised France. Fairly modest homes are sumptuously furnished. Women who obviously do not belong to the richer classes wear many jewels, since everybody was eager to invest money in something else than the rapidly devaluating paper money during the inflation period. These appearances, however, should not be overrated. Salaries are less, in proportion to prices, than in either Britain or France, and since the war Italy is perhaps the only country of Western Europe which has known a serious unemployment problem. The officially quoted figure of two and a half million unemployed is probably subject to qualification. In no other country does such a large part of the population live on seasonal work, agriculture and building absorbing more workers in the summer than in the winter. The fact remains that without sufficient facilities for emigration, and without ampler possibilities for returning immigrants to transfer foreign currency, especially from the Argentine—largely the life-blood of Italian economy—a great and constant evil will affect the economic life of the country for a long period.

If the first appearances of abundance and prosperity may easily lead to over-optimistic conclusions, others more spectacular and noisy may lead to undue pessimism. The walls of Italian cities are covered with Communist slogans. It is more than likely that the first paper you buy in any small town in Lombardy or Tuscany would be an organ of the Communist Party, or of the by now somewhat frightened and hesitating Socialist fellow travellers, led by Pietro Nenni. Communist meetings are announced daily. The quick-witted Italians easily see through every attempt at fraud with a sort of sound scepticism ; despite this, Communist meetings are full, the party newspapers are widely read and often enough violent demonstrations force their way through the cities, notwithstanding the strong and reliable new Police Force Signor de Gasperi has succeeded in organising.

Almost all the Italians active in politics—Christian-Democrats, Liberals and Socialists—to whom I had the opportunity to talk insisted on the same point, namely that the only real conflict within the country lies between the governing Christian-Democracy of Signor de Gasperi and the Communists. Intellectuals with a leading anti-Fascist record in the pre-war years attempted to reform the traditional Italian Socialism from within. Grouping the more combative elements of Italian Socialism into the *Partito d'Azione*, they hoped for a debureaucratisation of the trade unions, for a less dry, less un-Italian and less rudimentary ideology than the Marxism of the previous Socialist generation. More culture was lent to the Socialist movement by younger pupils of Benedetto Croce (the old philosopher himself stands aloof), and more personality by such popular writers as Ignazio Silone and Carlo Levi and many others, whose humorous commonsense in fiction, the theatre and the film is in refreshing con-

trast both to the Fascist bombast and to the scientific and economic pedantry of the older Liberal, Radical and Socialist generation.

It is almost safe to say now that these attempts have miscarried. Liberalism lives on the credit of its classical tradition. Socialism is split (besides the well-known tendencies characterised by the names of Saragat and Nenni) into four or five minor groups. A paradoxical phenomenon, not exclusively Italian: the Conservative outlook is at present European and owes its internal strength to the consciousness, strong among Italians, of a common European and international solidarity of interest. Socialism at the beginning of its history was pre-eminently the international party. Socialism in a broad general sense, which includes its Communist variety, so far as the average Italian Communist voter, in opposition to the Moscow-trained leader-automatons, are concerned—owes its position to-day, on the other hand, to a widespread and again typically Italian provincialism. It largely owes its survival to the fact that it still produces able local leaders and administrators, who in a provincial framework show many qualities which are in apparent contrast to their usual verbal intransigence which administrative practice rapidly attenuates.

Of all the slogans of Italian Communism, there is one, the most hypocritical and demagogic of all, which has much success: "Italian neutrality." Reading the leading articles in the local Communist Press one sometimes has the impression of reading texts of pre-1940 American isolationism or extracts from Irish speeches. Yet the disillusion caused by the implication of Italy in the war, the fact that Mussolini's "strong Italy" did not prevent foreign powers from making war on Italian soil, was probably more responsible than anything else for the universal discredit into which Fascism has fallen—amongst exactly those unpolitical, provincial elements from whom it derived support, so long as it had spectacular successes. The foreigner is perhaps more conscious of the faint ghost of Fascism than are the indolent Romans, who readily accept the fact that the balcony window of the Palazzo Venezia is closed for good. Here and there excuses are made for Mussolini, and he is even praised for one or two minor achievements, but on the whole Fascism has left behind a ridiculous memory of bombastic vulgarity and cheap melodrama rather than a horror for its crimes. A neo-Fascist group called the *Movimento Sociale Italiano*, which also comprises a youth group called the *Arditi d'Italia*, survives, but even the death of one of its organisers, Achille Billi, in a recent street riot against the Communists, cannot give any romantic attraction to this pitiful imitation of a cause ingloriously lost. Fascism was born out of the Liberal, Socialist and revolutionary atmosphere of a period which lasted from the unification of Italy to the aftermath of the First World War. Pale shadows survive of the parties and the political and ideological sects of that era, and Fascism, which was a by-product of them, rather than a reaction against them, would have grown into an anachronism even if it had had the time to die a natural death.

If the time has come when the Blackshirt official only lives as a popular comic figure in films and comedies, which, as we saw in Roberto Rossellini's war films, tend at present to react rather strongly against the bombast and artificial glamour of the *Ventennio* and present, with almost cynical humour, a refreshingly undisciplined and spontaneous Italy, all the nationalist aspirations of the *Ventennio* have not completely disappeared. Count Sforza's voicing of the Italian thesis on

the same number remained in the historic city of Acre. Of the 60,000 Moslems and Christians in Jaffa, which had been a fundamentally Arab town, only 4,000 remained. Of those who were in outer Jerusalem less than 1,000; but in the ancient walled city, which was occupied by the forces of King Abdullah, there are some 30,000.

Infiltration of refugees back to their homes steadily goes on; and no drastic measures are taken by the Israeli authorities to check it. The provisional rectification of the frontiers, which was carried out as part of the Armistice agreement with Transjordan in February, brought another 20,000 Arabs within the Jewish territory; and in the desert area of the Negeb in the south, occupied by Israel this year, about half the Bedouin population have stayed and sworn allegiance to the new ruling power. It is estimated that to-day over 150,000 Arabs are in Israel. The provisional Government, established in May 1948, included a Ministry of Minorities that was particularly concerned with assuring Arab rights and welfare; while a Ministry of Religions was concerned with the assurance of religious rights to all Moslem and Christian communities. Arabs who were resident in November 1948 received a right of voting for Israel's Constituent Assembly; and most of the 40,000 who were qualified exercised the right, including Moslem women who had never before enjoyed it. Four Arabs were elected to the Constituent Assembly of 120 members, one of them a Communist. The Executive Council of Government, which was established after the elections, no longer contained a Minister of Minorities; as the Premier of Israel explained, the Arabs would be treated not as a minority but as equal citizens.

It was clear by the autumn of 1948 that the plight of the mass of the refugees in the neighbouring Arab lands was beyond the capacity of the Arab States who received them to tackle. They had primitive shelter in camps, tents and caves; food and medical supplies and some elementary administration were lacking. Before he was murdered, Count Bernadotte appointed Sir Raphael Cilento, an Australian who had long experience in UNRRA, as director of Emergency Relief; and he set himself to arouse the conscience of the United Nations and the voluntary bodies. The centre of relief work was established at Beirut. The International Refugee Organisation of the United Nations could not extend its help because Arabs were not within the scope of its Charter. A new agency of the United Nations must be brought into being. The Assembly last winter adopted a budget of 32 million dollars for relief till the end of the year 1949. The British Government immediately advanced its share of 1 million pounds. The American contribution, which was the largest, of 16 million dollars was voted by Congress in the spring. Most of the other States made their principal contribution by gifts in kind. Sir Raphael Cilento was replaced by an American Director of Relief, Mr. Griffiths, who was the United States Minister in Egypt.

The administration was divided among three large voluntary agencies. The International Red Cross, which is Swiss, was responsible for the greater part of Palestine west of the Jordan; the Quakers, through the American Friends Service Council, for the southern section, including the Gaza area; the British and other Red Cross Societies for Transjordan and the Lebanon. In Syria and Egypt the Red Crescent Societies undertook the administration. One of the specialised relief organs of the United Nations, UNICEF (the International Children's Emergency Fund), supply extra nutrition and

medical aid for children and women. Many voluntary bodies gave material or personal help and raised funds to supplement the international action, among them a Jewish Society for Human Service. Yet the response was disappointing. There was more eloquence in protest than readiness in giving. The principal weakness has been that so little is done for rehabilitation and reconstruction, while it is manifest that an indefinite doling of relief is demoralising, that a large part of the refugees will not be able to return to their homes and the major solution must be found in resettlement in other lands. As with the effort of the Allied nations for the displaced populations after the war, relief and rehabilitation should go together.

The position of the Arab refugees is in many ways similar to that of the mass of Greeks who were driven out of their homes in Asia Minor by the victorious Turks in 1922, and found asylum in Greece and Macedonia. Then, without delay, the League of Nations set up an International Commission under an American president to organise resettlement, and guaranteed an International Loan of £12 million for the help of the Greek Government. The big operation was carried out effectively in a few years. At the same time an Armenian population of half a million, which had migrated from the Ottoman Empire; the survivors of 1½ million who were forcibly driven from the Ottoman realm, were resettled with the help of the League in the Soviet Republic of Erivan, the mandated territory of Syria and Greece. The number of refugees to be resettled now is smaller, but the conditions are much harder; and the cost of resettlement is bound to be much greater because of the change in money values. It is more than time for action. Some small agricultural schemes of settlement have been carried out in Transjordan with British help; but the major emphasis must be directed to resettlement on a large scale.

The International Conciliation Commission of the United Nations appointed by the Third Assembly has as one of its primary tasks to make plans for the settlement of the refugees. The demand that Israel should receive them back was not an adequate way out, since it was clear that, with Jewish immigration into Israel of a thousand a day, most of the Arab quarters and villages were rapidly being occupied by the newcomers. Moreover, a large part of the Arabs who had fled would not be happy in the new conditions in western Palestine. Some large transfer of population was inevitable; and offered the most humane as well as the most realistic solution. It was possible that Israel might take another 200,000, in addition to the 150,000 now within her borders, and her Foreign Office made an offer to absorb about that number who were in the Gaza region, if Israel recovered that coastal strip. The Americans put forward a counter-proposal that Israel should receive back those refugees from western Galilee, Ramleh and Lydda and outer Jerusalem who had fled in the crisis of the war. But even if either of these courses were adopted, about half a million would remain for whom homes must be found in Arab territories. The countries in which settlement is most readily envisaged are Transjordan, Iraq and Syria. All three are relatively unpopulated: in all three there is a call for big schemes of irrigation in order to realise production potentialities. As between Iraq and Syria and Israel some measure of exchange of populations would be possible since a large part of the Jewish communities in those countries is anxious to migrate to Israel.

A recent example of successful transfer of population and resettlement

ment is afforded by the arrangements made in India and Pakistan for the ten million refugees who moved from one Dominion to the other after the partition. By the end of 1947 over four million non-Moslems from western Pakistan entered India, and another million from eastern Bengal. The two Governments concerned turned at once to the tasks of permanent resettlement, and arranged that the land vacated by the outgoing fugitives should be allotted to the incoming refugees. In less than a year it was reported that nearly two million displaced persons had been resettled on the land in east Punjab and the various Indian States; while for the displaced urban population employment exchanges were set up and schools of technical and vocational training were established.

The Government of Israel have declared their willingness to take their part in schemes of resettlement as a part of a permanent solution. They would pay fair compensation for the abandoned areas of land in the Arab quarters and villages of Israel; and that would give a substantial fund. But the resettlement will call for a serious effort of the United Nations. The Secretary-General has pointed out that Middle Eastern recovery requires large capital investment, to which the Western nations would contribute not only money and machines but also technical direction.

The essential consideration is for all the nations concerned to get down without delay to settlement and reconstruction, though relief must be maintained for another year. The Government of Israel should have its full place in these plans. Out of the bitter conflict this good should have come, that the people of Israel now have an assured place in the Middle East, not on sufferance but as of right. They will mean an end to stagnation in that part of the world. Lawrence of Arabia pointed out thirty years ago that the success of the Zionist enterprise in Palestine will involve inevitably the raising of the present Arab population to the material level of the Jews; and the consequences might be of the highest importance for the future of the Arab world. "It may well prove a source of technical supply rendering them independent of industrial Europe; and in that way a new confederation may become a formidable element of world power." His prophecy is more likely to be fulfilled in the new conditions of equal and independent Arab and Jewish States than it could be in the mandatory régime. If the human problem of the Arab refugees is resolutely handled, and a scheme of resettlement is generously executed, the movement will go far to strengthen security in the Middle East, and set a halt to enmities in what has been for thirty years one of the danger spots of the world.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

THE UKRAINIANS IN EXILE.

FOR the first time for many centuries the Ukraine and her people have been territorially united in one whole as a result of the last war. This happened because of Stalin's effort to extend communistic conquest under whatever pretext, and also because the Western democracies, dazed by victory, believed that communistic Russia will adhere to her obligations solemnly undertaken. All Ukrainian lands conquered by Peter the Great, those which were Austro-Hungarian, then Polish, and those of the Hapsburg Empire; later under Czechoslovakia, are now one united Soviet Ukrainian

Republic. For all Ukrainians this would be an object of national rejoicing. But they soon found that this reunion meant complete and ruthless application of the Soviet policy, national only in form but Communist in essence, parallel to Hitler's national in form but Fascist in essence.

It was Stalin's first step, followed by complete subjugation to Moscow. Mass purges took place and are still going on. Millions of actual and potential opponents stream into concentration camps in the Arctic zone. The estimate of 17-18 million people in these camps includes almost 50 per cent. Ukrainians. Soviet statistics tell us that in 1920, inside the territories of the U.S.S.R. of those days, the Ukrainian population was about 30-40 million, with an annual increase of 2 per cent. Hence by 1948 there ought to be about 60 million, whereas statistics of 1947-8 give us just over 30 million. Only by adding Ukrainian territories annexed in this way is the figure raised to 40 million. Mass deportation, deliberate starvation and murder is the explanation. The Ukrainians throughout history have shown themselves indomitable supporters of the Christian religion, democracy and private ownership. The first stage, that of national in form, was soon turned by Stalin into that of Communism pure and simple. Neighbours of the Ukrainian lands, such as the Ingushi (Western Concession), the Tatars of the Crimea, previously called Independent Soviet National Republics by simple decrees of Stalin in 1945, were ordered to disappear and their population to be scattered throughout the U.S.S.R. : six months later that order was completed. In their place crowds of Asiatics were imported such as Turkmens, Kalmooks and other wild tribes.

Every totalitarian régime, when signs of defeat appear, gives concessions to the people and, becoming strong again, cancels them in fact if not in name. Under the blows of defeat of 1942-3 Stalin proclaimed two main concessions : the new national policy and the new religious policy. The Red Army henceforth was not a world revolution army but a Russian army. Under the new religious policy he restored the Patriarchal See, allowed a few churches to open (forty-two in Moscow out of the pre-Revolution 400). Under the new national policy the Comintern was disbanded and overnight the Pan-Slav Congress installed instead. So the difficulties were overcome. Now Moscow says all that was but a breathing-space ; we live, work and are prepared to die for only one cause, i.e. that of world atheistic Communism. Religion is proclaimed a dangerous superstition. No additional churches are opened. People going to church are watched and blacklisted. The new national policy changed ; the Pan-Slav Congress was disbanded and superseded by the Cominform—the second edition of the Comintern.

The newly annexed Ukrainian lands, i.e. those previously in Poland, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, are now brought to heel in the same way as those of the Ukraine in the U.S.S.R. of 1920. Under Hitler the Ukrainian lands were drastically cleared by murder, exile, deportation to labour camps in Germany, thus giving *Lebensraum* to the master race. Now these lands are turned by Stalin into an advance base of world revolution and a backbone to the Iron Curtain. The Ukrainians, true to their freedom-loving and God-fearing tradition, in desperation raise so-called U.P.P.A. partisan detachments composed of peasants and some of their urban population. They bravely attack the N.K.V.D., free the arrested, take arms from the oppressors in pitched battles. Their numbers vary but the technique is the same. Peaceful peasants

who work by day in the fields, by night form U.P.P.A. detachments. Men and women disinter the arms from hidden dumps in forests and fields and go into action. Reprisals follow, whole villages are destroyed, the population is murdered or deported to Siberia. The N.K.V.D. detachments are reinforced by N.K.V.D.-ists from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary. If the U.P.P.A. people are hard pressed with arms in hand they fight their way to lands occupied by Western Powers where they surrender and are sent off to D.P. camps. The High Command, British, U.S.A. and French, screens them in the presence of Soviet officials and sends all those D.P.s who before 1939 were Soviet citizens back to Soviet Russia. Nobody seemed to take heed that according to Soviet law a person who left the U.S.S.R. without permission is liable to the death penalty. Nobody took notice that Hitler forcibly evacuated millions of people from the U.S.S.R. Mass suicide, killing their families, first took place under the eyes of the democratic occupying Powers until Montgomery and Eisenhower put an end to such extradition, and only proved Nazi collaborators could be surrendered to the Soviets after thorough screening. Hence Europe has all these millions of D.P.s with many hundreds of thousands of Ukrainians amongst them. They are the élite.

A new era started. Committees, formed to rescue and help them, have shown extraordinary examples of unselfish Christian work. The élite of these D.P. nations survived in this way, and amongst them the Ukrainian work takes the lead. The D.P.s, Estonian, Lithuanians, Letts, on the Sovietisation of their lands, followed suit; then came the Hungarians, Jugoslavs, Czechs, etc. It is interesting to note that there are more Letts, Lithuanians and Estonians in Europe and the U.S.A., Canada and the Argentine than in their own motherlands, now devastated and subjugated by Moscow. The Soviets use not only new but old methods, and M. Byrnes, former Secretary of State, in his excellent book *Speaking Frankly* rightly comments that the Russian expansion is not only a creation of the communistic régime, but is deeply founded in Russian history. It is worth noting that previous to the Soviet occupation of the Ukraine, in spite of all efforts, there was no Ukrainian Communist Party; and in spite of the fact that all benefits derived from Communist membership after the Soviets occupied this country in the now existing "Ukrainian" Communist Party, 90 per cent. are not Ukrainians.

Thus it is clear that the Ukrainian emigration, old and new, is the only reservoir for the future nuclei for forming leading groups if and when a Ukraine emerges, a genuinely self-determined nation in accordance with the Atlantic Charter and all that genuine democracy stands for. The Ukrainian problem is an integral part of the whole problem of the future Europe. A genuine federation is possible only among people who through generations grew up in an atmosphere of respect for the freedom of the individual. The Ukrainians in the United Kingdom to-day amount to about 35,000. They reflect, as in a mirror, the large Ukrainian problem throughout the world, and by observing them we can find answers to the whole problem. These 35,000 came here under the E.V.W. scheme (European Voluntary Workers) and added their numbers to the few who before and between the world wars as a result of religious and national persecution in their motherland found here a refuge and a home.

When the Ukrainians settle, even if temporarily before trying their luck overseas, the procedure is always the same. They form immedi-

ately a community centre of their own—a school, a church, a chorus, dancing clubs, their own paper—above all a church—even when, as in Continental devastated Europe, they had to use army food tins. Hundreds of such church buildings are to be seen now in thousands of D.P. Ukrainian camps in Europe as well as welfare centres, all beautifully decorated with gay embroidery and other handicrafts of national emblems. The churches are either of the Greek Orthodox or of Uniat (Catholic) rites, but they never quarrel and never split, as both are deeply national Ukrainian centres. Men and women, boys and girls, go to work : agriculture, weaving, textiles, hospital work, in which they all excel. The children are well looked after by their own nurses, teachers and volunteers. Over 40,000 Ukrainian D.P.s have volunteered from the British and U.S.A. zones to join the E.V.W.s and come to this country. The British authorities supervising their work here are full of praise, though many of these manual workers are highly qualified professional and scientific people. They all work hard at manual jobs, never grumbling but only hoping that later they will be employed according to their qualifications and will be more useful to this hospitable country of ours. For instance, the United Kingdom needs specialists in afforestation. In Northumberland alone 3 million acres are to be afforested. England, having never been engaged in such plans, has no specialists in that domain, while the manual E.V.W. Ukrainians have dozens of professors in afforestation, etc.

Lord Tweedsmuir, former Governor-General of Canada, during his visit to Western Canada, saw the magnificent work of the Canadian Ukrainians who turned No Man's Land into prosperous farms, and greeted them by saying : " To be a good Canadian one must be a good Ukrainian first." His name is venerated throughout Canada by all, but especially by Ukrainians there, who are the third nationality in Canada after the British and French ; in every Canadian Ukrainian farmhouse his portrait hangs surrounded with flowers. Freedom-loving and God-fearing Canada has conquered their hearts ; that is why in the last world war they gave the highest percentage of volunteers in the Canadian overseas forces. The same zeal was shown in the U.S.A.

In spite of the small pay of manual workers all these Ukrainian E.U.W.s freely and generously contribute to their elected national committees. In the United Kingdom they bought a house for their S.V.B. (Ukrainian Association in the United Kingdom). Now they have collected enough funds to buy a manor house in the country as a rest home for their invalids. They bought a dilapidated church in Saffron Hill which they turned into a beautiful one. They have shown to the British public their art in handicraft at numerous exhibitions in London and the provinces. Their folk song and national dance performances are displayed all over the United Kingdom ; some have been broadcast and televised by the B.B.C. recently.

Strong in democratic and Christian spirit their organisation in Canada, the U.S.A., Argentine, etc., formed out of the previous settlers their large Ukrainian committees to help these D.P.s. Parcels with clothes, food, medicines, books, etc., are collected and despatched. Also thousands of affidavits (often blank, leaving a space to be filled by the names whom the S.U.B. decide upon). Some Ukrainian farmers send four blank affidavits each. Nearly 2,000 Ukrainian D.P.s in this way have already settled overseas and are happy. Others prefer staying here, and it seems not impossible that they may become the Huguenots of our days, finding homes in the hospitable United Kingdom. Similar offices

have been opened in Belgium, Holland, France, Eire, etc. Money is collected and scholarships provided.

Each year representatives of the S.U.B. send their delegates to the annual congress in London: they come from over 400 hostels in the United Kingdom. Here in London they elect a parliament—a "Rada"—twenty members, who have to run the whole show, collect funds, buy property, organise welfare and scholarships, organise exhibitions, help with churches, build canteens, above all provide the E.V.W. with documents, passports, permits, home and overseas visas, etc., working in the latter case in close contact with the I.R.O. A gigantic task, indeed, filling forms, interviewing the authorities, especially difficult for a stateless people like the D.P.s. The very few who try dictatorial methods in the hostels or in the administration of the centre, however good their records in the past, are pulled up and after a few warnings are dismissed by an absolute majority and even deprived of membership of the S.U.B. Very few of them persevere by organising their own associations, and these are treated with proper contempt by the Ukrainian D.P.s in this country. Such a split occurred at the last annual meeting of the congress, and an absolute majority dismissed them; of 25,000 members only about a hundred followed them. The majority declared bluntly, "We don't want Hitlers in our midst who work on the basis of inspiration and not on the expressed will of the majority." This healthy move of clearing out the few non-democratic black sheep still further consolidated the Ukrainian masses of the D.P.s and E.V.W.s in this country and that of their democratic S.U.B. Thus the Ukrainians in many ways set a good example to D.P.s of other nationalities and help them in more ways than one. They well know that these people will have to build up some time or other their own free democratic countries, ally themselves to the Ukraine, and thus fight the Asiatic barbarian régimes now imposed on them by the Soviet conquerors.

VLADIMIR DE KOROSTOVETZ.

ENVER HOXHA: ALBANIAN DICTATOR.

THE Cominform's offensive against Tito, the ominous question of Macedonia and current events in Yugoslavia and Greece have once again focused the spotlight on Albania—poorest and smallest of the Soviet satellites and Europe's Forgotten Country. A key position in the complex pattern of Balkan politics but cut off from the rest of the world by natural and man-made barriers, Albania has been for some time past in the grip of an acute political and economic crisis which in the light of recent developments assumes only added importance. Those of an older generation may remember her as one of the imperial "headaches" of the pre-1914 Great Powers. To Stalin and the Cominform present-day Albania forms the most westerly "promontory" of the Iron Curtain, and a vital base for action in the Adriatic and Central Mediterranean. Her history is a record of fearful oppression, ruthless exploitation and a prolonged struggle for national independence. After the death of Skanderberg in 1467, under whom the Albanians had gallantly fought Turkish domination for twenty-five years, Albania passed under Turkish suzerainty and thus remained until 1912. On December 17th, 1912, the London Conference of Ambassadors acknowledged the principle of

Albanian autonomy, and on July 29th, 1913, declared Albania an independent sovereign state. From 1920 to 1925, Albania was a Republic, and from 1925 to 1939 a Kingdom under Ahmed Zogu, better known as King Zog I. With an area of 10,629 square miles—nearly the size of Belgium—the population totals 1,120,522, of whom 69 per cent. are Moslems, 20 per cent. Orthodox Christians, followers of the Albanian Orthodox Church, and 10 per cent. Roman Catholics. Another estimated 900,000 Albanians live outside their country's frontiers, particularly in Greece (Epirus) and Yugoslavia (Kosovo).

The lack of communications has largely conditioned the history of the country and the character of its people. The Albanians are still mainly mountain folks occupying the hilly interior rather than the coastal lowlands. History and geography combined are responsible for the wide assortment of types and communities, and their division into two principal language groups—the Ghegs (in the north) and the Tosks (in the south). The Turkish domination, too, has left a lasting imprint on the national character, as did the English colonial period upon the United States of North America. The aloofness of the land as a whole, and of its centres of settlement in particular, accounts for Albania being one of the least-known parts of Europe; a land where the ultra-modern and the primitive are much in evidence side by side.

Since January 1946 she has been in form and substance a People's Democracy—the mild post-war euphemism to denote a Soviet colony—with the ubiquitous Enver Hoxha (pronounced Hodja) as Premier, War and Foreign Minister and Supreme Commander. The post of Head of the State is not exactly a sinecure. Many were called for it but, having been chosen, very few survived. Prominent among the unhappy candidates was the German Prince zu Wied, who became "Mbret" (King) of Albania in March 1914, when but for British arbitration an Albanian "crisis" threatened to precipitate a world war. The French, with characteristic Gallic wit, labelled him "Le Prince du Vide," and the nickname was, if nothing else, only too apt. Six months later he relinquished the position, quite happy to return to the peace and privacy of his Rhineland estate. But—other days other ways. The present holder of this rather dangerous dignity seems to have been far more successful, at least, until further notice, for—"you never can tell" in a well-regulated New Democracy.

Enver Hoxha has been his country's Chief Executive since October 1944—an unparalleled record for Albania, where in the past Presidents and Premiers succeeded one another with startling frequency. A Soviet nominee, Moscow-inspired and absolutely reliable, Enver has served his masters well. What is more, he has even contrived to render his country great service without reaping the ignominious reward of Tito or other "deviationists" from the thorny straight and narrow path of Marxism-Leninism. His own choice of a profession would have been that of a school teacher. It was only through a combination of circumstances that he became Albania's one-man Government and Moscow's watchdog on the Mediterranean. A leader by virtue of intellect, with the power of explaining profound dogmatic ideas in simple terms to the most simple-minded people, Hoxha is in his forty-first year, but looks much younger. When in plain clothes, sturdy and handsome, Enver could easily be mistaken for some affable beau-about-town. But as Colonel-General Enver Hoxha he is a different man altogether—flamboyant, self-assertive, and full of picturesque idiosyncrasies (some of them strangely reminiscent of

Danilo in *The Merry Widow*). He shares with Goering the doubtful distinction of possessing a wide collection of uniforms and a perpetual desire to wear them. Like his German prototype he, too, has carefully built up his personality on the Prussian model of Führer worship. Yet, in defence of the man and his work, it must be admitted that he is no mere theorist or *poseur*, but a resourceful organiser who can think in terms of planning and development. He leapt into prominence in a world war unique in its magnitude and complexity, owing his success as much to his acute grasp of realities as to an excellent insight into the nature of his fellow-men. Whether one approves of him or not, the fact remains that he is a force to reckon with. Compared with other Balkan star performers he is perhaps imperfectly educated in an academic sense, but his character has qualities which no university could have taught him in a lifetime. Whether he thinks of himself as standing in symbolic relation to his age is not known. What is evident, however, is his determination to endow poor primitive Albania with a New Deal. That and that alone is certainly the most praiseworthy feature of his dynamic personality.

Enver is admirably suited to the troubled times in which we live. Born in Gjinokaster (Argyrocastro) in 1908, scion of a Moslem middle-class family, his early childhood was one of misery and want. Small wonder that after finishing his studies at the French Lycée at Korcha (Koritza) he longed to escape from his dreary environment, and improve his knowledge by travel abroad. History is full of examples of men like him whose unhappy adolescence drove them into a search for learning and culminated in the attainment of genius. None is more eloquent than the life story of another Moslem youth, Mustapha Kemal, who worked his way up from the slums of Salonika to the glory of Kemal Ataturk. In 1930 Enver left for France to study natural science at Montpellier University. A year later occurred the episode which was to have a decisive influence on his whole outlook: the Albanian Government stopped his scholarship, leaving him high and dry in France. Forced to earn his living, Enver proceeded to Paris. There he made the acquaintance of Vaillant-Couturier, chief editor of the Communist daily, *L'Humanité* (the French *Daily Worker*), who commissioned him to write a series of articles on Albania. Presently, Enver went to Brussels as Secretary of the Albanian Legation. Precisely how he embraced a diplomatic career perhaps even he could hardly explain. In addition to his official duties he took a law course at Brussels University, while contributing several more articles to *L'Humanité*, all highly critical of his Government's administration. His appointment was abruptly terminated when the home authorities discovered that the Legation Secretary had somehow overstepped the bounds of diplomacy. Hoxha was recalled, dismissed and forced to take a post of professor of French at the Korcha "Lycée." There, untamed and undeterred, he combined "French without tears" with political agitation—a dual occupation which ended with his arrest in January 1939 on a charge of conspiracy, followed by a brief spell in prison.

Then occurred the second most important event in his life, and the first that revealed his true vocation—the Fascist invasion of Albania on April 7th, 1939. For years past Mussolini, in quest of an easy but spectacular victory, had coveted Albania's territory and natural resources. His military conquest had long been prepared by a systematic extension of Italian control over Albania's army, finances,

customs and trade monopolies. After Hitler's rape of Czechoslovakia, the Duce felt his hour had come. Early on Good Friday, Italian sea and air forces attacked the hapless little country, overcoming its gallant resistance after a few days' bitter fighting. The Italians set up a puppet Government headed by the Quisling Shefret Bey Verlaci, and for the next five years Albania became part of the ramshackle Roman Empire. But the matter did not end there. The initial stupor of defeat soon gave way to a grim determination to oppose the unsolicited "Empire-builders" and their hateful minions. A nationwide movement of guerilla and Resistance groups came into being, gathering momentum as time went on. In September 1942 a convention of patriots met at Peza to co-ordinate and unify the activities of all Resistance groups throughout the country. Eventually three main bodies emerged: the Nationalist "Balli Kombetar," the Royalist "Legality Movement," and the Communist-dominated "National Liberation Front," or F.N.C. (Fronti Nacional Clirintare), of which Hoxha became one of the principal organisers. The amateur revolutionary had at last found his soul.

The Italian invasion had surprised him at Korcha. Well-known for his anti-Fascist views, he was soon dismissed by the new educational authorities. Leaving for Tirana, he set to work organising clandestine resistance to the Fascist New Order. Thereafter, his rise was rapid. He became Political Secretary of the illegal Communist Party, and chief editor of its paper, *Zeri I Popullit* ("The Voice of the People"). His activities attracted the attention of the Italians, who sentenced him to death *in absentia*, and put a price on his head. In July 1943 followed his appointment as military and political head of the F.N.C. Partisans. He directed military operations from a secret H.Q. in the mountains. British and U.S. liaison officers were attached to his troops, who waged intensive warfare on the Italians and—after the Germans had taken over Albania in September 1943—against the Nazis. Though Communist in character, the "National Liberation Front" was often supported by Nationalist Resistance groups. Side by side with military unification, a civil and political organisation grew up which provided the framework of Albania's post-war administration. In October 1944 a Provisional Government was formed, Hoxha being elected Premier and C.-in-C., with the rank of full General. A month later, the Government was transferred to Tirana. On December 4th Hoxha announced that the last Germans had been driven out of Albania. The hecatomb was over. The "National Liberation Front" controlled the whole country. It had carried on the struggle for national independence to its victorious conclusion. The original ill-armed guerillas had changed beyond recognition. December 1944 found Hoxha Supreme Commander of a seasoned, well-disciplined army of 70,000 men equipped mainly from British and U.S. sources. Presently, two Albanian divisions were sent to Yugoslavia, and played a notable part in Tito's liberation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. For Albania the wheel had come full circle. On November 10th, 1945, the Provisional Government was recognised by Britain, the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and France, on the understanding that it would hold elections free of intimidation and police state practices. A General Election took place on December 2nd, at which the "National Liberation Front" secured an overwhelming majority. Full recognition by the Big Four followed on January 5th, 1946. Six days later the Constituent Assembly proclaimed Albania a "People's Democracy."

Hoxha's beginnings as a post-war Premier were tough. Albania had paid a heavy toll in human life and treasure as a price for her liberation; 28,000 of her citizens had been killed, 1,600 villages wrecked or destroyed, transport and administrative services had broken down, and large sections of the population were threatened with starvation. To cope with its appalling difficulties Hoxha's Government applied desperate remedies to a desperate situation. Mines, industries and factories were nationalised, an agrarian reform was adopted, an intensive anti-illiteracy drive initiated, and a beginning made with the reconstruction of roads, bridges and public utilities. With Yugoslavia Hoxha signed a 30-year economic treaty, providing for joint State planning in both countries, a Customs Union, Yugoslav technical and financial aid, and monetary equality between the Yugoslav dinar and the Albanian lek. Yugoslavia also undertook to represent Albanian interests in countries where no Albanian diplomats were accredited. Close economic co-operation was maintained until Tito's quarrel with the Cominform, when Hoxha—at Moscow's behest—broke off all trade relations with Yugoslavia in July 1948. Tito retaliated with a "counter-blockade." Yugoslav deliveries and technical aid ceased, experts and engineers were recalled, and Yugoslav diplomats stopped representing Albania abroad. Deprived of his principal supplier, Hoxha turned to the U.S.S.R. and the Cominform countries for badly needed food and consumer goods. Considerable numbers of Soviet experts, technicians and "advisers" have since reached Albania to replace the expelled Yugoslavs, the result being that Albania is now almost exclusively dependent on Soviet Russia, and more isolated from the rest of Europe than any other country. Hoxha's visit to Moscow a fortnight ago was therefore of particular importance. It was generally believed to have been closely connected with Albania's economic plight and increasing difficulties.

Since the liberation significant changes have also taken place in Hoxha's home and foreign policy. The Communist Party, masquerading as a "National Liberation Front," had won the General Election in December 1945. But, as in all "New Democracies," the national unity motive served as a façade behind which effective power was retained by the Communists, who controlled the police, Press and propaganda. Once firmly established they immediately set to work to build up the one-party State. This process was not completed without the familiar purges, arrests and total liquidation of real and potential opposition elements. Nor was this all. Tito's excommunication by the Cominform was marked by far-reaching repercussions in Albania. On instructions from Moscow, Hoxha began to purge his own party of all "unreliable" followers. A ruthless nation-wide "heresy-hunt" was staged, culminating in the dismissal of Koci Xoxe (pronounced Djodje), the Vice-Premier, and Pandi Christo, Minister and chairman of the State Planning Board, in October 1948. Xoxe's dismissal was nothing short of sensational. Considered Albania's Communist No. 2, he was among the "first of the few" of the Albanian Communist party, had a distinguished war record, and was until his sudden "treachery" the second most powerful man in the country. A month later, Xoxe, Christo and scores of others were arrested as "deviationists" and "enemies of the people."

The pattern of Hoxha's foreign policy became abundantly clear in the spring of 1946, when his relations with Britain and the U.S.

rapidly deteriorated. The British Military Mission in Tirana became the target for violent attacks in the Albanian Press, and every manner of obstacle was put in its way. The British War Graves Commission was expelled. On April 4th, 1946, it was announced in London that "owing to the unfriendly and unco-operative attitude of the Albanian Government, the British Minister-designate, Mr. T. C. Rapp, would not proceed to Tirana, nor would an Albanian diplomatic representative be received in London at this stage." Five months later occurred the incident which made the breach complete. On October 22nd, 1946, two British destroyers, H.M.S. *Saumarez* and H.M.S. *Volage*, struck mines in the Corfu Channel, with the consequent loss of 44 lives and considerable damage to both ships. Britain brought the matter before the U.N. Security Council, which recommended to both Governments to submit it to the Hague International Court. On April 9th, 1949, the Court decided by 11 votes to 5 that Albania was responsible for the mines. U.S. relations with Hoxha were broken off in November 1946, when his Cabinet refused to confirm the validity of treaties in force between the two countries on April 7th, 1939—date of the Italian invasion. Since the Cominform quarrel with Tito, Hoxha has been honoured with the invidious task of abusing the Belgrade Government with unabated violence bordering on hysteria. Shrill denunciatory tirades are poured forth non-stop from the Tirana wireless, synchronised with savage attacks in the official newspapers *Bashkimi* and *Luftitari*. But Hoxha's democrats never do things by halves. Britain, too, has come in for some vilification. A recent editorial in *Zeri I Popullit* entitled "The British Lion under the Whip of Wall Street Maniacs" regaled its readers with lurid accounts of life in a Britain dominated by mass unemployment, scanty food rations and a low standard of living.

Hoxha's personal feelings for his war-time Allies were most eloquently expressed at the Communist Party's congress in Tirana on November 8th, 1948. The congress itself was an outstanding performance in mud-slinging, self-criticism and vitriolic denunciations by Hoxha and a bevy of leading lights, against men who had been their close friends and political co-religionists. Apart from the usual "unanimity," characteristic of every Communist convention, this one was marked by nothing more sensational than a "unanimous" decision to change the name of the Albanian Communist Party to "Albanian Labour Party." The rest of the time was spent in endless disquisitions on Marxist-Leninist "scientific" theories. Hoxha himself spoke for three days running on his Government's stewardship, and fiercely attacked Albania's enemies—Anglo-American Imperialists, King Zog, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., etc., etc. Singled out for particularly harsh treatment were Sir Robert Hodgson, the British Minister to Albania (1928-36), who, according to Hoxha, "had together with King Zog sold Albania to the Italians," and the British and U.S. Military Missions.

The latter he described as "agencies for espionage, sabotage and conspiracies," and "rally-points for all enemies of the people—reactionaries, war criminals, prostitutes and the dregs of the country." Next, he stigmatised pre-war British Imperialism, which "had used King Zog as a jail, whip and scaffold with which to crush all popular movements in Albania," and post-war Anglo-American Imperialism, which "had sought to turn Albania into another Greece." But his hardest hammerblows were reserved for Tito, whom he accused of

having planned the annexation of Albania, and of innumerable other crimes. On November 14th he announced that the Central Committee of his Communist Party had asked the U.S.S.R. for military experts and technicians, "to train the Albanian army in the spirit of the Red Army and Stalinist strategy." Two days later, Touk Yakova, Secretary of this Central Committee, summed up the party's aims thus: "Ours is the party of the People's Revolution, social and economic reforms, and constant struggle against Yugoslav Trotskyism, based on the sound and solid foundation of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin."

Albania to-day has a planned economy. Hoxha's Two-Year Plan for the economic development of the country is a comprehensive and ambitious document, designed to transform backward and undeveloped Albania into a modern industrialised "going concern." Its emphasis is on industrialisation—factories, power stations, public utility projects, and further development of basic industries old and new. In 1949 about 80 per cent. of all investments are to be allotted for industrial and building purposes. Provision has also been made for national education. Primary schools are to be increased to 311 per cent., and secondary schools to 913 per cent. of the 1938 level. Targets for agriculture aim at a 10 per cent. increase in the 1948 total of cultivated land, which was already 19 per cent. higher than in 1938. Precisely how well this planned economy is working out in practice is difficult to assess. Official statistics in the *New Democracies* are issued for the benefit of the gullible and the converted. According to Hoxha's propaganda, the nationalisation of mines and factories has resulted in an increase of 220 per cent. in industrial production and 134 per cent. in mining output compared with the 1938 figures. Stakhanovite methods are being used to intensify the turnover in goods in State-managed concerns. A co-operative movement on the Soviet pattern has been developed both in industry and agriculture, and is playing an ever-increasing part in the national economy. Much has also been done to stimulate production in the oil wells, and the chrome, copper and coal mines. A new oil refinery is to be built, which, it is hoped, will ensure Albania's requirements in fuel and motor fuel. In 1945 the Albanian trade union movement had 25,000 members. In 1948 the figure had risen to 57,000. Education has followed apace. Up to now 109,000 people have been taught to read and write. In agriculture Albania has still a long way to go before reaching anything like peak production. Before the war, only six per cent. of the total area of 2,700,000 hectares was under cultivation of field crops. Since the liberation, various measures have been taken to intensify agricultural output. But that is only half the problem. In industry and agriculture alike Albania is hampered by a desperate shortage of modern equipment, which must be obtained from abroad, and the lack of technicians and skilled workers. If the Two-Year Plan is to succeed, Hoxha will have to find the experts, capital goods and machinery from somewhere.

Hoxha rules Albania from Tirana, but Tirana is not Albania. The capital is a mixture of east and west, and regarded by the more conservative countryside as something of a snob. In the villages the Albanian "People's Democracy" is measured with a different yardstick. The Albanian peasant—the strongest force in the country's life—cares little for the subtleties of Marxism-Leninism or the theories on class struggles. His own struggle for self-preservation is at present

of far greater concern to him and his family. A fierce individualist and proud of his independence, the Albanian peasant is, probably, just as staggered by Hoxha's home-made democracy as the English farmer of 1776 by Watt's steam engine. No doubt he must be wondering whether this enforced "marriage" of the new order to the old is leading.

DAVID INGBER.

BALZAC TO-DAY.

A CENTURY and a half after his death the position of Balzac as a novelist is assured; despite fluctuations of taste and opinion no one has severely endangered his place in the literary hierarchy. But when one comes to describe his work, to talk of his achievement, to compare him with other novelists, unanimity breaks down and it is clear that from the standpoint of to-day he appears in quite different relation to his contemporaries and to literature and society generally than he did in the middle of the nineteenth century. The powers of observation for which he was at first praised have since been eclipsed by Flaubert; the psychological penetration—even the discovery of *la femme de trente ans*—which once seemed incomparable looks crude and simple beside the work of Proust; and the immorality which scandalised Second Empire critics like Poitou appears innocuous, if not prim, to a generation that has produced Henry Miller. Every new work slightly alters our criterion, and as most of the virtues and vices which Balzac was at one time supposed to practise have since been exalted and magnified—especially the vices—there is a danger that we are uncritically accepting a traditional judgment and that Balzac's real qualities have become, perhaps, not lost sight of but at least unregarded.

The physical picture of him is familiar enough. Every reader knows the squat, ugly, pot-bellied man with the noisy laugh and the coarse conversation. One sees him roused at midnight in the Rue de Cassini, pulling on his monkish cloak, sitting down at his desk with a sheaf of plain paper in front of him and working feverishly through the night, scrawling, erasing, recasting, with an occasional gulp of air at the window, till morning brings a short pause; then work again till lunch, after lunch work once more till dinner, and, about seven or eight, bed for an hour or two's sleep.

His psychology, too, is clear in its essentials. After an unhappy childhood and some miserable years at school, he was forced against his will into a lawyer's office; the cramping environment and the constant unfavourable comparison with his younger brother would have aroused a compensating desire for self-assertion in a man with half his energy and imagination. Legend has it that on his mantel-piece he kept a small statue of Napoleon with the inscription "Finish with the pen what he began with the sword." Whether the story is true or not, there is certainly something Napoleonic in his unflagging, tyrannic determination to succeed, to achieve greatness at all costs.

But what neither his physique nor his psychological formation can account for is his driving force. This differs from his aims, while invigorating them; apart altogether from his devouring ambition, he gave his friends the impression of a dæmonic energy that took possession of him and swept him on through doubts and difficulties—an energy as crude and primitive as the forces of Nature. The slavery

to which he voluntarily condemned himself could not be adequately explained away by a mere thirst for fame or glory; it was commanded by some peremptory and essentially Balzacian dynamic, a fire that glowed and erupted as inevitably as Vesuvius.

Where women are concerned his thrustful purpose is as deliberate and inescapable as in his work. He did not, it is true, use them as mere stepping-stones in his career, social or literary; he was too vulnerable for that. Mme de Berny's death—perhaps she was the only woman for whom he felt a deep and abiding affection—wrung from him words in which he suddenly ceased to pose as an indefatigable genius and became again a grateful, awkward boy from the provinces; Mme de Castries wounded and laid bare his pride; and Mme Hanska aroused all his Romantic sentimentality. But if Mme de Berny had not possessed such social poise and *savoir vivre*, if Mme de Castries had not boasted noble blood and the title of Marquise, if Mme Hanska had not been—better still—a Polish Countess, would he have loved all or any of them? One doubts it in a man who was always pressing forward to a definite goal and curbing the passion of love with the passion of ambition.

With all the intensity of his ideas and emotions Balzac stands out as a simple person, vigorous indeed because of his simplicity. And it is remarkable how his own traits emerge in the characters of his novels, transmuted but still recognisable. Grandet he has infused with his own desire for money, with the difference that whereas Balzac was always striving to make a fortune, Grandet is striving to retain one; to Rastignac he has given his ambition, stripped of his scruples and fostered by more favourable opportunities; Baron Hulot, in turn, represents his hankering after trivial amours, which are aggravated by advancing age and a responsible position; even Goriot's insane love of his daughters may spring from the love at the core of Balzac's own life—the love for his literary progeny. All these people are like himself, but simpler, representing only one facet of his personality, and they all develop to an antisocial extreme, characteristics which were, and still are, regarded in bourgeois French society as either virtues or minor foibles. In the circle in which Balzac had grown up, occasional *bonnes fortunes* were winked at, if not boasted about; only when, as in Hulot's case, they broke up a man's life and wrecked his marriage, did they become anything more than minor indiscretions. As for thrift, ambition and paternal love, such virtues formed the backbone of the family, and Balzac seriously commended them unless they reached the point at which they frustrated their purpose and disrupted the family and with it the whole structure of society. In short, his morality is basically bourgeois and conventional. If he is credited with showing the devastating effects of a vice not only on an individual but on his friends, relations and neighbours, and with tracing out the repercussions on quite innocent and unsuspecting people, on the debit side must go the fact that his condemnation derives from an unoriginal and shallow ethos deduced from the temporary state of capitalist society. His attitude is still intelligible and largely acceptable to us to-day because we are living in economic conditions that do not differ widely from those he knew, but it is hard to believe that in five hundred years' time, when some new order has replaced ours, his novels will not savour strongly of moral provincialism.

He was also bourgeois in the Romantic meaning of the word; he

was not an artist. No doubt many of the imperfections in his work are due to the stress under which he wrote, and the enormous industry with which he revised and recast passages in manuscript, on the galley proofs and even on the page proofs, shows that he was aware of defects and distressed by them. No one can say that he was ever satisfied. On the other hand, his anxiety to display his encyclopædic knowledge of obscure terms and technical details confirms what is already evident in the style and structure of his novels—that he had no exacting sense of form. The point must not be laboured. It may be, as Flaubert recognised, that a fastidious æsthetic sense does not go with outstanding creative power and that only writers who lack the tumultuous vigour that Balzac certainly possessed can afford time and energy to devote to the balance of a chapter and the harmony of a cadence. In any case, there can be two views on his style; at first critics united to praise it, and not till the 'forties, when his numerous activities had aroused a good deal of animosity and he was spoken of as a failing genius, did he run into serious censure on that account.

But impossible as it may be to pick out passages that are impeccable in design and execution, the dense texture of Balzac's writing is half his effect; for by filling in every tiny detail of background he manages to enhance the reality of his characters. When we have coped with the lengthy description of the Maison Vauquer and know our way in every nook and cranny of the house, we are far readier than we should have been to accept Mme Vauquer, Vautrin, Goriot and Rastignac without inquiring too closely into their probability; the meticulous realism in the environment disguises the complete lack of realism in the characterisation. For, of course, the gallery of Balzacian portraits is scarcely human at all. Simple himself, incapable of self-analysis, he delineated people who display a startling and absolute singleness of purpose, an unprecedented consistency of behaviour. And there, curiously enough, lies his power. He takes a figure dominated by some passion and drives him on mercilessly, screwing up the tension till at last there is a sublime explosion of typical banality. Goriot's "*Ah! mes anges*" is the quintessence of deluded father-love; Claës's search for the absolute is ended by his sudden death when he hears a report that it has been discovered; at his last gasp Grandet clutches at the crucifix held towards him by the priest. After the elimination of Grandet there is no further explosion of this kind to emphasise Eugénie's monomania because the book must close on an impression of complete flatness; all Eugénie's love and sacrifice culminate in the dullness of lonely widowhood. "*La maison de Saumur, maison sans soleil, sans chaleur, sans cesse ombragée, mélancolique, est l'image de sa vie.*" But again, there is not even a suggestion of psychological complexity and the eternally recurrent background masks a very superficial conception of character.

So when Balzac imagined he was creating a vast fresco of nineteenth-century history rivalling in detail and extent the documents of the Registrar-General, he was wrong for reasons that never occurred to him. The idea came late, and he immediately worked out a theoretical justification and divided his published works under different headings. That he was impressed, almost intoxicated, by the scope of his own achievement can surprise no one; he had conjured up a society of living creatures, hating, toiling, loving, scheming, hoping, marrying, suffering and dying like the people around him, and by cross-reference

and repetition he had made this world of his seem as vast, haphazard and unfriendly as nineteenth-century France. Then came the leap of identification; the two societies—the real one and the fictional one—were not merely similar, they were the same. He was a historian as well as a novelist.

His friends are unanimous that in his own mind there seems to have been no absolute distinction between the people he wrote about and the people he mixed with. Jules Sandeau was talking one day about his sister, who was ill, and Balzac cut in: "That's all very well, my friend, but let's come back to reality and Eugénie Grandet." Suspiciously neat though it may be, the story is essentially true; bent eighteen hours a day over his writing-desk, Balzac lived more intensely in fiction than in the real world and had ceased to possess any effective criterion by which to judge the credibility of his imaginings. Like a child he could still believe in giants and ogres—in Vautrin and Corentin; and like a child he expected everybody else to accept his fantasies. Somewhere in his personality there ran a mystical vein. Not that he was in any sense a religious man. But in Swedenborg and Saint-Martin he discovered at different times a sense of mystery which corresponded to his own instinctive feeling that the humdrum world was modified and moulded by the transcendent powers of thought and imagination. His halting lyricism fumbled after the expression of this feeling, and did not find it.

The comparison that has often been made between Balzac and Molière because both isolated and developed individual vices shows the divergence between two types of mind. Molière, so sensible and sane, sets the normal against the abnormal and counterbalances Alceste with Philinte. But in Balzac there are no Philintes; all his main characters are preoccupied with some maggot, whether it is the innocuous political ambition of Thuillier or the voluptuous greed of Mme Marneffe. He saw life in that way: a criss-cross pattern of straight lines, none of which can be regarded as the norm. And when one comes to sum him up as a novelist and to ask what remains of his work to-day and will remain when the society he belonged to has merged into some different order, there is no doubt, despite his unrivalled industry and inexhaustible fancy, that his picture is strictly limited. Moreover, the limitation is one not of technique but vision: to so many subtleties, to so many things of value, he was incurably blind. He cannot rank with Racine, Goethe or Cervantes. Yet the deepest impression one takes away is not of disagreement or disappointment; it is of admiration for a mind from which such a procession of characters could spring—such a cavalcade of misers, politicians, criminals, courtesans, usurers, spendthrifts, epicures, aspirants, rakes, flappers, matrons, recusants, dullards and rogues; of affection too for a man who wore himself out in a lifetime of drudgery by the pen; and of ultimate bafflement at the creative fire which burned so brightly within him.

PHILIP SPENCER.

THE SOVIET ECONOMIC POSITION.

AN English trade union leader who was invited to attend the tenth congress of the Soviet trade unions noticed in Moscow, in contrast to London, an abundance of food and all the goods that go to make life happy for the ordinary citizen. A friend of his

was impressed by the number of new cars he saw in the streets of Moscow, by the housing construction, and in general by the obvious advance in the standard of life of the Russian people. In a recent broadcast from Moscow both attempted to suggest that the progress achieved during the last ten years was "terrific," and that the Russians of to-day were better off than the Englishmen. This is exactly what Soviet propaganda wants the people in and outside the U.S.S.R. to believe. How different, however, is the reality!

The Soviet Union occupies one-seventh of the land area of the earth, with a population about one-twelfth of the world, but only one-fifth of Soviet territory can be utilised for farming, and not easily at that, as for climatic reasons its fertility is low. The collectivisation of Soviet agriculture rendered easier the control of the peasantry by the government, but did not increase the amount of agricultural production per head of population. Before 1914 Russia was producing about 1,496 lb. of grain per head which, strangely enough, is exactly the target fixed for 1950. Actual production in 1947 was one-fifth less. Also the production of meat, milk, butter and sugar in 1947 was lower than in 1913. In 1947 the ratio of cattle was one head per four inhabitants as opposed to one head per two inhabitants in 1914; the target for 1951 is one head per three inhabitants. In 1947 the proportion of pigs was 1 per 15 inhabitants, against 1 to 6 in 1914, and the target for 1951 is 1 pig per 11 inhabitants. If the respective targets are reached the Soviet population in 1951 will have an annual ration of about 30 lb. of meat, 6 lb. of butter and 28 lb. of sugar per head.* The quantities of these commodities consumed in Great Britain in 1947 were 77 lb. of meat, 11.2 lb. of butter and 79.8 lb. of sugar. As, however, the stomachs of Soviet citizens have to be filled with something, the potato crop is steadily increasing: in 1913 Russia was producing only 423 lb. per head, but the target for 1950 is 1,335 lb. Before 1914 potatoes were hardly the staple food of the Russian people. *Shchi da kasha pishcha nasha* (cabbage soup and porridge is our food)—went the old saying.

Soviet citizens are in the main shabby and ill-shod, and there is no prospect of any rapid improvement in conditions. The targets for 1950, for instance, are one yard of woollen fabric per inhabitant, compared with 4.6 yards per head which in England in 1947 was at the disposal of the home civilian market. The supply of cotton fabrics in the Soviet Union should be easier in 1950, when it is planned to produce 27 yards per head, but during the long Russian winter something better than cotton clothing is needed. Leather footwear is also scarce in the Soviet Union. Output in 1938 was approximately one pair yearly per inhabitant, but the target for 1950 is only four pairs per five inhabitants. In Great Britain in 1947 the shoe industry produced two pairs of leather footwear per head, and the United States *per capita* output was almost three pairs.

Already before the war there was a great housing shortage in the Soviet Union. While the housing floor space per head in towns was about $7\frac{1}{2}$ square yards in 1923, in 1939 it had sunk to under 5 square yards. The situation deteriorated during the war. Nikolay A. Voznes-

* The averages for meat and butter are calculated on the basis of figures given in the three-year plan for the development of livestock published in April 1949. According to this plan, the number of collectively owned beef and dairy cattle at the end of 1951 should be not less than 34 million head. Cattle now in the personal ownership of Soviet peasants number about 30 million head and it is assumed that in 1951 this figure would be unchanged.

ensky—recently dismissed from the chairmanship of the State Planning Commission and membership of the Politburo of the All Union Communist Party—wrote in his book *Soviet Economy During the Second World War* that out of 2,567,000 dwelling houses in occupied Soviet towns, 1,209,000 were destroyed or wrecked, the floor space demolished amounting to more than 50 per cent. of the total housing in the cities affected. He added that in order to restore pre-war conditions for the population of the liberated areas of the U.S.S.R. it was necessary to build over 72 million square yards of housing floor space in the cities of these areas alone. The five-year plan provided for building and repairing by 1950 only 101 million square yards of floor space, of which only 39 million were allocated to war-damaged areas. Expressed in terms more familiar to British ears, the Soviet housing target for 1950 means 120,000 five-roomed houses, against 425,720 permanent houses built in the United Kingdom from the end of the war to December 31st, 1948. Shortage of building material makes it unlikely that the Soviet target will be reached. The Soviet Press does not conceal its disappointment, a typical comment being the statement by *Izvestia* that "residential construction is as yet among the most backward branches of our national economy."

If present-day Soviet citizens are not better but rather worse fed, clad and housed than their fathers in Tsarist Russia, can they at least be proud of the industrial progress of their country? Here, undoubtedly, the achievements are real. The production of coal was 29 million tons in 1913, 166 million tons in 1940, and the target for 1950 is fixed at 250 million tons. The respective figures for steel are 4.2, 18.3 and 25.4 million tons. Expressed per head of the population these figures mean that in 1950 the Soviet Union proposes to produce $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of coal per head, against 4 tons produced in 1948 in Great Britain or in the United States. In steel the discrepancy is greater still: against some 300 lb. per head which the Soviet Union hopes to produce in 1950, Great Britain and the United States in 1947 produced 628 lb. and 1,008 lb. respectively.

Motorisation in general in the Soviet Union and that of agriculture in particular is hampered by the relatively low output of petroleum. It is true that the production of crude oil increased between 1913 and 1938 from 9.2 to 31 million tons, but in 1947 it was estimated at only 22 million tons, and the target for 1950 is fixed at 35.4 million tons. While in 1938 the Soviet output represented 10 per cent of world production, in 1947 the proportion dropped to 5 per cent. The Middle East alone to-day produces two and a half times as much as the Soviet Union; Soviet production is approximately one barrel per head, compared with fourteen barrels in the United States. Superficially minded visitors to Moscow may admire the new Soviet cars—which, incidentally, are copies of American models—but they should not forget that the U.S.S.R. possesses only one motor car for every 294 inhabitants, compared with one for every twenty-four in Great Britain, and one for every four and a half in the United States.

Soviet statesmen proclaim that the Soviet industrial output to-day is ninefold the Russian production of 1913. However, only one in sixteen inhabitants is employed in industry, as against one in eight in the United States and one in five in Great Britain. In his speech of February 9th, 1946, Joseph V. Stalin insisted on the basic difference between the methods of industrialisation in "capitalist" countries and the "Socialist" Soviet Union. In capitalist countries it usually

begins with light industry, but in the Soviet Union it started with heavy industry. In other words, in capitalist countries civilian consumption comes first, and in the Soviet Union the stress was from the beginning on armaments. "The party knew," said Stalin, "that war was coming, that it was impossible to defend the country without heavy industry." In the light of the German aggression of 1941 this policy was right; but what is the explanation of the continuation of this policy to-day? Stalin said that the ultimate aim of industrialisation was not only to "come level" with the major capitalist countries, but to "surpass" them in the near future—to surpass them, of course, mainly in armaments.

When the first five-year plan was announced in 1928 the Soviet budget was balanced at 8,830 million roubles; the estimated revenue of the 1949 budget is 446,043 million roubles. This fifty-five-fold expansion is a proof of inflation, although the actual currency circulation in the Soviet Union is not published. In his book Voznesensky states that whereas during World War I the currency circulation of Tsarist Russia increased fourteen-fold, in the U.S.S.R., in the course of World War II, the increase was only two-and-a-half-fold. If the latter allegation were true it remains to explain why at the stabilisation of December 14th, 1947, one new rouble was given for ten of the old currency. If the official Soviet exchange rate (£1=Rb. 21) corresponded to the real purchasing power of the Soviet currency, the actual budgetary revenue per head in the U.S.S.R. would have been £109, as against £80 in Great Britain. In fact it is probably no more than one-fifth of this amount.

In connection with the Government decree of February 28th, 1949, reducing the retail prices of consumer goods—bread by 10 per cent., vodka by 28 per cent., etc.—it is interesting to mention two cost-of-living comparisons made recently by the *New York Times* and the Swedish Liberal daily *Dagens Nyheter*. Both newspapers tried to compare American and Soviet and Swedish and Soviet retail prices in man-hour equivalents. The results were highly instructive. The *New York Times* showed that in December 1948 an American had to work 7 minutes to get 1 lb. of white bread as opposed to a Russian who must work 31 minutes to secure the same amount of rye bread; according to *Dagens Nyheter*, in January 1949, a Swede had to work 5 minutes to earn 1 lb. of rye bread, but a Russian needed 34 minutes. For 1 lb. of butter the respective man-hour equivalents were estimated as 48½ minutes in the United States and 10 hours 42 minutes in the U.S.S.R.; *Dagens Nyheter* calculated that to earn 1 lb. of butter a Swede had to work 1 hour 13 minutes but a Russian 11 hours 48 minutes.

These figures were compiled on the basis of 500 roubles a month as the average wage for a Soviet worker. The monthly earnings of the privileged class in the Soviet Union are much higher. This uniformed and bemedalled new aristocracy is comparatively as large as were the *chinovniki* and army officers under the Tsarist régime. But while the latter were certain of their jobs ranks and pay instability of the private lives of all party bosses and army officers is the condition of the continuity of the Soviet system. Even members of the Politburo do not enjoy security. As to the average citizens, they are disciplined by the knowledge that there are camps of forced labour, where an estimated number of from 10 to 15 million "class enemies" are helping to build "Socialism," that every party member and every non-party man in a position of some responsibility has his card in Malenkov's files, and that 500,000 members of Beria's up-to-date armed police,

supplemented by a dense network of spies, are watching over home security. It is not surprising, therefore, that Soviet citizens think first and speak after, rarely saying what they think.

It is the conviction of the Kremlin leaders that Communist revolution must triumph everywhere in the end, and they consider it their duty to do everything possible to hasten this eventuality. They remember, however, Lenin's injunction "not to fight when you are assured of defeat." This cursory analysis of the Soviet economic position is sufficient to show that if they were to choose to fight now their defeat would be certain, which alone explains why the Kremlin is applying in Europe tactics which have all the appearance of a peace offensive. But the strategic aim remains unchanged. To describe the U.S.S.R. as a colossus with feet of clay would be wishful thinking, but if the Atlantic Powers are firm, united and imaginative they may yet save Europe. In the words of Marshal Lyautey: *Il faut montrer la force pour ne pas avoir à s'en servir.*

K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI.

A BROTHER OF NAPOLEON.

THE third child of Carlo and Letitia Bonaparte stood head and shoulders, and not alone physically, above those three brothers selected by Napoleon to serve as kingly brilliants in the setting of his Imperial Crown. Personally handicapped by long spindly legs, a small head, and an extreme shortness of vision which induced a constant stoop, Lucien's attractive smile captured people, and especially women. Endowed with brilliant imagination and rare talents, he had the gift of oratory, whilst throughout his life he consistently maintained those Republican principles which proved so often to run counter to the plans and designs of his famous brother. Yet, despite the incorruptibility of his personal views, he had, as he himself stated, been once a direct means of assisting Napoleon on the first steps of the throne, for he never failed in his loyalty to the brother who had early assumed headship of the family.

At the age of twenty-two, succeeding his denunciation to France of the Corsican patriot Paoli, whom Napoleon had once served as trusted lieutenant, which caused a necessary migration of the Buonaparte family from Corsica and resulted in an adoption of the French equivalent of their patronymic, Lucien became storekeeper at the village of Maximin in Provence. His early training as an ecclesiastical student, aspiring to the priesthood, had ended in the decision of his superiors as well as of himself that he had no vocation, whilst his shortness of vision barred the way to the military career he would have chosen. At Maximin, which he playfully called Marathon, whilst himself adopting the sobriquet of Brutus, he became guiding spirit of the local Jacobin club, and the ardent suitor of Christine Boyer, daughter of the village innkeeper. Christine's charm of manner and gentle ways commended themselves to her husband's family, eventually overcoming the at first declared hostility of Napoleon, who claimed a despotic right in arranging or forbidding the marriages of his brothers and sisters. On Lucien's return with his wife to Paris he became the youngest member and eventually President of the Council of Five Hundred. Thus he was destined to take a leading part in those events of the famous eighteenth day of Brumaire which saw the fall of the Directory and resulted in Napoleon's rise to supreme

power as First Consul. He had vainly tried to still the outburst which greeted his brother's entrance into the orangery at St. Cloud. Shouts of "Down with the Cromwell," "No dictator" and "Outlaw him" were followed by a call to the President to put the decision as to out-lawry to the vote. On his refusal, at the same time throwing aside his presidential robes, he became threatened with personal danger, averted by the timely entrance on Napoleon's order of a Grenadier company who cleared the hall.

The First Consul appointed Lucien to the post of Minister of the Interior, an office which gave scope for his administrative abilities. A personal incident marked both his generosity and his determination of character. A gentleman attired in long blue greatcoat, silk pantaloons and small round hat was approached one morning by a boy begging on behalf of his mother and two small sisters. Lucien stopped and made inquiries, which resulted in his bestowing a louis d'or and sending supplies of food and fuel to the distressed family. On further investigation the Minister of the Interior found that the father, an exemplary official, had been arbitrarily dismissed by a ministerial whim, and Lucien had him appointed to a good post. On his wife's early death, the result of a miscarriage, Lucien went to Spain as Ambassador, where during his tenure of that post the treaties of Badajoz and St. Ildefonso were signed, the latter transferring Louisiana to France.

The growing estrangement between Lucien and Napoleon was a source of great anxiety to their mother, Letitia, who vainly attempted to heal the breach. At a meeting between them at Malmaison, shortly before the Empire's proclamation, Lucien addressed these prophetic words to his brother, on their interview, proving to him that the happy days of the Roman Forum were being superseded by the rule of Augustus. "You are determined to destroy the Republic. . . . Well, then, assassinate her, mount your throne over her murdered remains and those of her children; but mark well what one of those children predicts. This empire which you are erecting by force and violence will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed thus." Seizing a screen from the mantelpiece, he crushed it between his fingers. Then drawing from his pocket his watch, he threw it on the ground and, stamping on it, added, "Yes, ground to powder—like this!" A later meeting at Mantua in Italy was arranged by the Emperor, who had come to realise that Lucien was the one brother on whose outstanding ability he could place dependence and whom he desired by every possible means to enlist in the furtherance of his schemes for the reconstruction of Europe under his ægis. It was mainly her feeling that her favourite son was being unfairly treated by Napoleon that induced their mother to leave France before the Emperor's coronation, and to remain in Italy till after it had taken place. Nevertheless, in the famous painting by David of the ceremony in Notre-Dame, Madame Mère appears seated beside her son. She proceeded to Rome, where, as in other Italian cities, she was greeted with almost royal honours.

Lucien arrived at Mantua at nine o'clock in the evening and was affectionately welcomed by the Emperor, who inquired after his health and if he had had a good journey. During a lengthy conversation Napoleon made use of all that charm of manner which when employed by him was usually effective. Unrolling a large map of Europe, he invited his brother to choose the kingdom he preferred,

at the same time assuring him that his hopes were centred on his acceptance. Lucien was not insensible to his brother's entreaties, but rejoined that if he accepted the offer of a kingdom it would have to include an absolutely free hand to rule according to his conscience. The Emperor suggested that reflection might result on the morrow in a different conclusion, and the two parted amicably. But Lucien had not been moved from his Republican standpoint, and returning to his waiting carriage quitted Mantua that same night. As he told his brother, he remained the same man in the Emperor's presence as when in his curule robes he presided over the Council of Five Hundred, a convinced Republican. In this interview he showed himself as of sterner stuff than his younger brother, Jerome, whom he had unavailingly advised to return to the wife he had married when an *enseigne de vaisseau*, serving with a French fleet in American waters.

Lucien vetoed a proposed marriage of his daughter Charlotte with the Prince of the Asturias, heir to the Spanish throne. His second marriage, with a widow, Madame Joubberthou, had been met with violent disapproval on the part of the Emperor, who was anxious that a divorce, or at any rate a separation, should be arranged. With this view he offered the Duchy of Parma to Madame Lucien with her husband replacing Murat on the throne of Naples. Lucien's wife was devoted to her husband, and, anxious not to stand in the way of his advancement, she wrote to the Emperor a letter of acceptance, which was intercepted and destroyed by Lucien, who declared that nothing on earth should separate him from his wife and children. He was very fortunate in both his marriages and found in Madame Joubberthou a woman who shared to the full his artistic tastes.

At the time of Napoleon's coronation he had retired to Italy, later receiving from Pius VII the principality of Canino. In Italy he was able to pursue a literary and artistic life and busied himself in antiquarian researches and excavations. He was indignant at the spoliation of the States of the Church by Napoleon and at his instance Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Papal Secretary of State, wrote a protest, the tenor of which must have astonished the Emperor. Pius VII had accorded Lucien the hospitality of his dominions and his picture accompanied him when he left Italy, for, as he said, he could not leave the portrait of the man who had befriended him. Determined to shake the dust of Europe from his feet, Lucien embarked, with his family, on an American vessel. But his odyssey was not destined to end on the shores of the New World, for the ship was held up by two English frigates outside the Sardinian port of Calvi, where he had intended landing to rest his family for a few days after a stormy voyage across the Mediterranean. But an embargo had been placed on their landing by the local authorities at the instance of the British Consul. A boarding party, headed by the captain of one of the frigates, drew alongside the American vessel, whose master, indignant at this insult to his flag, levelled a pistol at the English captain. Lucien's prompt action in knocking the weapon out of the American's hand before he could fire averted a possible tragedy.

The travellers were then taken aboard the English frigate, which sailed for Malta, where they were eventually lodged in the Castle of St. Anthony, former residence of the Grand Masters of the Sovereign Order of Malta. At the close of the year of their arrival Lucien was informed of the English Government's intention to remove the party to England. He vainly protested, and his request that his family

should be permitted to remain until the spring and so be spared the stormy voyage to England was refused. The journey, owing to tempestuous seas, was protracted to six weeks, and on their landing they were removed to Ludlow Castle, the honeymoon residence of Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry VIII, and Catharine of Aragon. Here they were limited to a two-mile distance of their place of detention. Later, Lucien was permitted to reside with his family at Thorngrove, a Worcestershire property he purchased from a compatriot for 18,000 guineas. Here he lived the life of a private English gentleman and was able to indulge to the full his penchant for art and literature. In the private theatre which he fitted up were acted plays in which his wife and children took principal parts. The tragedy of *Clotaire* was given before an audience of two hundred persons of the middle class, for Lucien eschewed the aristocracy, whom he labelled as Tories and in league with the Ministry which had been the cause of his forced stay in England. Much interested in astronomy, Lucien visited the famous astronomer Herschel and purchased his famous telescope for 50,000 francs, with which he discovered a new constellation.

Lucien's loyalty to Napoleon, a loyalty wholly unaffected by the divergence of their political opinions, brought him once more to Paris for the fateful Hundred Days. On the Emperor's return from Waterloo, when he found that his Ministry absolutely vetoed his offer to reorganise and personally lead an army in defence of France, it was Lucien who attempted to persuade his brother to make a last stand against his enemies at home as well as abroad. "Dare," he said to him simply. "I have dared too much already," replied the Emperor. After a short incarceration in the castle of Turin Lucien was permitted to return to his wife and family and to resume his favourite pursuits. With these, and the compilation of his *Memoirs*, the Prince of Canino employed the remainder of his life, passing away in 1840 in his sixty-fifth year, eleven years before the restoration of the French Empire in the person of his nephew, Louis Napoleon.

JOSCELYNE LECHMERE.

THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

AS the French soldiers passed under the bridge on their way to take over the coal pit from the pickets, the strikers, hiding on the top of the bridge, poured petrol over them and tried to set them alight with torches and tapers. To listen to the B.B.C. announcer reading the story in the news was sickening and hardly bearable. It cried immediately for an antidote, and what came to mind was a rather dimly remembered lecture of Charles Morgan's, "France is an Idea Necessary to Civilisation," which is printed in the second volume of his *Reflections in a Mirror*. So I found the book and read it again. The thesis is that European civilisation and the liberty it guards are both destroyed when England and France are divided. The forces of division gain their strength from four factors—the cries of "Never trust a Froggy" and "Perfide Albion," the chronic French governmental instability and the French suspicion that England never sufficiently understands her need of security from Germany. Then Mr. Morgan goes on to give his reasons for believing that there can be no real civilisation in Europe without what France has to bring to it, independence of mind, the experience

of pleasure considered as a fine art, and æsthetic awareness widely spread throughout the population.

All that, though true, is not original. We have all heard it a thousand times before, and it is Mr. Morgan's quite beautiful prose style which makes his statement of it memorable. So far it had no point of contact with those miners who had been trying to commit arson on their living fellow-countrymen. Yet it was they who had called the lecture to mind. But as I read on I found the connection. It was an illustration Mr. Morgan embeds in the middle of a paragraph. During the first winter of the war the Admiralty sent him to France as a liaison officer and he found himself living in a wooden hut near the Château de Maintenon.

In the morning, a little before breakfast time, while I was waiting for my relief, there would often come a knock at the door and a French sailor or marine or a little group of them would appear carrying French translations of books of mine. And they were not what in America are called "fans." They had come to discuss highly technical points of method and construction, and soon, because all French criticism is comparative and is based on the masters, we were discussing Balzac and Stendhal, and I was learning from them.

He has no more about those French sailors, but he assumes that they were an average cross-section of the French young workers, and draws the moral that the French people, as a whole and in every class, take culture and art in their stride. "I believe," he says finally, "there is no other country where the same thing could happen."

This ought to have been reassuring, but it was not. For it called to mind another and a very different testimony, this time from a Frenchman, about the spiritual and cultural condition of the French proletariat. Its author was the Abbé Godin, who died a few years ago, worn out by his heroic Christian exertions in the Red Belt of Paris. He was a priest of the Mission de Paris, an organisation formed to attempt afresh what the French parish churches had signally failed to do, the winning of the French industrial worker and his family into the membership of Christ and His Church. For years he and the other priests and workers of the mission lived with the workers and shared their lives in every particular. That experience he put into a book, *La France—Pays de Mission ?*, of which the common phrase, "written with his heart's blood," would for once be hardly extravagant. The common secularity of outlook which had galloped apace in France ever since 1789 has by now become a new, positive, and deeply secular attitude to life and a totally unchristian scheme of moral values among the mass of the proletariat in the great French cities. Secularity has gone farther in France than anywhere else in the West and therefore the strictly godless morality it produces has bitten deeper. But wherever secularity ousts a supernatural religion, and to the extent that it does so, the same result must happen. This morality is described by Godin as narrowly pragmatist, varying from a heedless godlessness to a militant secularity, the total enveloping of national by class loyalties, and as having a devastating effect upon culture. The French workers, he says again and again, do not merely have no Christian culture: they have no culture of any sort. The consequences for France are what we have seen them to be, and this is the reason why one group of French people can pour petrol on another group and try to set them aflame.

For the length of a longish book Godin fills out the diagnosis, and

out of the immensity of his experience wrestles with the problem of how best Christianity can cast out such a secularity as this. At the end he comes to his remedy. The only way is that of cellular expansion. The thing the French Church must do is to plant little cells of Christian people all over the vast and utterly secular heart of the new proletarian community, and then leave them free to propagate the Faith by the strength of their own infectiousness. It is after all very much the way in which the tiny handful of Christians left after our Lord's Ascension succeeded in imposing their will upon the whole of the then known world within three hundred years, which is still the most astonishing success of a forlorn hope to be found in the whole range of history.

The French problem of how to arrest a widespread apostasy from Christianity, with all its evidently damnable social consequences, is more severe in degree but not different in kind from the problem of most other nations. It is not therefore surprising that many of the thinking Christians of other nations should have come in recent years to exactly the same conclusions as the Abbé Godin. But they have come to them independently of M. Godin and of each other. The conclusion is that the vanguard of militant Christianity in our time is the small dedicated and committed group of disciples. When Hugh Lister, a priest of the Anglican Church, went to work in Hackney he found he could do no good except through the trade unions, and that his main instrument had to be the small group of such trade unionists as were practising Christians. And to-day there are many hundreds of little cells of Christians (nobody knows exactly how many) meeting together for fellowship, prayer, and the corporate bearing of witness all over the country, which comprise people of every conceivable kind. Away across the world in Japan Bishop Yashiro of Kobe has recently said that to-day the Japanese Christians "have returned to primitive Christianity, to little groups of believers meeting in one another's houses to challenge an empire." In China, too, they have been driven to it by the destruction of many church buildings and the collapse of any but the most rudimentary diocesan organisation. In fact almost everywhere this sort of thing is happening among Christians—tiny little communities of those who mean business by their religion meeting in houses and factories. It is hardly possible to doubt that this is the leading of the Holy Spirit to the Church of our time. In Yashiro's inspiring phrase, these minute groups or cells meet "to challenge an empire"—the empire of militant secularism and heedless godlessness. It sounds pretty futile until one remembers that the Communists have pretty effectively challenged the whole world as organised around the traditional sanctions, and that the primary instrument they have everywhere used to do it is the little cell of Communists. With this most potent and infinitely adaptable and flexible weapon they have become a power to be seriously reckoned with in virtually every country in the world. It will itself be seriously challenged by Christendom when every factory, every trade union, every regiment, every ship and every Parliament is honeycombed by little cells of their own Christian members. We are far, very far indeed, from doing anything of the sort, but we are beginning to move towards it, and it is men like Godin in France and Yashiro in Japan who have charted much of the course.

The Christian problem is the world problem too, and it can be put like this: the consequences of secularity are plain—cruelty, lying, bad

faith, dishonesty, the destruction of the family. All these things are bad. They destroy liberty and they make a hell of life. Secularity breeds them, and therefore secularity must be destroyed. But secularity is an atmosphere and a suggestion; it is rarely a militant crusade. The heart of its suggestion is that God is not necessary to progress because man, if he needs to be saved at all, can perfectly well save himself and his institutions. Very few think this out, but very many believe it. They come to believe it not by argument but by the processes of suggestion. Militant crusading can do little to deal with this sort of thing and exhortation can do less. You cannot crusade or exhort for more than a very few hours in a day, but the suggestions of secularity go on ceaselessly the whole time, twenty-four hours a day, year in and year out. It may help a little to demonstrate that secularity is intellectually contemptible and morally debasing, but the words "a little" exactly estimates the real effect of this demonstration. To deal with an atmosphere you must have another and a better atmosphere, and it is only a suggestion which can destroy a suggestion. When the thing you have to deal with is the perpetual suggestion of secularity, the small but resolute Christian cell, endlessly multiplied, is exactly what is needed because the mere power of the "togetherness" of its members becomes itself an infection with tremendous range, and it infects its environment by a suggestion which goes on day and night, and without its members being more than very dimly aware of what is happening. So it was in the first three centuries of Christendom and so it is likely to be in this century.

In many different parts of the world then, and not least in our own country, little groups of Christians are regularly meeting together in each other's houses. Bishop Yashiro has told us what they are doing: they are "challenging an empire." They themselves are chary about using that kind of language. It sounds too heroic and dramatic. They look at each other, so ordinary and so homespun, and "heroes" does not seem the right word somehow; and they try periodically to discover how much they have actually achieved, and certainly it does not seem particularly dramatic. No one hears very much about them for they shrink from publicity and dislike fuss; and indeed there is but little news value in what they do. What they are matters so much more and is in the end so much more effective. Nevertheless Bishop Yashiro is exactly and soberly right: they are in fact challenging the most immensely potent empire in this world to-day, the empire of the secular view of life.

So what do they do and how do they work out this kind of discipleship? There they are—half a dozen housewives with young children, or nurses in a hospital, or young men in the army, or workers in a factory, or members of a particular congregation, or students in a college. They believe first that God uses all who offer themselves to Him, but they believe also that He uses them in His own way, not necessarily in the way they would choose if left to themselves. So it becomes their business to discover what His will for them is, and because it is unlikely that He will disclose His purpose for them until He sees they are ready and fit to do it, their first purpose is to become teachable and usable. This they do by learning to pray together, and gradually to overcome the natural embarrassment about it, by studying together, by waiting upon God together, and from time to time by simply enjoying themselves together. The reiterated word *together* contains the heart of the matter. They are struggling

to put away the inherited and deep heresy that religion is a private affair between oneself and God, and to grow into the biblical conception that the inspiration of God comes first upon communities and secondly upon individuals in and through their membership of dedicated communities. They are in process of becoming a tiny community, and success or failure in this governs everything else whatsoever.

To that end they frame for themselves and are obedient to a Rule of their common life. They must be disciplined, even if it is only the discipline of making attendance at the meetings a primary obligation; and in practice nothing binds people closer together than obedience to discipline which they have fastened upon themselves by their own free choice. But no collection of people are genuinely a community until they are equal, and this equality is promoted and safeguarded by the requirement that every decision they make must be made as a consequence of prayer and free discussion and be unanimous. Anything that cannot be decided unanimously has no binding force. Thus the pace of the group is always the pace of the slowest among them; and that surely is what real democracy means. This requirement looks at first sight as though it must often lead to chaos, obstinacy and deadlock, but in practice it never does. Then they must always be searching for ways of making their impact as a Christian community on the world outside, while at the same time refraining themselves from action until they can say, as the first apostles did, "It seems good to us and the Holy Ghost." A community which is inward looking does not remain a community for long. You need three virtues to challenge empires in this way, and the first, the second and the third of them is Patience.

This sort of thing is being regularly done by thousands of people of every kind, and though there is much, very much, still to be learned about it, there is by now a considerable fund of experience to build on. There is one universal fact in this body of experience. It is that any group of people whatsoever which tries to work along these principles finds a degree of fellowship higher than anything they had ever known before, and more warmly satisfying than they had supposed possible. This fellowship is the sense of belonging to each other, the knowledge that the total resources of the company are instantly put at the disposal of any member needing them, the absolute trust that one has in another, the joy of knowing that you can say anything, anything whatsoever, and know it will be rightly received, and that if anything goes wrong all the others will at once stand behind you and run to your rescue. The joy of one becomes the joy of all and the hurt of one becomes the hurt of all. This degree of comradeship is so invariable that I am convinced that it must be very near the heart of the whole matter; by which I mean that it must be largely through the power of comradeship in itself, and quite apart from anything that may be done with it, that the empire of secularity is effectively challenged.

All this is a very rough and most incomplete outline of what is going on under the surface of Church life in many lands. It remains only to indicate something of the variety and yet the ordinariness of the people who are trying to learn to tune this instrument. Last summer I was at a week's conference of representatives of one linked federation of just such Christian groups as these. There were seventy of us, young and old, rich and poor, one with another. We had a university

professor and two or three undergraduates, quite a number of teachers and housewives, a distinguished metallurgist and a couple of workers in a mass-production shirt factory, three or four clerks and a social worker, an organist and a theological student, a shop assistant and several clergy. We came from places as far apart as Edinburgh and the Isle of Wight, and from Ipswich across to Devonport. What could be more varied or more ordinary? Yet in the power of their "togetherness" in Christ they were very far indeed from being ordinary. Few, if any, of them looked one bit heroic, and not even particularly holy; and yet together they were both of those things. Such are the people who in their weekly or fortnightly meetings in private houses are veritably and indeed challenging an empire.

The beauty of all this movement of cellular expansion is its utter simplicity (which is not the same as saying it is easy: it is not easy—far from it), its flexibility, the bare minimum of organisation it needs and therefore its great financial economy. Its power is potential. At no stage in its growth will it ever be possible to say exactly what it has achieved. There is no news value in it; it is too hidden, too undramatic, too matter-of-fact for that. But it happens, and in the mere happening of it, it challenges an empire. It looks like a baby in arms challenging at least a hundred Goliaths. But then the challenge of the first Christians to the Roman Empire looked like that, and so to-day does the little handful of half a dozen Communist enthusiasts who presume to challenge the whole tradition of Western civilisation. Yet these are making history; and so, in a better and stronger way because they have a definite and a worthy theology behind them, are all the little cells of Christians who this very evening will be meeting to say their prayers together, and to become ever more closely members one of another, and to struggle together to know what God would have them do.

The Close, Winchester.

ROGER LLOYD.

IMPLEMENTING HUMAN RIGHTS.

THE place of individual man in society must be defined anew by each succeeding generation. What gives this perpetual task its extreme urgency to-day and has turned it indeed into the supreme challenge of our time is the fact, or rather the two facts that education (and consequently self-expression) has never been within the reach of so many, while, on the other hand, organised State power has never been more highly concentrated. Where do we halt? The United Nations decided on a general stock-taking, not so much of achievements, but of agreed aims. The result was its Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted in December, 1948. The work of very many months—and the off-shoot of centuries of human thought—it clearly sets out what basic rights man must enjoy, in whatever society he live, if he is fully to develop his personality. Its thirty articles make stirring reading, not on account of high-sounding phrases—not a few cover too much ground to catch popular imagination—but owing to the way in which they combine traditional liberties with twentieth-century discoveries in the moral, political and economic sphere. Few more positive declarations have come out of the turmoil of the last two world wars.

Having proclaimed these human rights—inalienable each one of them if human beings are to enjoy the dignity and full stature of man

—we cannot halt and turn away, however satisfactory the formulation of man's rights. Instead, having set up a signpost of this size, we must travel the road towards the realisation of these aims. We must implement them. How can it be done? By making use not of one but of all the means at our disposal. These include both national and international instruments. Nationally, we can follow Goethe's good advice—*es kehre jeder vor seiner Tuer/ und rein ist jedes Stadtquartier*. Each one of us, applying these thirty articles, and making our elected Government implement them, can widen their field of application overnight. This is particularly important since so many of these human rights are not susceptible to legal and constitutional enforcement, but must rest on social sanctions and the things and attitudes accepted by society at large.

Take Article One, which speaks of human beings, born free and equal in dignity and rights, endowed with reason and conscience, all acting "towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood." No law anywhere can make this come true. Indeed, the influence of the State as such is rather small—the burden is squarely placed on to the shoulders of the individual citizen and his voluntary associations.* Hardly any of the thirty articles of the Declaration require new legislation in Great Britain or the United States or, indeed, in the Soviet Union: yet many require a change of heart in many millions—and the mighty few—if they are to be implemented in day-to-day life. Does not Article Two speak of discrimination on account of race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth "or other status"? Each reader has met with some such discrimination even if he should be able to claim that he himself has never practised it. Racial and class hatred, not to speak of discrimination, are still with us; so are colour bars and political intolerance. They cannot be wiped out by the law, however majestic in conception and fair in administration.

It is this fact which, presumably, has caused some critics—amongst whom there was as eminent a man as Professor Brierly—to regret the very attempt to formulate this Universal Declaration of Human Rights. We might understand the lawyer's reaction without sharing it. How, indeed, could we ever hope to secure human dignity if we do not even know what is required of us for its fulfilment? How can we set out on any road, unless we are utter cynics or dreamers who do not care anyway, without having made certain where we want to get to and how to get there? The fact that the law can give us but little assistance (and Britain would merely need a rule providing for equal pay for equal work to be in accord with article 23 (2), and thus with the whole Declaration) merely confirms that it is up to the individual to implement these Thirty Articles.

Internationally the same applies. In one sense, action here appears even easier—after all, international relations are still to a large degree outside the scope of codified law, in fact, regrettably so, beyond enforcement rules as long as the United Nations remains without an effective Security Council and its armed force. Hence we might find it all the easier to turn towards "moral force" and the acceptance of rules by international society rather than to legal expressions of how to act as the neighbour's brother. This does not mean that the Declaration cannot be followed up by a formal international Convention. Indeed it should. Such a Convention, giving legal expression

* Cf. the author's forthcoming booklet on *Co-operation and Human Rights*.

to the desire of elected Governments to see these human rights implemented, could be quite short—indeed, as simple as was the Kellogg Pact of Paris outlawing war.

This comparison, chosen intentionally, contains a lesson of some importance. If Briand's and Kellogg's work did not prevent war, it yet made war a crime in the legal sense of that word; its breach, and the perpetration of that crime, thus figured prominently in the Nuremberg Trial against Goering, Ribbentrop, etc. A Convention on Human Rights, while not automatically securing these rights to all mankind, would provide a most useful framework. It would induce Governments to bring their respective law systems into accord with the Declaration, and it would thus materially help to promote the unification of this One World of ours. But this is not enough. Did not even wholehearted supporters of the late League complain that the Kellogg Pact "lacked teeth" and was sadly incomplete since it made no provisions in case it was sinned against? The political consequences of this fact appear to have been learned after 1945. Why, then, should we not be able to apply the same lesson to the field of Human Rights?

Some workers in this field have suggested that a kind of Human Rights Court should be set up to whom breaches or grievances could be referred for consideration and action. But do we not suffer from an over-abundance of specialised agencies? Just as the United Nations was able, through an ordinary sub-commission, to work out the Declaration, it could continue to supervise the application of a Convention. Indeed, it could gain strength from such work and move right into the centre of interests: in dealing with individual human rights, even on the floor of its General Assembly, the United Nations would become the personal concern of man everywhere to a much larger degree than this is true to-day. Its work would naturally fall into two parts—a legal and a sociological one. The legal work would be simple. It would consist in a continual comparison of actual legislation in all member States with the requirements of the Thirty Articles. For this purpose Governments would have to register not merely, as at present, international treaties but home legislation as well, and make such information available under the thirty headings of the articles of the Human Rights Declaration. This, in turn, would require each Government to scrutinise its legislative work from this very angle, a blessing in itself, since it would influence its attitude eventually.

The other side of the Commission supervising the implementation of Human Rights is more far-reaching even than the law, vaguer therefore, and both more important still and by far the most difficult to perform: it deals with the attitude of communities towards these rights. Would different nations be ready to admit trained sociologists who could faithfully report to the Commission? Perhaps bilateral agreements could be tried out first—say a group of such men, drawn from different States, to tour both Britain and America; next countries against whose attitude there exists already a body of complaints. Recommendations from the Commission might then go to the General Assembly for discussion. Details, while important, could easily be worked out within the existing machinery.

Critics would presumably counter such suggestions in two ways: first by saying that such enquiries and the official receipt of complaints by aggrieved parties (which are individuals or groups, not States)

must add fuel to the fire of international crisis. To which the retort must be that such fuel—if it were fuel—can do less harm if allowed to burn out under international guidance and in full view of public opinion the whole world over than if it is compressed, held under, and forcibly put down. The latter course, the one of force, by stultifying human development, is not only a sin against man as man, but the beginning of all wars which are bred in areas of violent suppression and easily break out whenever man feels that existing conditions are becoming unbearable. The second criticism of any scheme aiming at the implementation of human rights is to be found in the statement that it interferes with the internal affairs of States, and thus with their sovereignty. Indeed, all international action, by definition, reduces the field preserved heretofore to any single State. Such widening of international influence, in making inroads into sovereign exclusiveness, is good in itself as peace-promoting and yet another expression of the truth that the world has become too small a place for any one State to live for itself and by itself. By securely implementing human rights peace may well be within our reach.

F. W. PICK.

MUSEUM SERVICES FOR CHILDREN.

ALMOST a century has elapsed since Lord Ashburton, the Vice-President of the Society of Arts, said in an address on the purpose of education: "Let us remember what we are about when we are fitting out men for the struggle of life; we are not fitting up a storehouse for use by a philosopher. Man goes forth into the world as a soldier into a campaign. His wants are boundless, his means of carriage are small. Can any service be greater than that of planning out and assorting his pack of knowledge, rejecting all that shall cumber his movements, selecting all that may afford materials for the work he has to do?" Reorganisation of contents of education is a problem in the forefront of contemporary interest. The growth in knowledge and the demand for knowledge have made the problem of selection of contents even more difficult than in the days of Lord Ashburton. It is gratifying to observe the practical efforts made to meet the demands. There are schools of unprecedented variety and plasticity of type; there are the youth clubs, with considerable credit due to them as a social agency, and with great potentialities for future development; there are associations, such as the Association for Education in Citizenship and the Council for Education in World Citizenship, which make it their special task to reorganise facts usually known under the headings of history, geography, natural history, and so on, and to present them as causes and functions of the vital issue citizenship.

The trend in schools is to adjust curricula to the reality outside the school. Broadcasts, films and a variety of visual aids are harnessed to the task of fitting the growing child to his future adult responsibilities. Periods of camping in the country, visits to factories and other institutions introduce the child to the actuality of life. Schemes for the international exchange of schoolchildren aim at arousing their awareness of life beyond the frontiers of their own country. There is one other potent educative agency which, in the writer's view, has not yet been fully mobilised as an aid for children growing up in a perplexing world: the museum.

As centres of research, museums have for centuries contributed to the advancement of knowledge. Since the end of the eighteenth century museums have been public institutions for the general public. More recently, museum services for children have been receiving a certain amount of attention. How many, however, could be accredited with a definiteness of purpose in the sense of Lord Ashburton's address? To what extent do they contribute to the fitting out of men for the decisive battles of life by assorting carefully their pack of knowledge? In the United States, and in their wake in some other countries overseas, children's museums and services for children in museums for adults have become accepted educative centres. They are partly co-ordinated with school instruction and partly provide facilities for leisure time activities. On the whole, Europe was slow in adapting museum resources for the benefit of children. Some of the best efforts were made in this country. In the early 'seventies of the nineteenth century, Mr. T. C. Horsfall wished to bring relief to the drabness of an industrial suburb by founding a museum, devoted mainly to art, in Ancoats, near Manchester. He was a friend of William Morris and John Ruskin. Rossetti and Burne Jones were among the donors of the museum. Other enthusiasts gave their time and acted as guides to the people of the vicinity who visited the museum on Saturdays and Sundays. In their disappointment at the ignorance which deprived many poor people of the chance of understanding and enjoying what was offered to them, the committee of the Horsfall Museum sought to attract children. Their success in obtaining the co-operation of the education authorities was remarkable if viewed against the general background of education in those days. Pupils of elementary schools were permitted to visit the museum in their schooltime. A period of particular activity began with the curatorship of Miss Hindshaw, about 1914, when children from twelve onwards not only frequented the museum in growing numbers, but had a voice in its policy. Some school buildings in Manchester had been requisitioned as war-time hospitals and the museums became substitute classrooms for dispossessed scholars and their teachers. Indeed, the fascination exerted by museum exhibits on schoolchildren showed itself in the eagerness of the young people to visit the museums in their leisure time. In the Horsfall Museum special attractions were offered: a new nature room with miniature gardens and an aviary, a local history room, architectural models and, last but not least, opportunity for active co-operation. Once a month a Children's Parliament was held, with two members from each school attending the museum. They discussed any matter of interest to them and, of course, matters concerning the museum. On their suggestion temporary exhibitions were arranged and they helped to organise them. They were the actors, producers, stage designers, costumiers, and sometimes the playwrights, of the plays they acted in the old concert room which was converted into a theatre room. The repertory ranged from Shakespeare to scout stories and detective plays, and the theatrical wardrobe was made of short lengths of cotton provided by sympathetic local manufacturers and of other donations. Tough boys who normally tended to create difficulties would show constructive gifts when their faces were blacked as nigger minstrels and they were arrayed in costumes. A feature of the dramatic work at the Horsfall Museum, and one which may be of special interest to those engaged now on Further Education, consisted in lectures on history and literature for young

people of after-school age. The lectures were given in preparation of plays acted by the young people. Thus an intellectual approach was linked with an emotional one.

In 1895 the Educational Museum at Haslemere was founded. Its owner and creator was Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, the famous doctor, who advocated "the formation in all towns and large villages of collections of objects suited to facilitate the acquisition of general knowledge . . . as wide as human knowledge so far as the attainment of that knowledge could be helped by the collection of objects in one room."* The characteristic feature of the Haslemere Museum is its way of presenting history as a chapter of biology. This principle was behind the lectures held by Sir Jonathan in sets of four talks. One such set was: (1) Early geological time. (2) The elephant's skull. (3) The first century A.D. (4) The life history of Milton. To this day the museum has retained its vitality and has in fact further developed under Sir Jonathan's assistant and successor, Mr. E. W. Swanton. It is a rewarding experience to watch children manipulating the lights of the aquaria so that they may observe every detail accurately, to see them before the table on which plants of the season are exhibited which were collected with the aid of children, to hear of their "museum examinations" with the distinction of museum membership awarded to those who identified a certain number of exhibits and successfully answered a *questionnaire*.

In *The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*, H. G. Wells has given an account of another fascinating museum for children which unfortunately never matured beyond the plans for it and the shell of a building. A pupil of Oundle School had been killed in the first world war, and his father, Sir Alfred Yarrow, the shipbuilder, wished his son to be commemorated in a museum of industrial history. In conversations between Sir Alfred Yarrow and Mr. Sanderson, the headmaster of Oundle, the plan grew from an industrial museum, which was to be "a symbol and an incitement to effort for the reorganised industrial state" to a "House of Vision." A place of retreat was considered where the boys would sit in silence, meditate and seek new resolve. Finally, Sanderson decided that there should be exhibits, charts and diagrams illustrating man's progress, his social and imaginative growth, and the unity of human society. Owing to Sanderson's sudden and premature death, in 1922, the scheme was not realised.

During the inter-war period museum services for children in this country grew in numbers and increasingly developed characteristics differing from museum services for adults. It is beyond the scope of this article to survey all services for children; it may suffice to mention some museums which have been specially active: the Geffrye Museum in London, E.2, the museums in Leicester, Norwich, Reading and York, the School Museum Service in Derby and the Education Department of the Art Gallery and Museums in Glasgow. In all these it is being appreciated that a museum keeper or curator is not always qualified to act as the interpreter of museum material to children, and that an education officer on the museum staff has a special function to fulfil. Further it is being recognised that school children, and especially those of the less bookish type, need opportunity for activity to become fully alert and responsive. Lectures alone tend to leave these children uninterested, but their co-operation can be obtained if they are allowed to handle things, to do and to make things, to draw,

* *The Haslemere Educational Museum*. By Swanton, E. W. Haslemere. 1946.

model, weave, experiment on technical devices, or participate in "museum games" in the form of treasure hunts or otherwise.

The writer has had some opportunity to observe listless and verbally not very articulate children, aged twelve to thirteen, growing concentrated and gaining in capacity to express themselves when given opportunity for constructive activities connected with the preparation of exhibitions. In one case the subject was chosen to meet the traditional interest of the district which was engaged in the manufacture of textiles and clothes. A variety of textiles, of different periods and localities, was obtained from museums and weavers, together with samples of raw materials and tools used in the industry. The result was an exhibition selected, labelled and set up by the children, and a play entitled *What Wool Meant in the Development of our Country*, which was written with the aid of the children and acted by them.

As a rule, museums are classified according to the subject matter illustrated by the specimens. There are museums of art, science and so on. The academic division by subject-matter is often a drawback where children are concerned, especially those of the less academic type. Some museums working for children make efforts to adjust their contents to the needs of children, their school curricula and their interests. The Derbyshire School Museum Service offers models both of historical settings (Roman villa, Egyptian interior, etc.) and of aspects of modern citizenship, for example of the distribution of income by a local authority. The Education Department of the Art Gallery and Museums in Glasgow is in charge of a £10,000 scheme of education in citizenship with the aid of visual material. The foundation, in 1946, of the International Council of Museums (ICOM) may facilitate the utilisation of museum resources as media strengthening the awareness of people of the oneness of humanity. No linguistic difficulties hamper the understanding of the objects stored in museums, which in their sum total illustrate the story of human life, the first steps of civilisation and the peaks of culture.

The exchange between different countries of temporary exhibitions of art will no doubt forge new links, but there is room, and indeed urgent need, for intensified efforts. Why not organise museums for children which would merit the name of *Centres for Pioneers of Peace*? The materials are available, and all that is needed is careful planning and limited funds. The themes round the central idea of human interdependence are innumerable, both with respect to the historical growth of culture and to contemporary life. Are there many inventions that were not furthered by contributions of men from different lands? Is there any locality in civilised areas that would be self-contained? Is there any single day when any of us would not benefit from the ingenuity, the labour and the materials supplied by people far away from us? Museum services for children need not necessarily be housed in grand buildings. One room, or a few rooms suffice. Club-rooms and workshops can meet the purpose, if necessary. There should, however, be ample provision for the active participation of the young people in organising and maintaining the Centre. They could make models and charts, and use exhibits for discussion groups and in connection with play-acting. There are probably various ways of obtaining the required materials. Some museums may be in a position to loan duplicate specimens, learned societies and industrial firms may show sympathy, as well as private collectors.

One plea might be added. There should be room for art and the humanities next to science. It is imperative that people should have a basic conception of the distribution of raw materials, of the international exchange of foodstuffs and machinery. They should be able to form an idea of the work, the professional competence, and the ingeniousness of scientists, but they should also get an opportunity for an emotional experience of human beings beyond their immediate environment. There probably paintings and sculpture can best convey messages. "Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge, but have not love, I am nothing," wrote St. Paul to the Corinthians.

ALMA S. WITTLIN.

A PURITAN LADY.

BIOGRAPHY, if it is anything more than a collection of facts made to order, reflects the author in the glass over the portrait. The choice of a model arises out of some deep inner relation between himself and his subject, such love it may be as Forster felt for Dickens, or Boswell's satisfaction tinged with envy at vicariously fulfilled ambition, or the more subtle affinity between gifted spirits which inspired Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. In exceptional cases only are the roles reversed, so that the character portrayed becomes the shadowy reflection on the glass and the biographer's own life-size portrait takes the place of his subject within the frame. That is exactly what has happened in the case of the *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson* by his wife; it is true that she has left a fragmentary autobiography as well, but the book was written as a pious duty in order to preserve her husband's memory for his children, and she has produced an admirable if slightly formal and idealised account of a cultivated Puritan gentleman who died in prison after the Restoration. She had the gift of narrative and she loved her husband fondly, but it is Lucy far more than John whom her pen has infused with life.

Lucy Apsley was born in the Tower of London, where her father, Sir Allen Apsley, was Lieutenant-Governor, in the year 1620. "The land was then at peace (it being towards the latter end of the reign of King James), if that quietness may be called a peace which was rather like the calm and smooth surface of the sea whose dark womb is already impregnated with a horrid tempest." Her mother was Sir Allen's third wife, and there is a discreet hint at previous romance in her life, which is not altogether surprising, since she was sixteen and he forty-eight at the time of their marriage. Husband and wife were humane and intelligent people; Lucy says that Sir Allen was a father to all his prisoners, and that her mother also comforted and helped them in every possible way. As an example, Sir Walter Raleigh liked to make chemical experiments during his captivity and Lady Apsley paid the cost, in order both to please him and to acquire some medical skill herself. It is clear that they were extremely proud of their clever little daughter: "... my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By the time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons; and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made

me attend more heedfully." At the age of seven she was learning languages, music and dancing ("I profited very little in them"), and of course needlework ("And for my needle I absolutely hated it"); and like every other imaginative child she was for ever poring over some book. Her father was pleased by her progress in Latin, her mother perhaps not quite so happy at her lack of interest in the usual feminine accomplishments. She was precocious but not therefore by any means a model little girl; when told to play with other children on a visit to her home she broke their dolls and generally made herself objectionable. She preferred the company of grown-up people and liked to repeat their sayings as her own—a kind of mimicry which is by no means uncommon. As she grew older she developed a priggish habit of moralising the servants; but this did not prevent her from taking a very normal interest in their amorous affairs, or from reading all the love poetry on which she could lay her hands, and by the time she was seventeen she was fully ready for a romance of her own.

It happened that in 1637 one of the recurrent epidemics of plague drove many people out of London, among them a handsome and gallant young man who was supposed to be studying law, but who seems to have devoted a great deal of time to tennis and fencing, dancing and music. His music master, Mr. Coleman, who lived in Richmond, offered him accommodation in his house, and as the Prince's Court was in Richmond, and there was likely to be no lack of recreation, John Hutchinson decided to go; "and that day telling a gentleman of the house whither he was going, the gentleman bid him take heed of the place, for it was so fatal for love, that never any young disengaged person went thither who returned free." The warning, far from deterring, merely amused the young man. To Richmond he went, and there enjoyed abundant social life and much good music, for the King's musicians frequently met at Mr. Coleman's house in order to practise new melodies for the Court. A little girl who played the lute happened to be staying there as well, during the absence in the country of her mother Lady Apsley, with her elder sister Lucy; sometimes this child went over to her own house, and John Hutchinson accompanied her; on one such occasion he found some Latin books on a shelf in a closet, which she said belonged to her sister. John's curiosity was aroused so that he began to make enquiries about the young woman, and everything he heard increased his interest. It appeared that she was studious and reserved, that she wrote poetry, and that some of the gentlemen in his circle were inspired by passion for her. He was determined to make her acquaintance and was delighted when at last news came of her impending return to Richmond with her mother. A footboy was sent on ahead with a message to the little sister that Lucy had been married while she was away. This news was brought while the company was at dinner, and "Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner that, finding himself ready to sink at table, he was fain to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into the garden." We must remember that this account of his extreme agitation was written by Lucy herself many years later, and may not have been strictly accurate, however much she might have liked to believe it herself; and no doubt he really was disappointed to learn that this paragon of womanhood was lost to him before he had even seen her. In the end the message turned out to have been a hoax, and the longed-for meeting took place at last.

"She was not ugly in a careless riding-habit. She had a melancholy

negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anything before her ; yet in spite of all her indifference, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman." Soon they were meeting frequently, though never alone, and there " never was a passion more ardent and less idolatrous " than their love. Its course did not run altogether smoothly : she was disparaged by spiteful tongues, his father had already begun to arrange another match for him, and finally, on the very day when the two families had decided to discuss the possibility of their marriage, she was stricken with smallpox. However, in the end every obstacle was overcome, and in July 1638 they were married in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn ; some months later she miscarried of twins, but in the autumn of the following year she was again " brought to bed of two sons," Thomas and Edward.

Meanwhile John Hutchinson was being drawn into politics, eventually to become a Member of Parliament, and he and his wife went to the North. Troops of cavaliers searched Puritan houses, and he had to go into hiding. On one such occasion he was only saved by her presence of mind in pretending to one of Prince Rupert's officers that her brother was her husband. Eventually Colonel Hutchinson was appointed Governor of Nottingham Castle ; four hundred townsmen took advantage of his offer to shelter there, after having first evacuated their families to the surrounding villages ; and the assault began. When it was all over Lucy attended to the wounded ; there was no surgeon, but " she having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skill, dressed all their wounds . . . with such good success, that they were all well cured in convenient time." Before this she had watched Royalist prisoners in the castle yard being insulted and beaten by a Commonwealth officer, Captain Palmer. She now insisted that the wounded among them should be brought to her, and " bound up and dressed their wounds also ; which while she was doing, Captain Palmer came in and told her his soul abhorred to see this favour to the enemies of God : she replied, she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty, in humanity to them, as fellow-creatures, not as enemies."

The Civil War came to an end, the King was restored to the throne, and men like Colonel Hutchinson were in danger of their lives. In the autumn of 1663 he was arrested and imprisoned, first in the Tower, and later in Sandown Castle on the coast near Dover, where he was kept confined in a damp, unwholesome chamber ; but he had the comfort of his wife's presence, for she took lodgings in Deal with her son and daughter, " from whence they walked every day on foot to dinner and back again at night, with horrible toil and inconvenience." He died in prison in 1664, and though the exact date of her own death is not known she is believed to have survived him by more than ten years. She was lonely and in financial difficulties, but no doubt she struggled on with all her usual courage, and one may imagine that she found some consolation in the writing of her husband's Memoirs, for Lucy Hutchinson was born to be an author, and in a later age might well have become a famous novelist.

Her character sketches are remarkable ; they are vivid and uninfluenced by any political partisanship. When she so desires she can be mordant and merciless ; she it was who made the famous comment on the Cromwell ladies that their exalted position " suited no better with any of them than scarlet upon the ape." Chadwick, a half-hearted

Roundhead, who had risen from a boyhood of scraping trenchers to the position of deputy Recorder of Nottingham, was "a libidinous goat." And there is a delightful story about Major-General Harrison in connection with a public audience to be given to the Ambassador of the King of Spain. The day before this audience was to take place, Harrison joined a group of gentlemen, among them Colonel Hutchinson, who was dressed in his usual rich but grave fashion, warned them all against worldly display and advised them not to appear in gorgeous apparel unsuitable to saints. "The Colonel, although he was not convinced of any misbecoming bravery in the suit he wore that day, which was but of sad-coloured cloth trimmed with gold, and silver points and buttons; yet because he would not appear offensive in the eyes of religious persons, the next day he wore a plain black suit, and so did all the other gentlemen; but Harrison came that day in a scarlet coat and cloak, both laden with gold and silver lace, and the coat so covered with clinquant (foil), that one scarcely could discern the ground, and in this glittering habit he set himself just under the speaker's chair; which made the other gentlemen think that his godly speeches, the day before, were but made that he alone might appear in the eyes of strangers."

The political sections of the book are occasionally involved and long drawn out, but there are times when Lucy Hutchinson can rise to heights of literary style: "Before the flame of the war broke out in the top of the chimneys, the smoke ascended in every county." Or again, in parts of the long noble passage on England: "Nor is it only valour and generosity that renown this nation; in arts we have advanced equal to our neighbours, and in those that are most excellent exceeded them. The world hath not yielded men more famous in navigation, nor ships better built or furnished. Agriculture is as ingeniously practised; . . . in all ages it hath yielded men as famous in all kinds of learning as Greece or Italy can boast of. And to complete the crown of all their glory, reflected from the lustre of their ingenuity, valour, wit, learning, justice, wealth, and bounty, their piety and devotion to God, and his worship, hath made them one of the most truly noble nations in the Christian world. God having as it were enclosed a people here, out of the waste common of the world, to serve him with a pure and undefiled worship." The *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson* should not be allowed to fall into neglect, for the sake of the book's literary and historical value, but above all because of the living portrait which, perhaps unconsciously, it has preserved of the best type of humane, cultivated and Liberal-minded English gentlewoman.

D. A. HOBMAN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FINANCIAL DISORDER.

THE agreement reached in Paris in the early hours of July 1st was generally welcomed, albeit half-heartedly, as at any rate an agreement reached internationally at a time when disagreement by contrast is the fashion. The achievement had no greater an effect than to postpone the issue that has arisen in the commercial and financial relations of the States that are receiving Marshall aid and for the moment eased the pressure upon Britain's dwindling reserves of dollars and gold. The problem itself remains unsolved and will no doubt involve recurrent crises. It is not of any lasting importance

that the compromise reached on July 1st restricts to 25 per cent. the extent to which intra-European bilateral credits are transferable to third parties. That arrangement is a mere palliative designed to gain time. If the essential problem involved is to be understood one must resist the danger of being bogged down in the technicalities of its present phase and lift one's mind above the bog. During the course of capitalist development resulting from the industrial revolution we have experienced several interesting crises of an international scope—all financial crises are necessarily international—which contribute their part to the evidence upon which the point in issue may be understood: the Baring crisis of the 'nineties, arising from the untrammelled freedom of private enterprise; the crises of the present century, all dominated by the growing preponderance of governmental power, namely the disorders produced by the two wars themselves, the minor disturbances of 1920-21, the major disaster of 1929-34. Those successive failures in the harmony of what ought to be a mutual service between the nations of the earth show a gradual expansion in scope and destructiveness.

In kind the underlying cause of the financial and commercial calamities is precisely the same as that of the physical political wars. It is impossible to misrepresent the matter by over-simplification because in essence nothing could be simpler. A world is filled (by its Maker) with amenities and products sufficient to the maximum needs of the human race, but the gifts are scattered and it needs co-operation and unselfishness if they are to be made accessible to all. That is the problem in all its naked simplicity. Equally simple in its naked shame is the story of human failure to achieve or even to recognise the nature of so clear a community of interest. Wars in the political, "blizzards" in the financial and economic, sphere have told the dismal story. So far in the history of civilisation, if the true epitaph is to be written, greed and selfishness have destroyed for everybody the gifts which God intended for everyone, the intention being conditional upon human co-operation in unselfishness and mutual love. The recent history of the Paris financial talks is to be understood in that context.

THE DOLLAR GAP.

There is something fascinating, horrible though it be, about the crescendo of disorder that in our time is moving to its climax. The international financial implication of the disorder is neither more serious nor more baffling than the others. To such as may not need in the ordinary course of their lives to take any great interest in international finance, the technical terms that recur in the controversy that has arisen among the participants in the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation are no doubt confusing and do not convey much clear meaning. But it is not necessary to learn the jargon in order to appreciate the substance of what is taking place. So long as the world is divided into separate self-centred national entities using separate currencies these financial problems are inevitable, for the obvious and simple reason that nations are essentially interdependent, and that the only practical method so far available of interchange between one country's amenities and products and those of another is that of an exchange based on relative values in terms of money, the "swap" being effected on that basis. In other words nations, like individuals, buy things from each other in cash. But an Englishman cannot buy things from the United States by presenting English

money (which has no buying power in the United States) and must therefore first change his sterling into dollars. This in practice can be done only by the Englishman's selling something in the United States which therefore is paid for in dollars. What happens is that records are kept on both sides and it is only the difference in the two accounts that has to be transferred, the rest cancelling each other out and therefore not involving any positive transaction in foreign exchange. One country, for instance, has a trade balance with another country, that is, sells more to that country than she buys from her: and the balance has to be paid—and paid in "cash." There's the rub, or one of them. There is no other way in the wide world of paying debts than by "cash," which has to be earned by the selling of goods or services. But "cash" in itself may be both meaningless and valueless. Therefore currencies have to be based upon gold—which is a thing having an intrinsic value of its own and therefore realisable in any country and in any currency—and in a last logical resort one country has to pay its debt to another country by the physical transfer of gold; of that gold reserve which is the substance upon which a paper note of "promise to pay" is based.

What has all this to do with the recent conferences between the United States and the countries who are beneficiaries under the European Recovery Programme financed by the United States? Simply this. As the result of two world wars in which (roughly) Britain suffered most and lost most and the United States suffered least and gained most in the material amenities of this world, Britain needs to get things from the United States more than the United States needs to get things from Britain. Britain therefore needs dollars more than the United States needs sterling. There is a "gap." It can be bridged only (on the existing principles and practices) by Britain's selling more and more goods to the United States (which the United States does not want) or by Britain's refraining from buying goods from the United States (which Britain does want and must have). On the face of it that state of affairs seems hopeless. To meet the case the United States decided to help Britain and the other countries of Western Europe, who were in like difficulty with Britain in smaller degrees, by advancing dollars for a limited period in order to provide time during which Europe could recover from the effects of the war and could thus begin again the normal business of international commerce. But two main snags arise. There are many other snags, but two of main immediate importance. First, the European countries are in effect still competing among themselves for dollars, while at the same time co-operating among themselves in the sense prescribed by O.E.E.C. Second, the United States, which is providing the initial dollars as, so to speak, a jumping-off ground for the experiment in co-operation, happens to be a country of free enterprise, wants to see a system of free enterprise develop in Europe and believes that only thus can success be achieved. Who pays the piper may not call the tune, but none the less has ideas on the subject. The sterling countries are Socialist, in greater or smaller degree, so are most of the non-sterling countries of Western Europe participating in the scheme.

Now the sort of difficulty that arises in practice may be explained in some such simplified way as follows. For the sake of the hypothesis let the fact for the moment be forgotten that Great Britain at present is a debtor to little Belgium. In the normal way Britain, trading for instance with Belgium, must somehow provide Belgium, or see that Belgium is

provided, with sterling where with Belgium can buy British goods. If Britain can advance sterling to Belgium for that purpose, and in the meantime can be recompensed and safeguarded under E.R.P. with dollars (that is in a show-down with gold), then Belgium can buy British goods, which is the sole reason why Britain contemplates the operation. But suppose Belgium at some point needs American or Canadian rather than British goods, why (from the Belgian and also *ex hypothesi* from the American point of view) should she not be allowed to change the sterling into dollars in order to buy from the United States or Canada? It all keeps the general ball rolling and is "free"—and anyhow America provides the dollars in the first place that makes it possible for Britain to make the sterling advance. But Britain is not "free" in her commercial philosophy. She is planned, up to and including the last ounce of bacon or the last drop of milk and honey. The Government is the sole commercial agency, for buying and for selling. That Government, looking out upon the world with a one-track, bilateral mind and moving as it were on a one-cylinder engine, wants Belgium to use the sterling credits exclusively for buying British goods. And Britain's need is certainly more desperate than anybody else's, partly because of the one track and the one cylinder aforesaid. She cannot afford to lose any more gold (or dollars) which she would in fact lose if by losing a potential export market she had to pay gold (or dollars) for the corresponding imports she must herself have. Hence these various proposals, counter-proposals, revised proposals now aimed at reaching compromises, designed to minimise Britain's risk of losing more gold or dollars, that are being or are to be discussed at the several O.E.E.C. and British Commonwealth conferences now in being or projected as these lines are written. How and to what extent can Britain's risk be limited in the immediate future? Nothing more far-sighted than that is involved.

The danger is that we all get stuck in the technical squabbles about transferability of credits and the convertibility of currencies and in the immediate exigencies of the passing (but essentially unchanging) scene. Let these things be seen in their context. What in its essence is international commerce? Why should there be any difficulty in swapping one country's products with those of another, when each has what the other needs? Why should such an enormity as unpayable debt ever arise? Why should the wit of man, which is capable of almost miraculous ingenuity in the cause of war, be incapable of exercising common sense in the cause of everyday mutual convenience? How comes it that governments, which in our day have usurped almost totalitarian control over commerce, as over most fields of human activity, are incapable of understanding, or behave as if they did not understand, that the exchange of goods and services, in other words the exchange of labour, is the only basis of international trade? In theory they recognise that simple truth. In practice they violate it. It is as if when thought and action are canalised into governments the faculty of individual reason is lost in a morass of impersonal irresponsibility.

The financial crises of our time suggest that one must descend to the bedrock of crude and self-evident elementals of truth, enlarge upon them and emphasise them in order to show the extent to which governments depart from them. The "blizzard," for instance, that began in 1929 was almost wholly due to the refusal of governments to recognise the elementary truth that political inter-governmental debts are the

veriest moonshine of nonsense, that there can be no debts between nations except commercial debts, and that commercial debts can be paid only by goods or services. If Britain needs goods from the United States which the United States can provide, and if the United States provides those goods on credit, the only method whereby the debt can be paid by Britain is that of British exports to the United States. The crudity of such a statement is proved to be necessary by the history, for instance, of the British debt to the United States after 1918—which in the event had to be repudiated because American tariffs rejected the imports which would have been the only way of paying it. These crudities do not die.

In September 1948 the Congress of the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, held in South Africa, solemnly agreed to an elementary hypothesis that had been equally solemnly propounded by the London Chamber of Commerce some fifteen years earlier, to the effect that goods bought by one country from another could be paid for only by goods—a truth that is obvious to any mind that has reached the age, not of wisdom, but of the elementary faculty of thought. If we are to understand what is happening in the present series of international financial talks it is necessary to remember these simple things. The current number of the *Monthly Bulletin* of the Economic Reform Club and Institute gives a summary of the way in which the above-mentioned hypothesis would be construed into practice. The nations would be told something like this: "When you sell your goods to us we will chalk up on the board a credit in your favour, and you will clear that credit when you take our goods to that value. By giving you the credit we shall, in fact, have paid you, and it is for you to decide whether you wish to use the claim at any time within a mutually agreed period—say seven years—and if you have not used the credit to buy goods by that time we shall cancel the credit under a Statute of Limitations. We quite realise you may not want goods from us and so, to enable you to have the benefit of multilateral trading we propose the setting up of an International Exchange to provide the machinery through which you will be able to exchange the claim you have on us for claims on other countries. If a country does not wish to take imports in exchange for its exports, the only sensible way to deal with the matter is for the exporting nation to regard its exports as a gift to less fortunate nations, and here the matter should end."

Such is the common sense of the matter. Unpayable international debts are in fact never paid except in the form of slavery on the part of the debtor, which circumstance is a mere variant, wicked as it be, of the original hypothesis about goods and services. Thus do the shifting fortunes of international trade and the complications gratuitously contributed by periodic war make havoc which in daily life construes itself into food shortages, unemployment and distress of many kinds, all unnecessary if the motives at work were good and sound.

A QUESTION OF MOTIVE.

Is it then to be accepted as inevitable that mankind is to be currently subject to major catastrophe by the parallel incidence of war on the one hand and financial and economic slump on the other? If not, what is the effective safeguard against them? In the case of Great Britain, for instance, dollars and gold are an indispensable reserve, the lack of which would in present circumstances spell starvation for the people. What is the answer? With such patience as may

be at one's disposal it is necessary, if the answer is to be found, to separate in one's mind the essential function of international commerce from its incidental technicalities.

Such things as the bank rate, which in the past has been the world's main instrument of financial adjustment because it was used objectively by the Bank of England acting as a free body with a world-wide outlook, has ceased to function in that sense, because under the exigencies and panic produced by the last war the control of the bank rate was switched from Threadneedle Street to Downing Street, and its main and only function has been reduced to that of keeping money artificially cheap so that the Government can finance its extravagances on the lowest possible basis of interest on its borrowed funds. Such are the unforeseen vagaries of political tyranny that that particular act of Bolshevism (thus to describe it is hardly an exaggeration) was perpetrated, not by Socialist Attlee but by Tory Churchill !

But let such technical things for the moment be put into cold storage. Let the essential simplicities be recalled. Man has brains and invents things. In a primitive state of society every man did everything for himself—built his own hut, hunted his own food, made his own clothes, if and when he felt the need of clothes. Specialisation in the due time suggested itself to the primitive mind : and one man began doing all the hunting, another made all the clothes. Then "money" had to be invented, because in exchanging one man's products against those of another the problem naturally arose of the relative values. A man who made a pair of boots for the housebuilder could hardly expect the housebuilder to build him a whole house in exchange. It had to be decided that a house was worth a certain number of tokens of value, a pair of boots worth another and a much smaller number. Tokens of value are the same thing as money ; but be it noted that they are in origin and in meaning the same thing as tokens or units of work. The man who took weeks or months to build a house and the man who took one day to make a pair of boots were rewarded proportionately, so that the process of barter could take place by means of the resultant tokens, or money. Next, obviously, the capitalist system had to be invented. The word capitalist is a Marxist invention, but it serves. The process of development was clear and simple. It is found in practice that the habits, capacities, gifts and characteristics of men are of an infinite variety. One man is lazy, another hard-working ; one is clever, another slow-witted. Peculiarity in temperament is illustrated by the story of the Duke of Wellington and the village cobbler in a Spanish village. Passing through the village and in need of a pair of boots in a hurry the Duke asked the cobbler to make him a pair. He was so pleased with the boots that he decided to get a second pair if he could also get them without delay. So he first paid the cobbler very handsomely for the first pair, and hoping thus to have given the necessary encouragement begged him to make a second pair. The cobbler answered : " Your Excellency, so long as the money lasts that you have so generously paid me, I make no more boots for you nor for anybody." So temperaments and character do vary.

The embryo capitalist thought to himself : " I have earned far more money than I need for myself and my family. My neighbour cannot earn enough. I could give him some of my money, but in that case, being lazy by nature, he would simply never do a stroke of work any more. There would be something wrong in that arrangement. Suppose I use my surplus money in building a factory so that the number of

boots I make can be largely increased—provided I get others to help. My neighbour, for instance, who cannot make enough money by himself could be employed by me for a wage. He would have an assured income. I should make additional profit by using my 'capital.' It would serve the purposes of both him and myself." Alas ! so simple an arrangement, good in itself, even indispensable as a machinery for organising specialised industrial co-operation, fell victim to that bedevilled thing we call power. The capitalist had power over his "hands" or paid workers. He could dismiss them, or pay them what he chose to pay, within the limits set by the play of supply and demand ; he could at will increase his own profits by reducing their pay. The devil being in the piece, the tragedy moved to its consummation. The workers, realising that their work was indispensable to the capitalist's profits, could "strike" ; and so on.

To-day we find ourselves in the backwash of the consummated tragedy. In some ways the tables have been turned, strikes are used as a political weapon, and the chaos spreads. In its manifold ramifications, through national politics, international war and international finance the fight for power, power to arrogate the amenities of God's world to selfish possessors, spreads the havoc. In its simple essence the truth is that without charity or love nothing on earth can prosper. It is God's contrivance that only by charity, which in practice means unselfishness, can man encompass the good things God intended for him. By selfishness he loses all, for himself and for others. This divine arrangement, in one aspect a mystery, is in another aspect a clear matter of common sense. The selfish capitalist, by driving his indispensable labour into revolt, loses all ; the selfish worker, by using his newly won power to extract higher pay and to deny the corollary of work, loses all : for without work there is neither profit nor wage.

In the simplified exposition given above it was apparent that money is nothing other than the token of work. The simplicity has been betrayed, the working of the capitalist system has been vitiated by the single fault of human greed, or, which is the same thing, the denial of human charity. The complications of the resultant catastrophe—the mixed hell of the international exchanges, international war, joint stock company finance in its excrescence of bogus "capital" and sharp dealing, dislocation of every aspect of what ought to be the mutual exchange of goods and amenities, the culmination of an attempted Godless tyranny which goes by the idiotic name of Communism—all this is capable of an almost limitless extreme of human distress ; just as the opposite technique of human love is capable of an almost limitless extreme of human happiness. Money, the capitalist system, the machinery of international finance are in themselves colourless, harmless and good instruments of practical convenience : the only available instruments to that end. They have been abused. They cannot, however, be thrown overboard. They can only be redeemed in their practice through the redemption of the human agent who practises them. The prevailing disorder into which the world is plunged is the school of reform, the instrument of redemption, if it is anything at all. If the adversity does not prompt the redress in the individual human heart (where only such redress can operate) then hope must be abandoned ; but under God's mercy (wherein His omnipotence is chiefly manifested) hope does not die. Therefore the redress sooner or later is certain ; and in the meantime we suffer the effects of what we ourselves have foolishly encompassed.

Our present experience is valuable, if we learn the lesson, as an illustration of that truth. Science has expanded the scope of international commerce and its potential service to the human race. The general benefits that should have resulted from that circumstance have been turned instead into something like a general curse. Instead of co-operating in the exchange of goods, services and amenities—the sum of which is equal and more than equal to the maximum need—the nations by grabbing selfishly at them have contrived to deny them to each other. That is a remarkable perversion of a good into a bad thing. Sir Stafford Cripps on July 4th last, making a statement to the House of Commons on the recent agreement reached in Paris, described it as a great achievement in European co-operation. But it was a minor achievement, affecting merely the temporary extent of the general tragedy which is due precisely to the lack of co-operation. In this present century, when the beneficent results of scientific discovery ought to be manifesting themselves in spreading prosperity for all peoples, those peoples instead are being harrowed by spreading adversity, in which the very sufficiency of food, a basic human need, is in doubt. The two wars, the collateral and continuing struggle through the means of international commerce for a selfish share in the common heritage, are a blot on the record of human intelligence. After the last war and its havoc the nations of Europe are footing the bill. The basic principles of their commercial methods are so much in fault that even the business of reaping the benefit from American aid is thwarted by intra-European conference and crisis.

The obvious remedy for dislocated exchanges, ill-balanced trade and industrial frustration of every kind is to be sought in the recapture of the elementary conception of trade as a means of exchanging for the common good the various gifts of God that are unevenly distributed throughout the world. The only real problem is the evening-up of the unevenness: a small enough price demanded in the mercy of God for the enjoyment of His gifts. The clue to the remedy is a recognition of the fact that they are gifts. It follows that if, by the operation of the technical processes of money and the currency exchanges (which are a mere means to the end), a top-heavy balance happens to be concentrated in a particular quarter the readjustment must be made, if it is to be made at all, by the method of free surrender of the surplus by the more fortunate to the less fortunate. That is the challenge to the philosophy of commerce. On the negative side the alternative has been abundantly and repeatedly proved to be disastrous. The true solution has been suggested by the chambers of commerce above alluded to.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

July 11th, 1949.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

REFLECTIONS OF AN HISTORIAN.*

Dr. Trevelyan can be justly proud of the multitude of his readers in many lands, and the straightforward autobiography which opens the latest collection of his essays and addresses tells us what he thinks of it all. If a sub-title were needed it would surely be "The Story of a Happy Life." Fortune has been kind to him and he has proved himself worthy of her smiles. A stimulating family tradition, a first-class brain, independent means,

* *An Autobiography and other Essays.* By G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

a happy marriage, delightful friends, excellent health—these are indeed gifts of the gods. There is an air of exhilaration in this brief record of opportunity and achievement.

That he has enjoyed writing his books as much as we enjoy reading them is one of the reasons of his success, for his enthusiasm is infectious. He had no other ambition than to write history. Though the great-nephew, son and brother of Cabinet Ministers is naturally interested in politics, a political career never tempted him. His experiences in an ambulance unit on the Italian front in the First World War gave him a glimpse of history in the making, but he returned with new zest to the tranquil delights of his library. It is interesting to learn that his opinion of his own books roughly coincides with that of the majority of his readers. The brilliance and passion of the Garibaldi trilogy, above all the first volume, were never recaptured, for the epic of the *Risorgimento* makes its strongest appeal to hero-worshipping youth. A wider vision and a cooler judgment came with advancing years. The three volumes on the reign of Anne, the most imposing and enduring work of his life, revealed him in middle age as standing above the battle, and to-day we reckon him as one of the most impartial of our scholars. He has learned, as every historian worthy of his calling ought to learn, that the task of interpretation demands full understanding and a measure of toleration for movements and parties, individuals and doctrines, widely different from his own.

That all interpretations are subjective, that all verdicts are coloured by the historian's heritage and ideology, is fully admitted in the striking address *On Bias in History*, perhaps the most thought-provoking item in this volume. A narrative without colour, without emphasis, without a scale of values, is like tasteless food. Bias, as he defines it, is in itself neither good nor bad, but simply inevitable. We show "bias" in our view that the Allies in the late war were more in the right than the Germans and the Japanese, for that conviction is naturally rejected by the other side. "The verdict of history" is never unanimous, for we all wear tinted spectacles; Mr. Belloc, for instance, sings the praises of James II, our last Catholic ruler. Sympathies we must all possess and express if we are not to be mere robots, but the fewer blinding prejudices the better. Dr. Trevelyan extols Carlyle and Sorel on the French Revolution as reasonably impartial, a happy contrast to such strident trumpeters as Treitschke and Thiers. In these pages we may learn how to treat controversial themes from the fine essay on *Cromwell's Statue*. Citizens of different countries, parties and Churches cannot be expected to agree about such matters as the merits of the Reformation or the French Revolution, the wisdom of Karl Marx or the responsibilities of the First World War. It is best for us all that the last word will never be said.

Dr. Trevelyan agrees with Acton that it is the duty of the historian to display a bias for moral law, impartially applied. This simplification of the judge's task is facilitated in his case by his rejection of the magic keys and pocket formulas improvised throughout the ages by daring dogmatists and ingenious minds. "As a great poem, as an epic without beginning or end, I read history and never tire. But I find in it no 'philosophy of history.' Philosophy must be brought to history, it cannot be extracted from it. And I have no philosophy of my own to bring beyond a love of things good and a hatred of things evil." One of the most solemn duties of historians and philosophers alike is that they should never pretend to know more than they do. Philosophies, theologies, historical interpretations, however satisfying to their authors, are guesses at truth. Do not let us ask from the historian more than mortal man can give. But equally do not let us stint our gratitude to such an amateur of genius as Walter Scott, who "did more than any professed historian to alter mankind's vision of the past," or our latter-day professionals, with Dr. Trevelyan at their head, who by a wave of the magician's wand bring the dim past to life.

G. P. G.

GERMAN REALITIES.*

Amongst the German refugees from Nazi oppression who have found shelter and a new home in the U.S.A. Dr. Gustav Stolper occupies a special position. He was formerly editor of the *Deutscher Volkswirt*, the leading economic review of pre-Hitler Germany, and has applied his exceptional knowledge of economic and political affairs in Germany during and since the war to the sole purpose of serving the truth. He accompanied ex-President Hoover on his visit to Germany in 1947, undertaken on behalf of President Truman, and to the preparation of the three reports submitted to President Truman he made an essential contribution. The present volume sets out to answer two fundamental questions: What are the German realities to-day, three years after unconditional surrender? and, What are the basic misconceptions which may already have made the German problem insoluble and peace in Europe thereby impossible? The first part of the book is in the nature of a comprehensive stocktaking. It reveals the extent of the physical and material destruction which the war and consequent treatment of Germany by the victorious Powers have caused, including what has taken place and is still going on behind the "Iron Curtain." No less sharp a light is thrown upon the subversion of moral values, a process which did not begin with the Hitler régime nor end with its overthrow, as is clear, for example, from the present irresponsible pursuit of quick and easy profits at the cost of the great mass of the population.

A fundamental chapter deals with the misconception of war potential, which had so great an effect on the shaping of the Potsdam Agreement of 1945 and the plans for industry which resulted from it. If the world wants protection against German aggression, and if the West considers this a more urgent task than to build up its strength against inundation from the East, then, in Stolper's opinion, the rebuilding of Germany's military power must, of course, be prevented, but not that of her war potential. The crippling of the latter would mean limitation of just those industries which are of greatest importance for the supply not of Germany alone but of other countries also. "In what sort of a world do these experts, military and economic, live who still quibble about war potential in terms of steel capacity or electric power? Have they never heard of Hiroshima and the atomic age?" The internationalisation of the Ruhr is for a variety of reasons held by Stolper to be impracticable. "We can ruin the Ruhr most assuredly and easily by internationalisation; we can make it prosper only as an integral part of the German economy." The French blueprint of 1947 was concerned merely with the distribution of profits; the question of how to meet the enormous losses that were to be expected was not considered. Dr. Stolper nevertheless sees a genuine reconciliation between France and Germany as the backbone of the West-European political and economic integration which he desires. Seldom have so many mistaken ideas been adopted and so much mistaken policy pursued as by the statesmen who promised a better world to hopeful mankind when the Hitler terror had been removed. After more than three years the change of attitude towards conquered Germany is indeed evident; but no sense of shame is as yet apparent at participation in such a piece of bungling as the Potsdam Agreement.

Frankfurt.

F. WOLFF.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.†

Admirers—and they are many—of Mr. Roger Fulford's earlier books, *Royal Dukes* and *George the Fourth*, have been waiting with impatience for his study of the Prince Consort. They will be disappointed only if they were unwise enough to expect that he would treat that monumental, marmoreal figure with the same light touch that was appropriate to his other sitters—

* *German Realities: a Guide to the Future of Europe*. By Gustav Stolper. Reynal and Hitchcock. New York.

† *The Prince Consort*. By Roger Fulford. Macmillan. 18s.

the touch of a gentler Gillray, a less robustious Rowlandson. Those flamboyant princes were totally unlike their nephew by marriage: they were fair game for a witty biographer. Nobody should be surprised if, instead of a highly-coloured woodcut, Mr. Fulford has now given us a portrait that has all the coolness, the precision and the implicit seriousness of a steel engraving. Ironically enough it was Lytton Strachey, whom Queen Victoria would have repudiated, and not Sir Theodore Martin, the chronicler of her choice, who succeeded in persuading posterity that Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was in very sooth what she and Sir Theodore proclaimed him to be—a great and good man. The generation to which Strachey addressed himself was half-reluctant and half-derisive in its acceptance of that proposition: it may be that this disquieted age will feel less reluctance: it should certainly be less disposed to mock, having seen what befalls human society after the abandonment of those principles for which the Prince Consort stood.

Politics and foreign affairs were bound to loom large in any study of a life so laboriously preoccupied with both, and six of the eleven chapters in this work provide a lucid and valuable commentary on twenty years of European history, at home and abroad. Henceforth the part played by Queen Victoria's husband will be more clearly understood and the sum of his services to her and to the State more clearly recognised. The Windsor Archives have here been used with skill and discretion to illuminate the achievements of the Prince: but only fugitive gleams have been allowed to flicker over his relations with his family. In spite of the charm of the chapter headed "Home Life," in spite of the tardy justice done to his companionable character as "Papa," one cannot suppress a mild regret that we should not see and hear more of the nine royal children. Only the two eldest step out of the famous Winterhalter group, and Princess Alice's part in her father's last hours is very faintly—though most sympathetically—sketched in. Princess Helena is not mentioned: and not even Thackeray's immortal "Policeman X" ballad on the birth of Prince Arthur has inspired any allusion to that event.

The statement that "at that time (1861) private nurses were unknown" demands qualification. In the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Dombey and Son*, as well as in the early volumes of *Punch*, there is ample evidence that the services of "the sisterhood which Mrs. Prig adorned" were available for any class of patient in the homes of the moderately well-to-do: nor should it be forgotten that the professional nurses who accompanied Miss Nightingale to Scutari were experienced in other branches of their calling besides midwifery. A final seal of merit is set upon Mr. Fulford's admirable book by the illustrations: all are good and some are more than that. As a study in tall hats the photograph taken after the wedding of the Princess Royal is quite *impayable*: but it is difficult to recognise in the meagre, undistinguished, rather scrubby figure on the right the once irresistible Leopold who himself came so near to playing the rôle of Prince Consort more than forty years before.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

* * * * *

Street Life in Medieval England, by G. T. Salusbury (Pen-in-Hand, 8s. 6d.), first published in 1939, deserved reprinting as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the local institutions, habits and atmosphere of the pre-Reformation centuries. The modest title scarcely indicates the wealth of information contained in these two hundred excellently printed pages. Here we may read about traffic, markets, water supply, sanitation, police, crimes, leper hospitals, brothels, sanctuary, the danger of fires and other themes. Every item is authenticated by quotations from or references to the borough records and other contemporary evidence. It is a story of filth, stench and violence, but also of robust vitality and ingenious attempts to bring order out of chaos. The book is enriched by a full bibliography and a serviceable index.

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Included in the book is a frontispiece photograph of Miss Gilpin, some examples of the children's art work, and details of the plays she produced in the school over a number of years. There is a Foreword by Geoffrey Whitworth, C.B.E., a Postscript by Michael Sadleir, and the other contributors include Lady Layton, Professor John W. Harvey and the late Dr. William Fryer Harvey.

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 1949.

THE YEAR IN PARLIAMENT.

LOBBY Correspondents report that Parliament rose for the summer recess—for the session is not over—tired and jaded, badly in need of rest. I remember a discussion among Members towards the end of the war as to what single quality was most necessary for the success of a political career. Megan Lloyd George punctured some of the high-flying suggestions with the practical observation that a strong physical constitution was essential. Mr. Bevin must not walk upstairs, Sir Stafford Cripps has been taking a cure in Switzerland, the Prime Minister was reported unwell. But apart from the state of health of overworked Ministers, this Parliament has reached a disillusioned middle age. The Steel Bill, though it has led to unlimited controversy, is not an issue which arouses deep political emotions. In Foreign Affairs there is an uneasy unity. Nor has the issue of the Labour Party's election programme, or that of the Conservatives, contributed any new or stimulating ideas. The economic crisis is no doubt fully recognised intellectually by Members of Parliament, but, like the public generally, they have become allergic to crises of all sorts.

In contrast to all this each of the three parties seems confident that, if the Government decides to cut short the life of this Parliament by an autumn election, the result will be satisfactory to themselves. Liberals know that their organisation is vastly improved since 1945, largely by the intense effort of Mr. Clement Davies, Mr. Frank Byers and a number of others. The Labour Party point to their unbroken by-election record, and are confident that they can count on a victory, even if by a smaller majority. The Conservatives take comfort from the results of local elections, their improved organisation and the mistakes of the Government. But the prophets to-day are more cautious than before Truman confounded them all, and they remember that 1945 was to be a close thing. In fact it was most evenly balanced so far as the electors were concerned, but our electoral system, which between the wars had consistently favoured the Conservatives, for once enormously exaggerated Labour's success. No one can foretell how this element of chance will affect the results in the future.

In foreign affairs the tension has relaxed since the autumn. There was uncertainty then as to whether the Air Lift to Berlin could achieve its object during the winter, but that established and agreement reached between the United States and the Soviet Union, we have gone forward to the Atlantic Pact and the first meeting of the Council of Europe. So much of the initiative in relations with the Soviet Union now comes from the United States that Mr. Bevin's reputation has neither gained nor lost so far as these are concerned. By expelling some of his critics the Labour Party may have unified their party, but at the expense of some support.

The progress of the Chinese Communist Party towards complete control of that vast country China has not resulted in any public activity on the part of our Foreign Office. The *Amethyst* incident stirred the House of Commons as it did the country, and its final outcome vindicated all the best traditions of the Navy. But so far as

its diplomatic repercussions are concerned, it was nothing but a misfortune. It quite fortuitously reminded the Chinese of a long history of armed intervention in their affairs which the war-time treaties had been intended to end. The negative attitude to Chinese affairs displayed by the Foreign Office makes it difficult to come to any other conclusion than that the British Government in this field, too, awaits the initiative of the United States.

In Palestine, however, Mr. Bevin fought hard for his own policy, and failed to achieve it. Indeed, his position was severely shaken when, in the early weeks of the year our planes were shot down by Israel's army. Whether or not those planes were sent on reconnaissance without the knowledge of the Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Arthur Henderson, as was generally believed, and whether our action was strictly in accordance with the United Nations rulings or not, the credit for pacifying a situation which might have developed into something far worse goes to the United Nations and its mediators. Mr. Clement Davies was right in urging that Mr. Bevin was far too slow to recognise the inevitable.

In Dominion affairs the Government have at least one outstanding success, namely their agreement with India to remain in the Empire as a republic. Mr. Noel-Baker has undoubtedly played a valuable part, not only in this but also in preventing, through the United Nations, an open war between India and Pakistan over Kashmir. But the most credit should perhaps go to the Prime Minister himself; and the Labour Party are justified in their claim that their handling of this whole great problem of the development of free democratic institutions in India could not and would not have been matched by Mr. Churchill and the Conservative Party.

Our relations with Ireland have not developed so successfully. Perhaps there is too long a history of conflict, perhaps it is difficult to keep altogether free from irritation in dealing with Irish affairs. But the solution, illogical and irrational as it is, seems to have given no satisfaction. It gave rise to another and perhaps the last rebellion of a large number of Labour Members; perhaps the last because the reaction of Labour's leaders was sharp and definite, and as the election grows nearer their party is likely to close its ranks rather than advertise its differences. The trouble might never have arisen if the Government, in deference to British and Ulster Conservatives, had not introduced into the Bill a pledge that the future of Northern Ireland should be decided by its Government rather than its people.

The meeting at Strasbourg of the Council and Assembly of Europe may mark a momentous development in the history of Europe and the organisation of peace. Those who have worked hard to achieve European Union find it difficult to understand why they have had to wait three years after the end of the war for this first meeting. It is true that Marshall aid now gives Western European unity a firmer economic foundation, and the increased fear of Communism is now a more insistent spur to action. Nor can much credit be given to our Government for including members of the Conservative opposition, for representative delegations have been chosen by every participating Government. To have excluded Mr. Churchill, who has done so much to create public opinion, would have been incomprehensible to other Europeans, and would have endangered the whole future development. In fact the British Government in excluding Liberals from our delegation have done less justice to minority groups than other countries.

If the European Assembly is to develop into an effective Parliament

of Europe and the nationalism of individual states is to be merged in a larger loyalty to democratic Europe as a whole, the first requirement is that the Assembly should be representative of all points of view that can give constructive support. If the Assembly were to become merely the nominated representatives of the governments of the day, business would be transacted more quickly and efficiently by Foreign Ministers and their experts. But whether this first meeting has been unnecessarily delayed, and whether the British delegation is as fully representative as it should be, the discussions at Strasbourg will have their repercussions not only upon international relations but also upon many domestic problems. In fact there are few purely domestic matters left to-day in politics. Economics, defence, the cost of living, even such matters as agriculture, the social services, and industrial relations, all are related and have their repercussions upon our relations with other countries.

The Health Service, more than any other single act of the Government, has strengthened the position of the Labour Party. The Conservatives' attitude has been equivocal, to say the least. They voted against the second and the third reading, and have been quick to draw attention to the extravagant administration of its first year. And yet in the country they give the impression that the Act was passed with their assistance. It is possible that this is a case where personal dislike for the Minister responsible, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, has affected their attitude unduly. By all accounts the alleged extravagance of the Health Service as a symbol of the Welfare State is the development which is most criticised in the United States. One would have imagined that Nationalisation of Steel would have done more to prejudice our relations with Americans.

The Steel Bill, the major clear-cut issue between the parties during the year, has passed from Commons to Lords and back, and the controversy remains much as it started. As Lord Samuel said in the House of Lords, "the Bill is a test case in the nationalisation controversy," it is "nationalisation naked but occasionally ashamed." Although the Labour Party vote unitedly with the exception of Mr. Edwards, a casualty at an early stage in the battle, some Labour Members doubt the wisdom of further large-scale nationalisation until the problems of administration and labour relations have been improved in those industries already dealt with. Perhaps Mr. Herbert Morrison would have been wise to accept the Lords' amendment postponing the operation of the Bill until after a general election. In fact the verdict of the electors at the election, whether it comes in the autumn or in the early summer, will decide the issue. But Mr. Morrison believes in strong leadership and to him such a gesture would seem like a confession of weakness rather than confidence.

As was to be expected, the Steel Bill has hardened political differences. Mr. Morrison went out of his way in the early stages of the discussion to try to induce Liberals to give him their support. When both in the Commons and the Lords Liberals voted solidly against the Bill, they made it clear that by "independence" they mean independence, both of the Labour Party and of the Conservatives. During 1947 the Conservatives made a great effort to reach an understanding with the Liberal Party. Since that effort failed they have contented themselves with making use of the word Liberal in some of their constituency organisations quite without consideration as to whether local Liberals agree or not. It may be that the Labour Party hoped that the radicalism

of the Liberal Party which prevented it accepting the overtures of the Conservatives would lead Liberals to join them. If so they learnt from the Steel Bill that while Liberals support their social services and in special cases, such as coal and railways, will support nationalisation, there is a difference between Liberalism and Socialism. The rumours that various individual members of the Liberal Parliamentary Party were about to join the Labour Party have now ceased.

Sir Stafford Cripps' Budget of 1949 certainly came as a horrid shock to the large majority of his party in the House, and contributed to the Labour Party's losses in the County Council elections, especially in London. And yet it might have been foreseen, and indeed before the Finance Bill was through all its stages in the House, the austerity of the Budget was completely justified by the loss of gold in the sterling reserve. Two years ago we were faced with a somewhat similar crisis, but reactions have been different this time. Perhaps it is expecting too much of human nature to imagine that the Conservatives could refrain from making party use of such an opportunity. The country brought to the verge of bankruptcy by socialist extravagance is a slogan too easy and too valuable to be missed. And yet the situation is not clear, the causes not fully understood, the remedies not yet marshalled along party lines. It may be that Sir Stafford with a united Commonwealth behind him may be able to agree some relatively painless remedies in Washington in September—if not remedies at least palliatives. Much depends upon whether the trade recession in America develops into a depression of any size. Meanwhile it is around this issue that speculation as to an autumn election develops. The Government, it is argued, would be wise to take an election before the crisis becomes something more than aloof figures of our gold reserve, intensified exhortation to work harder and cease to demand higher wages. When the crisis has developed into unemployment as well as cuts and restrictions in consumer goods, it will be too late for the Government to appeal successfully to the country. Those who believe that the crisis is too inescapable to be cured by any means but the painful process of reducing the standards of living talk again of a National Government either before or after an election.

But that is perhaps more amongst experts than politicians. for the atmosphere in the House in the last few days of July was far from any such mood of compromise. Take, for example, a short debate on Agriculture, in which the Minister of Agriculture was told that words he had used in exhortation of the farming community were tactless. That farmers in failing to achieve the acreages of crops set in the four years' expansion programme were less to blame than the Minister who had refrained from using dollars to buy feeding stuffs. If Members, Conservatives and others alike, really felt the crisis intensely, how could they lend themselves to denigrating the efforts of a Minister to increase production in the very way which can best save dollars?

The major problem, however, lies within the Labour Movement itself. Can Sir Stafford Cripps, even with the help of the T.U.C., maintain a voluntary self-discipline, and restrain the continual demands first of one section and then another for more out of the Welfare State irrespective of what is available? Whether the Government handled the dock strike with wise moderation, or whether Lord Ammon was right and what was wanted was the big stick, raises only one issue in a much larger problem, though in passing one might note that Lord Ammon has not established for himself a reputation as a strong man, an adept

with big sticks. The trade unions, to-day, are expected to function in reverse. Built up to fight for higher wages, their leaders are now actively engaged in damping down the natural desire of their members to improve their position. It is a hard task they have been set, and it requires all the good sense and the political maturity of British trade unionists, who are also electors, to respond. It is unfortunate at such a testing-time that the unions suffer from being too large, too bureaucratic. To a Liberal it seems that the "big stick" is just what is not wanted at the present time. It sounds too simple a way out, too much the totalitarian solution, too much like the inevitability of Marxism, too much like Socialism destroying Democracy. Whether rightly or wrongly our economic destiny can no longer be left to the free play of impersonal economic forces. Somehow we must collectively work out the pattern of our social order through conscious political decisions. The next year may bring us further along that road.

WILFRID ROBERTS.

GERMANY'S INFLUENCE ON WAR OR PEACE.

THE Paris Conference of the four Great Powers was a question-mark in contemporary history. It settled nothing, but it did not forbid us to hope. The tension between East and West is so far relaxed that their representatives can meet without an open quarrel. One cannot say that they found a formula of co-operation. What we may ascribe to them is the will to seek it. But during four weeks of debate neither side produced any constructive plan that could have ended the feud between East and West and the division of Germany which is at once its cause and its consequence. This bankruptcy in ideas among the world's statesmen is a challenge to all who are capable of independent thinking. We must make a fresh start and discover a new solution. What is at stake is much more than the future of Germany, important though that is. Until we solve the German problem the threat of a third world war hangs over us. To prevent that lunatic crime is the first duty of every good citizen the world over.

What it will mean in physical ruin and in the destruction of life the experts have told us. But few of us realise as yet that it will involve for the Western peoples the end of their democratic institutions, since it will be a civil as well as an international war, and governments will be driven in their struggle with the Communists to suppress all our traditional liberties. In the lands of the Soviet it will mean a renewed devastation fatal to every hope of progress. The solution of the German problem will not give us peace, but it will be the first step towards ending the cold war. So long as that continues we are compelled to squander on armaments the resources we need to rebuild our civilisation. Britain and France cannot achieve economic solvency; India cannot realise the schemes of irrigation which are her only hope of vanquishing hunger; in all the continents their mounting populations cry out for the means to conquer soil erosion. Sane men are waiting for the chance to sink wells and plant trees. But we cannot jump suddenly from the cold war into peace. There must be a transitional period of truce.

We share the general belief that neither rulers nor peoples on either side of the Iron Curtain wish for war. But history teaches us that two

groups of Powers cannot quarrel in public and compete in armaments for many years without "staggering and stumbling into war"—to use the phrase which Lloyd George applied to the last German Kaiser. Stalin nearly did it when he closed the roads to Berlin. Paradoxically, the belief of each side that the other does not wish for war may tempt one or both of them to reckless and provocative behaviour. We have just escaped an armed struggle over Berlin. But similar crises may confront us before long, perhaps in the Balkans or it may be in Hong Kong. To-day a peace based on global co-operation and general disarmament lies far beyond our reach.* But a truce we may be able to arrange. East and West must begin by adopting a rule of mutual non-interference within their respective spheres of interest. Problems confront us all over the map, from Malaya to Greece. But it is with Germany we must begin.

In stating the German problem we may at once dismiss two theoretically possible solutions. Quadripartite control can never be revived. A permanent or prolonged division of Germany into two halves is an intolerable arrangement. It is, moreover, impossible for Berlin to remain, year after year, an island within the Soviet Zone. There can be no sense of security either for the Germans or for the rest of us while this division lasts. Bismarck fought three wars to unite Germany in the nineteenth century. We risk the outbreak of a fourth, unless we can discover a way to reunite her peacefully. Faced with these difficulties the temptation to which we may succumb is to postpone any radical solution and play for time. The blockade of Berlin has come to an end; the West German State will soon be functioning, while the occupation in a milder form continues with no time limit. But we are told the relations between West and East Germany may be co-ordinated, perhaps under a joint consultative council, which will be able to organise trade and transport between them for their mutual advantage. There will be some gaps in the Iron Curtain and a gradual growth of co-operation. Finally, at some unpredictable date in the future, the two Germanies will somehow be reunited.

This reasoning rests on mere illusion. Our belief is that unless the Western and Eastern Zones are reunited very soon it will be impossible to unite them without war. Steadily and fatally each half will be integrated within the political and economic structure of the block to which it belongs. Dependent on Marshall aid, open to American investment, obedient to the maxims of free enterprise, Western Germany will soon be admitted to the Council of Europe. Eastern Germany on the other hand will have to trade mainly with the Soviet block and will soon become one of its satellite Communist States. The reply that East Germans are still Germans and that the majority of them detest Soviet rule is true to-day. But it does not reassure us. Those who rely

* The pessimistic reader may object that a lasting peace never can be reached because Communists aim at a world-wide social revolution by violent means. Certainly there are authoritative texts that uphold this doctrine. There are others, from Marx and even from Stalin, that point in the other direction, notably the latter's thesis that Socialism can be realised in one country. The ablest Soviet economist, Dr. Varga, recently argued that Socialism can be reached peacefully and gradually in the West. Unhappily he has had to recant. In practice Communism, rigid though its dogmas are, is more opportunist and adaptable than any other political creed. It will never formally abandon its basic dogmas, but it can interpret them to mean anything. An infallible religion never unsays what it has once said; it silently forgets. In Galileo's day the astronomy of Copernicus was heresy; gradually it was tolerated and at last accepted. The same fate, under favourable circumstances, may befall the Leninist doctrine of violent revolution. It will be kept alive, if the West is unconciliatory. It may be silently forgotten, if we can arrange a truce and maintain it for some years.

on this argument forget that the Russians are carrying out a social revolution thoroughly and rapidly. A new governing caste is being created in the factories, the Civil Service, the police, the universities and the theatres. These men, whether they are workers by origin or intellectuals, will cling to their privileges. With every year that passes their power and influence will grow. Industries incorporated in the Soviet pattern and dependent on the Eastern market will have an interest in retaining it. Psychologically the immense effort made in universities and schools to raise the status of the workers will gradually win them over—all the more because too little has been done in that way in the Western Zones. Meanwhile the local leaders hostile to the Soviet dictatorship, above all the Social Democrats, are being ruthlessly liquidated in crowded concentration camps, while others flee in large numbers across the green border. We believe that to-day in a free election a majority in the Eastern Zone would still vote for freedom as the West understands that word. But if these processes of selection, intimidation and propaganda continue for another ten years, or even for five, can we rely on the new indoctrinated generation? The Eastern Zone is being forcibly subjected to an alien civilisation. In ten years, though it will still speak German, it will be a foreign country, with a mental climate stranger to West Germans than that of Holland or England. Prosperity in Western Germany might be a decisive argument to win the East. But the Western workers are not prosperous.

By postponing a solution we bring other difficulties on ourselves. Western Germany will be admitted to the Council of Europe, an organisation with no clearly defined functions or powers. That will not satisfy the German aspiration for equality of status. While the Russians build up an armed police from Paulus's men in the East, for how long can the Western Allies, inferior as they are in man-power, refrain from some similar action? For a time there will be no open and avowed military formations. The memory of the Nazis' crimes is too fresh for that. What will happen is the rebirth in underground groupings of nationalistic militarism. The longer reunion is postponed the more likely is this to happen.

The ultimate choice before us is simple. If we allow the cold war to go on, the logic of military necessity will compel us, sooner or later, to make use of Germany's industrial potential and man-power. Already the question whether Western Germany will join the Atlantic Pact has been asked by one of her outstanding political leaders (*Echo der Woche*, June 24th, 1949). If that ever happens the Eastern Zone in its turn will be incorporated in the Russian military system, and Germans will be conscripted to serve, brother against brother, as the mercenaries of the two rival blocks. In that event the future not only of Germany but of all Europe will be past salvation.

There is only one solution by which these evils can be avoided. It is to remove Germany as a whole from the power-complex of East and West. In plain words Germany should become a neutralised State, under the guarantee of the four Great Powers. Only on this basis can we hope for the early reunion of its sundered halves. The necessary condition is, of course, the early withdrawal of the four armies of occupation. Needless to say, Russia must at the same time disband the quasi-military police formations in her zone. This conception of neutrality has nothing in common with the opportunism of those Germans who wish to use their country as make-weight which can be thrown into the scales of East or West, for a

sufficiently high price. This is not neutrality. A demilitarised State whose neutrality is guaranteed by the four Great Powers in an international treaty could not be used in this way. The new constitution must ensure civil liberties and the freedom of election. There must be a Supreme Court whose writ will run in all the *Laender* of the Republic. The four Powers together must control the permanent demilitarisation of reunited Germany, with the right of inspection alike in the Ruhr and in the Eastern regions. It is indispensable that a small federal police force be created, lightly armed and mobile, under officers with a good record. There must be no more reparations from current production and no more dismantling. The united Republic should enjoy full sovereignty with full control over its foreign trade and foreign relations, subject only to the obligations of neutrality and demilitarisation. The ending of the occupation, if peace can be simultaneously established in Austria, would bring with it the withdrawal of all Russia's armies within her own frontiers. According to the Yalta agreement they would have to evacuate not only Germany but the satellite States of Eastern Europe also.

Here in outline is a plan which promises the reunion of Germany, with Berlin as its capital, ends the totalitarian dictatorship in the Eastern Zone, and frees the German people from its perilous and humiliating position as a pawn for which two Power blocks contend. The Iron Curtain will be pushed back and a big and populous territory reopened. Trade will be possible both with East and West. But Germans cannot be content with a passive rôle in the international family. Would their status as neutrals forbid them to play an active part? It would exclude them only from the negative field of power politics. Like the Swiss they could join neither the United Nations nor the Western Union. Need Germans repine because they cannot share in the wrangles of the Security Council or join the Western Allies in planning rearmament? Neither at Lake Success nor at Brussels is mankind making fruitful advances in the planning of work, education and health. It is in the functional organisations concerned with food and agriculture, labour, health and science that we are making creative progress. A neutral Germany should be admitted without delay to the F.A.O., I.L.O., U.N.E.S.C.O. and the rest. It is such bodies as these which will plan our common life, sometimes on a Continental, sometimes on a world-wide scale. Coal and steel, electricity and transport—these, with the long-term battle against soil erosion, are the fields marked out for the next step forward. Neutrality does not spell isolation. It can mean partnership in the truly creative efforts of the nations.

We realise that the proposal for the withdrawal of the armies of occupation is suspect to many because the Russians were the first to approve it. Their aim must be, it is argued, either to gain a local strategical advantage or else to win the whole of Germany by repeating the sinister tactics they used in Poland and Hungary. The first of these suggestions is easy to answer. The military power of the Western Allies does not depend on the small forces they maintain in their zones; it depends primarily on the technical superiority of America in industry, in the air and in atomic research. The war—if we are insane enough to let it happen—will be decided by global strategy. It is admitted by all the experts that in the event of a Russian attack Western Germany could not be defended; in the strategical sense it is rather a liability than an asset. The proposal to neutralise it and to

withdraw our garrisons involves no weakening of our defensive position. The Atlantic Pact would remain in force, with all the rights it implies to use the territories of its member States as advance bases from the moment of the outbreak of hostilities. The military consequences of the evacuation of the Eastern Zone by the Russians would be on balance in our favour, for the impact of a Soviet attack would be appreciably delayed by the greater distance their armies would have to cover. The second suggestion, based on what happened in the satellite States, rests on a false analogy. In most of them Russia succeeded first of all because she was in military occupation. Secondly, from the start the Communists took and held certain key positions, above all the Ministries of the Interior and Justice. Thirdly, in all these countries, even in Czechoslovakia, the Communists started with numerous allies in other parties. None of these conditions will exist in Germany after the withdrawal of the armies. Given free elections the Communists and the S.E.D., which includes a high proportion of time-servers and opportunists, could poll only a minority of the total vote. Composed as it is, it is probable that the S.E.D. will disintegrate. It could not secure the key positions in the federal government. The Communists would no longer be a governing party backed by an army of occupation; they would take their place in the political system of the German Republic as a minority group, which would have no allies. Only one precaution is necessary, adequate guarantees for fair dealing in the first general election.

It may be that the Russians will refuse to give these guarantees; they may make impossible conditions, which we will not try to anticipate. In that case their insincerity will be manifest, and the whole project falls to the ground. But we would plead for an honest attempt to discuss this problem with an open mind. We think it possible that the Kremlin would be genuinely willing, for reasons of security, to further German neutrality. However baseless may be its fear that the Western Allies intend to remilitarise the Ruhr, it does firmly hold this suspicion. It would, therefore, pay a heavy price for the assurance that the military potential of Western Germany will never be used against it. Russian soldiers, moreover, since the days of Kutusov, have always believed in defence in depth. The existence of a wide neutral space between them and the West would give them a new sense of safety.

Some critics have dismissed the idea of German neutrality as Utopian, on the ground that it will be violated by one side or both if war breaks out. Of course that may be so. If we have to face a third world war with the added horrors of bacteria and gamma rays, no pledge of neutrality is likely to stop the belligerents. The case for neutrality is not that it will ensure Germany's safety should war break out. The case for neutralisation is that it immensely lessens the danger that war will break out.

For a neutral Germany there is a future worthy of the ambitions of a gifted and industrious people. Relieved from the waste and distractions of power politics it can concentrate its genius on all that is positive and constructive in human life. Its own economic problem will be eased, for it will be able to trade as freely with the East as with the West; which it could not do if it were committed to either block. To its neighbours whom the Nazis enslaved it has more than the common obligation of service incumbent on every nation. By a creative rôle in the future it can best obliterate the past. The surest way to win back the confidence of its neighbours is to step out

of power politics, voluntarily and finally. It is clear, then, that the Germans have much to gain if they will accept a neutral status : reunion, self-government, a wider scope for trade and a happier relation with their neighbours, above all with the French. But the decisive reasons which prompt this proposal are wider and concern us all. From the surrender of the Nazis down to the present day, German affairs have done more to foment enmity between the West and the East than all the other causes of discord together. Interminable debates have brought us no nearer to a tolerable solution. To conclude an informal truce, a *détente* (which must include the calling off of political strikes), is the first step to security. From this we might, as our relations gradually improve, go on to the next step—an agreement to check the pace of rearmament and eventually to bring armaments under international control. Until we can do this the economic problems that threaten our own generation and the next, above all the problems of food and population, will remain insoluble. The next war means, if it comes, the mass suicide of humanity. To stop the drift towards war is the duty of us all. We are the last combatants for the right to think and speak freely. Corpses can do nothing ; to achieve anything, our generation must be kept alive. Its first and most urgent task is to lift Germany out of the field of power politics.

H. N. and EVAMARIA BRAILSFORD.

JAPAN, 1945-9.

ON September 2nd, 1945, four years ago, Japan's unconditional surrender, already accepted by the Emperor on August 15th, was signed on board the U.S.S. *Missouri*, and General MacArthur became the uncrowned king of Japan. As he still is, with no apparent prospect yet of being anything else. The outlook for a peace treaty remains as dim as ever, though the position in respect of it has been curiously reversed. Just two years ago, when the identity of views between the British Commonwealth and America, as revealed by the Canberra Conference, seemed to forecast the signing of peace within a twelvemonth, it was Russia who blocked it by insisting that the terms must be drafted by the Council of Ministers, in order to enable her to use her veto ; to which the Allies, for ample reason, could not agree. To-day it is Russia who presses for a peace treaty, obviously because of the strength of Japanese Communism and the reinforcement it may receive from the Communists in China. So now it is the Allies who hang back, and General MacArthur remains in charge.

Criticisms of his work are trivial indeed compared with his achievements. It is highly doubtful that Japan has undergone the " spiritual conversion " to the blessings of American democracy in which General MacArthur believes. But there is no doubt that she appreciates the many freedoms that he has given her—freedom of speech ; elections free from police coercion ; rights of labour hitherto undreamt of ; and, with the backing of American munificence, which has poured out over £250,000,000 in Japan since the war, an industrial revival not surpassed in any European country. Moreover, General MacArthur has consistently tried to keep in the background and to stimulate the Japanese Government to shoulder its own responsibilities. But the very reforms which he has introduced have bred their own problems. The military

machine and the ancillary organisations which helped to feed it have been smashed, but the feudal spirit they threw upon is hardly less strong in Japanese business. The *zaibatsu*, or great family syndicates, which for generations controlled Japan's industry, commerce and finance, have nominally been dissolved. But their members remain a power behind the scenes, and the new challenge of Communism to the whole State has spurred them on, together with Mr. Yoshida's overwhelmingly Conservative Government, to endeavour to reinstate the old order. In a manner of speaking, General MacArthur stands between the Government and the people, reluctant to appear to coerce the former, determined that the latter shall not lose its new rights, but equally determined that Communism shall not prevail.

During 1948 Japan's foreign trade was distinctly encouraging: the total value of her exports rising to about £100,000,000. The agreement reached between her and Great Britain and the Dominions last July for the exchange of £55,000,000 worth of trade during the ensuing twelve months (a further agreement should be made on similar lines this year) was a valuable tonic; and the release of British merchants from the many restrictions imposed upon them when they first returned to Japan in 1947 has also helped to spread her trade. Since the 1860's British merchants have done work unrivalled by any foreign competitors in distributing Japanese goods to all parts of the world. The progress of 1948 bids fair to be exceeded in 1949—exports during the first quarter being valued at over £45,000,000. India now became Japan's best customer, taking 26.4 per cent. of her exports—chiefly rayon and cotton products—compared with the United States' share of 21.7 per cent. American estimates were that Japanese exports in all 1949 would reach a value of £150,000,000. Since April, however, a reaction has taken place. The boom of the first quarter was to some extent artificial: new fiscal regulations announced by the India Government led to many contracts being rushed through before the end of March; the Netherlands East Indies sent a huge order for textiles, which cleaned up the available stocks in Japan; there was a depreciation of prices in America which caused some contracts to be cancelled: and the fixing of a rate for the yen, at 360 to the U.S. dollar, inevitably told, at first, against Japanese industry, particularly iron and steel, whose recovery had been one of the chief features of the national production, by bringing the manufacturers' costs into inseparable relationship with world prices. In the long run, of course, a fixed rate for the yen, the absence of which had been severely felt by those doing business with Japan, must help trade. For the moment, however, it is none the less disconcerting to the native producer.

But the chief cause of the restlessness which infects the whole of Japan is political. Even the farmers—more than half the population—the one class who had profited by inflation, which enabled them to pay off their previous enormous debts and to make handsome profits in the black market, are described as not so prosperous now; while the rising volume of unemployment (of which more presently) has thrown back upon them numbers of workless men. In Japan the unemployed have always looked to their families for relief, not to the State.

During the general election campaign last January Mr. Yoshida and his friends were lavish with promises of reduced taxation, subsidies to industry and removal of controls. That was not the only reason for Mr. Yoshida's return with the enormous composite backing of 262 Democratic Liberals and seventy Democrats (his own popularity,

Japanese conservatism and the disgust with the chameleon-like nature of previous Diets all helped); but it was that which was best remembered by the nation and was clearly visible in the Government's first tentative Budget providing for an outlay of only yen 578,800 million.

A very cold douche was administered by Mr. Joseph M. Dodge, who came to Tokyo in February as General MacArthur's financial adviser. Put bluntly, he said that the Budget was not honest and that the Government was to blame for the general economic uncertainty and inflation. Many payments, Mr. Dodge showed, which should have appeared in the Budget were hidden in other accounts; taxation was high, but the effective collection was low; and there was an excessive amount of what the *New York Times*' correspondent called "feather-bedding" in the crowds of superfluous employees both in Government and private offices. In a word, Japan was living recklessly beyond her means. Mr. Dodge asked her what she proposed to do when American aid was, as it must be one day, cut off. The outcome of this straight talking was a balanced Budget for yen 2,000 millions, which for the first time showed the Japanese people their true financial position. Subsidies and grants for public works were heavily pruned, and the Government announced that expenses would further be cut by the wholesale discharge of redundant employees.

The anger caused on every side by this repudiation of all electioneering promises can be imagined. The importance of the family tie which runs all through Japanese life has always applied in business, too, and it is generally accepted that employees are not dismissed merely because their employer has been losing money. But now private firms have been sacking their workers as ruthlessly as the Government. It is difficult to ascertain how many Japanese have been thrown out of work since the spring: as many as 1,400,000 by some calculations; in the State railways alone 65,000 are known to have been discharged. At the end of last year 4,700,000 persons were described as "not gainfully employed." No doubt many of these have since found work, permanent or casual; but if we add those discharged under the so-called "austerity Budget," the volume of workless, unhappy people, must be very large.

As might be expected, the Communists seized on the public resentment with alacrity, choosing the railways as the best point on which to concentrate. Whether they were guilty of the assassination on July 6th of Mr. Sadanori Shimoyama, who as head of the National Railway Corporation was in charge of the dismissals, will perhaps never be known. They certainly incited the railway workers to vote for resistance to the dismissals, if necessary with violence; they fomented riots at Taira, Hiroshima and Kanagawa; and they can hardly escape the blame for the long list of acts of sabotage, placing of obstacles on railway lines and so forth in recent weeks. These outrages have caused a revulsion of public feeling, from sympathy with the discharged railwaymen to indignation at their violence; and American correspondents incline to think that the Communists have overplayed their hand. They have certainly roused the Government to renewed activity. Mr. Yoshida is very anxious to have the police put again under the Government's direct control; since the occupation they have been directed by a separate Department of Public Safety. General MacArthur is unlikely to allow this, though he is as anxious as anyone to check the Communists' agitation. There are rumours that the Communists are working up a monster demonstration for the end of September, and

various plans for defeating it have been discussed. Actually the existing laws appear to contain the means of cutting the Communists' claws pretty closely. So long as they confine themselves to words without incitement to violence they can claim the right of free speech prescribed in the Constitution, which in the general opinion must not be tampered with.

The significance of Communism in Japan is a matter of much uncertainty. It is descended from the old Japanese branch of the Communist International organised in 1921 (and thus a contemporary of the "C.P." in China) which was savagely repressed by the police in the late 1920's and 1930's when persons suspected of "dangerous thought" were arrested in droves. Since the war the formation of trade unions by General MacArthur, who regarded them as a useful means of teaching democratic practice, has given the Communists ample opportunity to spread their doctrines. There are over 26,000 trade unions with a total membership of 6,000,000 divided into two roughly equal sections of moderately Right Wing and extreme Left. The strength of the Communist Party and its organisation are secret, but it is thought to number 200,000 members, and in the last general election it polled 3,000,000 votes and got thirty-five members elected, compared with only four in the previous Diet.

In recent weeks both Russia, indirectly, and the Chinese Communists, directly, have been doing their best to encourage popular support for Communism in Japan—Russia by mendacious attacks on "the brutality and unfairness" of American treatment of Japanese labour, which in fact has never enjoyed such rights and liberties as now; the Chinese Communists by offers of diplomatic and commercial relations, warm support for Russia's demand for a peace treaty, and the usual vilification of America. This note, first struck by Mao Tze-tung in a broadcast on July 7th, anniversary of Japan's invasion of China, continues to be sounded at intervals by Peking radio.

The utter incongruity of Communism with the age-long traditions and conservatism of the Japanese and their devotion to the Emperor is too evident to need emphasising; but in the prevailing conditions of all the Far East the only effective retort to the Red intrigue is that the Japanese people should be prosperous and happy. The "austerity Budget" appears already to have had some good effect in checking inflation; satisfactory trade contracts have recently been concluded with Korea, Pakistan and Formosa, and others are in prospect; above all, America's announcement that the 845 plants earmarked for reparations, which include the iron and steel industries, the electrical and ship-building, are not to be taken away, has been enthusiastically received throughout the country. Altogether there are hopes that the recent setback in trade was only temporary, and that the discharged workers will gradually be absorbed in other employment.

But the malaise so visibly affecting all Japan is only partly due to unemployment, cost of living and the like. By far the greater cause is the chafing against Allied occupation and uncertainty of the future. And still the Allies have not squarely faced the question: What do they mean to do with Japan? The time has surely come to revise our whole thinking about the Japanese. A signed peace treaty may not be feasible, but there is much to be said for giving Japan the freedom and self-responsibility that a formal peace would bring. It is obvious that General MacArthur cannot stay in Japan indefinitely, and that the most virile and enterprising race in Asia cannot for ever be kept in

a resolution of the Second Conference of N.O.F., the Slavo-Macedonian organisation which sponsors an independent Macedonia, and which would bring Greek and Yugo-Slav Macedonia within a Balkan Communist federation under Bulgarian direction. Incidentally, K.K.E., the Greek Communist Party, which dominates the Greek guerrilla forces, stands committed, by a resolution passed at a meeting on January 30th and 31st (when Markos was dismissed) to the separation of Greek Macedonia from Greece, "if the Macedonian people wish it." How futile from the start were the overtures initiated by Dr. Evatt may be seen from even a superficial study of this vexed "Macedonian question," though indeed there are no such people as "the Macedonians." But if Dimitrov and Tito made some kind of show of co-operation on the future of Macedonia, the Bulgars as a whole made no attempt to conceal their dislike of any plan which would place the Pirin (Bulgarian Macedonia) under the aegis of Yugoslavia. Serb and Bulgar are traditional enemies, whatever the ideological veneers of to-day, so it is not at all surprising to learn that, with the help of Russian instructors, Bulgaria is organising brigades of Bulgarian Macedonians for raids on both Greek and Yugoslav Macedonia. Here we have a curious revival of the ancient Bulgarian comitadjis who, in the early years of this century, terrorised the same area by murder and pillage in order to reduce it to a purely Bulgarian province.

Estranged from Russia and confronted with this situation, Tito naturally finds himself in a dilemma. Cut off from the trade of the Eastern bloc, but desperately in need of finance and capital goods to fulfil his five-year plan, he turns in despair for help to the West, at the same time warning that he does not intend to quit one camp for the other or sell his soul in the process. There is a pathetic reiteration of his devotion to the "Marxist-Leninist line." Lately we have had a strange outburst against the "Greek Monarcho-Fascists," who are said to have "violated" his frontier by pursuing Greek rebels, and Tito has declared that he "must gradually close the frontier." The Greeks place no reliance in the words of the Yugoslav dictator, but they note with keen anticipation how the turn of the political wheel in the Balkans has thrown Tito into the arms and power of the Western democracies. He may deny it, but unless Russia meanwhile forestalls any Anglo-American move, Britain and the United States are in a position now to put the utmost pressure on Belgrade to cease giving help to the Greek guerrillas. There are disturbing reports, however, that Washington is showing far too eager a willingness to oblige Tito with all the goods and gold he wants without first obtaining guarantees of an adequate kind. And the only positive guarantee that could be exacted in the circumstances is that before any substantial help is given the Greek insurrection must be brought to an end with Yugoslavia's help. The possibility of Tito being liquidated by the Russians, or of a patched-up peace between Moscow and the "Tito clique," cannot be ruled out. For this latter reason, the suggestion that he will not now wish to have a Cominform-dominated country on his southern borders, assuming a guerrilla victory, may be treated with scepticism if not entirely rejected.

Even if the Greco-Yugoslav frontier be closed, the northern border problem for the Greeks will not have been wholly solved, for Russian aid can still go to the guerrillas through Bulgaria and Albania. The northern frontiers comprise roughly 700 miles of mountainous terrain, and constitute a most formidable proposition in the Greek Army's

campaign. Prodigious fighting has, despite all difficulties, completely cleared the Peloponnesus of rebels and liberated parts of Central Greece. About 100,000 of the 750,000 refugees have been restored to their villages and farms, and it is hoped to resettle 300,000 more by the end of the summer. It is impossible, however, to see how the immense refugee problem can be dealt with satisfactorily until the "running sore" of the northern frontiers has been healed. This is, as always, in the absence of a guerrilla surrender, the crux of the present situation in Greece.

Mr. Canellopoulos, the Greek War Minister, has forecast a final victory over the rebels this year. He bases this view on the success which has attended the Greek Army in its cleaning-up operations during the spring, and adds: "The Government will now concentrate on the frontier regions." One inevitably comes up against this dreadful frontier. General van Fleet, Chief of the American Military Mission in Greece, told a representative of an Athens newspaper that there was no question of coming to terms with the bandit leaders, and "their only choice is death or unconditional surrender." After expressing the view that the whole of the interior of Greece would be cleared of bandits this summer, he made a comment of the greatest significance. "As far as the border regions are concerned," he said, "nothing definite can be accomplished until East and West come to an agreement which will automatically put an end to the situation, because the U.S.S.R. will then order the bandit rising to be suppressed."

The suffering Greek people are painfully aware of how far East and West have advanced towards the much-desired general agreement. If this is to be the attitude of America and Britain, then Greeks may go on fighting to virtual extinction, to say nothing of the utter ruin of Greek economy. It may be that the Greek rebels are tiring of the fight, and that their total strength has fallen from 25,000 to 18,000 men. It may well be that the uprising will collapse this year. The hope and assumption does not excuse Britain and America from having a dynamic, positive policy which will ensure that the unspeakable agony of the Greek people is definitely terminated this year. The obvious policy is one for which the Greek Government has been pleading at every gathering of the United Nations—to close the northern frontiers to rebel aid. Shortly before his death, Mr. Sophoulis, the Greek Premier, emphatically denied in an interview with the *Christian Science Monitor* that his Government considered it would be a grave mistake for the United States to send American troops to Greece. The veteran Liberal statesman went on to say: "We can deal with the interior ourselves, provided a stop is put to outside intervention." Mr. Tsaldaris, the Greek Foreign Minister, has repeatedly stressed this point, quoting the Charter in support of sanctions against the satellites. The appeal so far has been unavailing.

The Greeks, logically, see no difference between 50,000 American troops being sent to Greece to police the northern frontiers and 2,000 *liaison* officers being attached to the Greek armed forces but doing no fighting. If the frontier were sealed off there is no question that the internal situation could quickly be resolved, because the moderate elements who believe they are fighting for the "liberation" of Greece and those who have been forcibly conscripted through terrorism could be more readily induced to quit. The "free elections" for which Russia, the Greek rebels and foreign opinion clamour could then be held, with a place for Communists constitutionally elected. The

bility of earning an honest living are, in many instances, responsible for outrages which are ascribed to guerrillas and political opposition. Many of the train accidents, often fatal, which are widely reported in the Press and attributed to acts of sabotage, are simply a result of the extremely bad state of the railways. Experts wonder how trains run at all. The railway trucks and lines are worn out, replacement has been badly needed for years, and the equipment is most antiquated. No wonder accidents occur, but the cause is always found amongst the "dissatisfied Reds and saboteurs." Many of the bands which operate from the hills are either brigands or former prisoners who could not find a place in society after their release. The amnesties which Franco has, from time to time, granted to political prisoners have proved to be the greatest handicap for the people released from prisons and concentration camps. Former inmates of gaols have no chance of obtaining any employment. Their case history follows them wherever they go: they have the choice between starving or flight into the hills.

Economically, the country is at the moment poised on the verge of bankruptcy, but nobody knows how near the crash is nor how bad the finances are. Spain is, perhaps, the only country where the budget is never balanced and where the figures published by official Government bodies can never be used to obtain a picture of the general state of the country's economy. The elaborate system of Syndicates which are supposed to act as trade unions and look after the workers' interests; the complicated system of control of foreign exchange; the social insurance and social welfare schemes from which the workers have comparatively small gains, but which are, at the same time, a drag on the country's economy, are all helping to create confusion and disorganisation. Madrid with its large number of central Government offices, extravagant social life, political machinations, widespread black market activities, with no industrial plants in its suburbs, making no contribution to the country's economy, is a heavy burden which is resented in every quarter. Barcelona with its highly developed industries and Valencia with its rich agricultural production look upon Madrid as a vampire which is sucking out the productive efforts of the whole country and wasting them.

During the war years, while both the Allies and the Germans were doing everything possible to gain Franco's favours and competing with each other for Spain's industrial and agricultural surpluses, the country passed through a period of comparative prosperity, and the economic chaos was not so apparent. Spain had then a good chance to put her house in order, to utilise the considerable profits from her war economy for re-organising and developing her industry and agriculture, and to put the country on a sound economic basis. This opportunity was lost, the profits squandered, and soon after the war, when the abnormal wartime sources of income had dried up, the country found itself in a worse position than 1939. The difficulties, however, did not come to the surface immediately: during the years 1946-7 everything was attributed to the process of adjustment and to changes which were bound to take place in post-war years. Spaniards were told to look at Europe and see how much better off they were than France, Italy and other countries on the Continent. Promises were given that the Government would do everything to put their house in order and that special efforts would be made to obtain help from abroad for carrying out reconstruction plans. Now, Spain has at last realised that she cannot hope either for Marshall Aid or for

large American loans, and this realisation comes at a time when the country's economy is at a very low ebb.

So far, there are no detailed plans available of the most urgent requirements which could put Spain on a sound economic basis. A general outline of the problem was, however, presented in a comprehensive manner in a report published in March last year by the Banco Urquijo, whose economic study group tried to outline with the usual reservations (resulting from the fact that the bank is a private industrial and commercial institution) the most urgent investments in the field of machinery, requirements for basic raw materials and auxiliary materials, and agricultural equipment for the next four years. According to this report a minimum of nearly 1,500 million dollars would be required during the next four years to cover the extraordinary imports of machinery, industrial and agricultural equipment and raw materials for basic industries. These imports would not include the importation of food and fodder and raw materials for the production of consumer goods, which would have to be paid for from Spanish exports to other European countries.

Over 600 million dollars would have to be spent on machinery for the electrical industry, coal mining, railway equipment, fertilisers, chemical industries, and machinery for the metallurgical industries. About 400 million would be used for basic raw materials such as coal and coke, metals and scrap iron, and the balance for fertilisers, cattle, and tractors for agriculture. Beyond these imports Spain would still require, during the same period, over 400 million dollars for foodstuffs and fodder, and nearly 400 million dollars for the importation of textile fibres, woollen cellulose, fats, hides, etc. This figure of nearly 1,500 million dollars' worth of overseas imports for a period of four years is enormous; but it seems from this report that any scheme of reconstruction would be impossible without arrangements being made for machinery and raw materials to be available during the next four years. No wonder, therefore, that serious-minded economic and financial circles in Spain received with great scepticism last year's arrangement for a loan towards the importation of foodstuffs from the Argentine, and were greatly shocked when they learned that their hopes of obtaining any reconstruction loan from America were exceedingly small. It would be futile to try and improve the economic position in Spain by temporary half measures. Such small loans as, for instance, the arrangement whereby America will supply cotton to Barcelona textile industry for repayment in made-up goods, or any trade arrangement with Britain for bi-lateral exchange of machinery and equipment against Spanish raw materials and foodstuffs, may temporarily relieve the situation in particular branches of industry, but it will not be the answer to the basic economic problems that Spain is facing at the moment.

It is difficult to say how far Franco realises the seriousness of the economic position. There is no doubt that to-day the economic strain is more visible than ever before. The drought this year has resulted in a breakdown in supplies of electricity in many areas; the bad crop has aggravated the position of food supplies; and the lack of foreign credits coupled with the drastic cut in imports have increased the shortage of fuel, timber, fertilisers and other important raw materials. The general public is perhaps feeling the strain now more than ever before. This is probably the main reason for the publicity which the régime has recently given to the fact that Franco is personally taking

a great interest in trying to find ways and means of meeting the economic situation, though keen observers believe that these moves were rather political than economic in character. He was forced to take an interest in these matters by the groups who are close to him and who are fighting a personal battle with industrial circles, and who, though not opposing the Franco régime, had their own score to settle with high administrative officials and certain personalities around him. The present moves are, therefore, not an attempt at curing the Spanish economic situation, but just another move in the manœuvring for position which is going on continuously between the leaders of the Falangists, leaders of the Syndicates, and industrial and financial circles. This game between the personalities around the régime and the fight for position has its echo in all spheres of economic and political life. The administration and total organisation of the country—where graft and corruption are taken as a matter of course, where the black market is the usual means of trading, and where the commercial morality is on the whole very low—would have to be changed before any progress is made. The Spanish people realise how deep-rooted is this disease of corruption, but they do not seem to make any attempt to get rid of it; they take it for granted as part and parcel of the régime, and assume that neither business nor Government could be conducted otherwise. It would need more than legislation to change this attitude, and before this is changed there is always a danger that whatever plans for reconstruction are laid down, and whatever outside help is forthcoming, it will be frittered away in a similar manner to the enormous economic gains which Spain acquired during the war from both the Allies and the Germans.

ERIC SOSNOW.

GOETHE THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.*

IN the last decades of the eighteenth and the first decades of the nineteenth centuries Goethe was known in England only as "the author of *Werther*," and in this capacity he certainly attained to the dizzy heights of popularity. *Werther* and *Wertherism* became the rage. Translation after translation flowed from the press. Adaptations and imitations followed suit. The story was dramatised, turned into verse, burlesqued and parodied. It was made the subject of a firework display entitled "*Werther's meeting with Lottchen in Elysium*"; and a predecessor of Madame Tussaud advertised a waxwork set of "the much-admired group of the Death of *Werther*, attended by Charlotte and her family." It forms the theme of numberless paintings and engravings. China tea-sets were embellished with scenes from the tale; and there was even a perfume called "*Eau de Werther*." As the Rev. Edward Mangin wrote in 1841 of the days of his youth: "Muffs, fans and firescreens were adorned with representations of the hapless pair; bonnets like Charlotte's were worn by fashionable females, some of whom wept over her sorrows till they were sick; and divers young, sad, and slender gentlemen fell in love with the wives of their friends as fast as they could." To crown all, a certain Miss Glover even went so far as to commit suicide with a copy of *Werther* lying under her pillow. Well might Goethe exclaim in the *Venetian Epigrams*:

England, freundlich empfindest du den zerrütteten Gast!
(England, warm was your welcome to the distracted guest!)

* August 28th was the bicentenary of Goethe's birth.

But this unparalleled popularity was accorded to the book rather than its author. It is a tribute, indeed, to the qualities of the work that it almost attained to the honour of anonymity. For during all this period, when the Werther fever was at its height, Goethe himself was little more than a name in this country. It was even suggested that "Goethe" was merely a pseudonym—for Wieland perhaps, or, as some patriotic Scots thought, for Macpherson, the author of *Ossian*. This success, however, was popular, not literary. From the start the critics had been lukewarm or definitely hostile. Their objections were chiefly on moral grounds, though the translator had done his best to omit passages which might shock English susceptibilities. The book was regarded as an apology for suicide, and its tendency as dangerous to true morality and religion. But Goethe was not only immoral, he was positively subversive. The hysterical morbidity of Werther, the chaotic formlessness of Götz, the frank immorality of Stella, they all pointed in the same direction—the direction of the new and sinister doctrines of revolutionary France. And so we find the paradoxical situation that Goethe, the enemy of revolution, came to be involved in the anti-Jacobin agitation of the end of the century. Canning's *Anti-Jacobin* lost no opportunity of attacking him on personal and artistic grounds, and even so apparently innocent a production as *Hermann und Dorothea* awakened suspicion.

Nor did the appearance of Goethe's masterpiece do anything to enhance his reputation. Indeed the first review of *Faust* could hardly have been more damning, even though it was from the pen of William Taylor of Norwich, who had himself translated *Iphigenia* and done much to spread a knowledge of German literature in England. "The absurdities of this piece," he wrote, "are so numerous, the obscenities so frequent, the profaneness so gross, and the beauties so exclusively adapted for German relish, that we cannot conscientiously recommend its importation, and still less the translation of it, to our English students of German literature." This almost wholly negative attitude was first modified by the appearance of Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*, which was the first attempt to give a comprehensive picture of German life and culture, and particularly of the startling literary renaissance of the preceding decades. The book had an enormous success in this country, and did more than anything else to awaken a serious interest in German culture, and especially in Goethe, among educated Englishmen.

Another factor in the same direction was the propaganda of the English visitors to Weimar, the most ardent of whom was Henry Crabb Robinson. Robinson, indeed, was the first Englishman to realise that Goethe far eclipsed not only any other writer in Germany but any other writer in the Europe of his day. He refers to him in his diary as "the mightiest intellect that has shone on the earth for centuries." Robinson numbered among his friends the most eminent men of letters of his time, including Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb, and it is clear from his diary that he lost no opportunity of trying to win them over to his enthusiasm for Goethe—without, apparently, much success. Lamb was recalcitrant, and found Robinson's enthusiasm slightly comic. Wordsworth was definitely hostile, complaining that "there is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality in Goethe's works, which is utterly revolting." And he was so disgusted with *Wilhelm Meister*, he told Emerson, that he threw the book across the room. Even Coleridge, despite his Teutonic predilections, had little love for Goethe.

The only Romantic poet of the older generation who showed a genuine, if limited, appreciation of Goethe was Sir Walter Scott. He began his literary career with translations from the German, including *Gotz von Berlichingen* and some of Goethe's ballads, and no doubt his preoccupation with Götz helped to determine the direction of his own literary development. Goethe's successful evocation of the historical background appealed to the antiquarian element in Scott's nature, and encouraged him to attempt similar evocations in his own poems and novels. After these early translations Scott's interest in Goethe seems to have lapsed, but it was reawakened years later by Lockhart, who became one of the apostles of Goethe in England. Lockhart lent him his copy of *Faust* in 1818, and Scott was deeply impressed by its lyric beauty and terrible pathos. In 1827 Scott was flattered to receive a warmly worded letter from Goethe, whom he describes to a friend—not very aptly—as “a wonderful fellow—the Ariosto, and almost the Voltaire of Germany.” In his charmingly courteous reply Scott apologises for the inadequacies of his early translation of Götz, and salutes the poet as “one to, whom all the authors of this generation have been so much obliged that they are bound to look up to him with filial reverence.” It was the freedom of Goethe's views on religion and morality that had repelled Wordsworth and Coleridge, but this very freedom was a source of attraction to the young revolutionary spirits of Shelley and Byron. For them Goethe was above all the author of *Faust*, and they saw in Faust a symbol of their own restless and defiant energies, a near relative and part-inspirer of such “titanic” figures as Manfred, Cain or Prometheus.

No English writer before Carlyle was louder in his praise of Goethe than Byron. He acknowledged him to be “the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country and illustrated that of Europe.” As we know, this admiration was mutual. Indeed Goethe's enthusiasm for Byron surpassed even Byron's for Goethe. For Goethe Byron was unquestionably the greatest poet of his day, and one of the supremely gifted poets of all time. He saluted him as the representative modern poet, who transcended in himself the old distinctions of classical and romantic, and as such he paid him the supreme tribute of incorporating him in the figure of Euphorion in the second part of *Faust*—Euphorion, the child of Faust and Helena, the issue of the union of the classical and romantic principles.

No doubt Byron's high opinion of Goethe was influenced by Goethe's high opinion of Byron, but there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Byron's view that Goethe was the first of living writers, though how he came to this conclusion is something of a mystery. For Byron knew no German, or only enough, as he puts it, to swear at postilions. His entire acquaintance with Goethe was derived from inadequate French, English or Italian translations, and of *Faust*—the only work of Goethe's which directly influenced him—he had not even read a translation. For his knowledge of it he was indebted to the few short extracts which appeared in Mme. de Staël's book, and to a *viva voce* rendering of part of the poem which “Monk” Lewis made for him at the Villa Diodati in the summer of 1816. Byron was deeply impressed by Lewis's recital, an impression which has left its mark clearly enough on *Manfred*, on *Cain*, and on Byron's last dramatic fragment, *The Deformed Transformed*. In conversation with Medwin he once expressed the view that there was some analogy between the character and writings of Goethe and himself, and doubtless this was the real reason for his admiration.

He saw in Goethe another Byron, a rebel against his age, defying the traditional conventions of religion and society. Of the real Goethe he knew only a fraction. All the more astonishing that he should have ranked him so high ! Despite the enthusiasm of a Byron or a Shelley, Goethe's reputation was far from being established. The private opinions of these exiles had little effect on the English literary world, still less on the general public, for whom the name of Goethe was still vaguely associated with notions of immorality and irreligion.

This situation was fundamentally altered by the brilliant series of articles which Carlyle contributed to the *Edinburgh* and other reviews between 1827 and the poet's death in 1832. It was his distinction that he was the first to recognise and boldly to proclaim that Goethe was the greatest European poet since Shakespeare. Carlyle, the moralist, effectually silenced the miserable croakers who saw nothing in Goethe but a threat to religion, morality and the British way of life. He is the most outstanding figure in our survey, for, as we shall see, his picture of Goethe remained valid for the greater part of the nineteenth century and still influences our attitude to-day.

Carlyle's approach to Goethe was a highly subjective one. Fundamentally, it was a part of his lifelong fight against the scientific materialism of his age. When this earnest young Scot was battling with all the demons of religious doubt and moral conflict and what he calls "the foul and vile and soul-murdering mud-gods of my epoch," Goethe came to him with the force of a revelation as the Messiah for whom he had been waiting. He expressed his attitude with pregnant clarity in a letter he wrote to Goethe in 1827. "If I have been delivered from darkness into any measure of light, if I know aught of myself and my duties and destination, it is to the study of your writings more than to any other circumstance that I owe this ; it is you more than any other man that I should thank and reverence with the feeling of a Disciple to his Master, nay of a Son to his spiritual Father."

An approach as subjective as this has, of course, its positive and its negative sides. On the one hand it supplies a fervour of conviction which has a high propagandist value. On the other hand it results inevitably in a large measure of distortion. And, indeed, Carlyle's picture of Goethe has very little resemblance to the original. For Carlyle has re-created Goethe in his own image, and few characters could have been less alike than the "great Pagan" of Weimar and the soul-torn Calvinist of Craigenputtock. He attributes to the apostle of serenity a youth of spiritual and moral conflict, which is largely a reflection of Carlyle's own inner struggles, and an intense moral earnestness, which may be partly an answer to Goethe's English critics, but is still more a mirror of Carlyle's own Calvinism. He misinterprets Goethe's doctrine of *Entsagung* (Renunciation) to mean asceticism, self-abnegation, mortification of the flesh, whereas in fact Goethe uses it to signify self-limitation in the interests of a higher development of the personality. The greatest distortion in Carlyle's picture is that in its emphasis on Goethe's moral qualities it almost omits his poetry. For Carlyle was not really interested in Goethe's poetry ; his whole allegiance went to the sage and seer, the prophet and spiritual hero. Thus for him Goethe is primarily the author of *Wilhelm Meister*, where he found, or thought he found, a reflection of his own spiritual pilgrimage from darkness to light, and the gospel of work and renunciation which he made his own. Of the infinite variety and subtlety of Goethe's poetry, his astonishing lyric power, his mastery of every style, Carlyle had little

inkling. Nevertheless at the time Carlyle's prophetic utterance was just what was wanted. It was the moral prejudice against Goethe's works which had hitherto stood most in the way of their acceptance in England. Carlyle, the earnest seeker after goodness and truth, gave the English public the moral sanction that they needed. Moreover, his fundamentally moral attitude coincided with, and indeed did much to mould, the ethical preoccupations of the Victorian age. His peculiar approach was therefore exactly suited to the predilections of his public.

A first sign of Carlyle's influence is to be seen in the translations of Goethe's works, especially of *Faust*, which begin appearing in increasing numbers in the 'thirties and 'forties. But the most important result of his advocacy was that Goethe now became an established part of the European literary heritage whom no one of education and culture could afford to ignore. During the middle decades of the century he came, indeed, to fill a large section of the Victorians' literary horizon. There are few figures in the intellectual world of that period who were not in some degree in his debt—Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Thackeray, P. J. Bailey, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Clough, George Eliot, Pater, Meredith, Froude, Seeley and G. H. Lewes all in greater or less degree came under his spell.

If Carlyle's essays are the first important landmark in the story of Goethe in England, then Lewes' *Life of Goethe* is the second. For Lewes gave the English public, what it had hitherto lacked, a balanced and comprehensive study of Goethe's life and work. He was singularly well equipped for the task. He was a man of wide interests and talents, scientist, artist, philosopher, a man of the world, and a sound judge of men and letters—all admirable and necessary qualifications for a proper understanding of Goethe. That is why his book—however out of date in some respects—still remains in many ways the best English life of Goethe. Apart from its importance as the first biography in England—it was also the first biography worthy of the name in Germany, and generally recognised as such—its great significance lies in the fact that it restored the balance so violently upset by Carlyle's one-sided attitude. For Carlyle, as we have seen, Goethe was almost exclusively the sage and seer; Lewes laid the emphasis where the emphasis was due—on Goethe the poet.

Lewes' picture of Goethe corrected and amplified Carlyle's in several respects, but it did not supplant it. Matthew Arnold, for instance, to whom Goethe meant more, perhaps, than to any other English man of letters in the mid-nineteenth century, followed essentially in Carlyle's footsteps. For him, as for Carlyle, Goethe is primarily the prophet and teacher. For him, too, he was a profound personal experience, a light in the darkness of religious doubt and scepticism. He saw in Goethe the man who above all others in his time had recognised the spiritual predicament of modern man, and in his life and works had provided a positive solution for it. He sums up his view in these words: "Goethe is the greatest poet of modern times, not because he is one of the half-dozen human beings who in the history of our race have shown the most signal gift for poetry, but because, having a very considerable gift for poetry, he was at the same time, in the width, depth and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest modern man."

Lewes' *Life* had appeared in 1855, and it is probable that Goethe was never so much read and discussed in this country as in the twenty years or so following this event. But it would be a mistake to suppose that even during this period he was really popular. His appeal was only

to the educated few, though the few included the most brilliant minds of the time. He has never, even at the height of his fame, become part of the English intellectual heritage, as Shakespeare, for instance, has become part of the German intellectual heritage. The popularity of the author of *Werther* at the end of the eighteenth century was never repeated. Nevertheless, in the 'sixties and 'seventies and early 'eighties of the last century Goethe was a name to reckon with. And the crown was set on this esteem by the founding of the English Goethe Society in 1886—one year after the foundation of the sister society in Weimar.

Towards the end of the century Goethe's influence becomes merged in the general stream of nineteenth-century thought, and is to be sensed in the intellectual atmosphere of the time rather than in its specific impact on any particular writer. Moreover this influence had already reached its peak. Even before the founding of the English Goethe Society a reaction was beginning to set in, and this reaction has continued down to the present time. Despite the efforts of many distinguished Goethe enthusiasts and scholars, despite, too, the enormously increased study of German literature at the universities, it is safe to say that Goethe is much less read by the educated English public to-day than he was seventy or eighty years ago. There are several reasons for this decline in his influence. First, of course, the political factor. The strained relations between England and Germany, which first became visible in the 'eighties and culminated in two world wars, have not been without their effect in the cultural sphere, and Goethe has become involved in the reaction against all things German. Parallel with this have been two movements in modern English thought which are closely related to each other and which have also had an adverse effect on Goethe's reputation—the reaction against Victorianism and what may be called for convenience the neo-classical revival.

The reaction against Victorianism was the natural revolt of the younger generation against its elders, and it is already spending its force. But Goethe's reputation has suffered in the process, largely owing to its connection with Carlyle. For the reaction against Goethe in the last fifty years has been in no small measure a reaction against Carlyle, with whom he had become so unfortunately identified in the mind of the average Englishman. It was specifically Carlyle's lopsided insistence on the ethical aspect of Goethe which has jaundiced our view of the poet. For we do not share the passion of our Victorian ancestors for moral instruction. We go to the great poets of the past not to be taught but to enjoy a peculiar emotional and spiritual experience which only great art can give. The neo-classical revival is largely just another aspect of the reaction against Victorianism, for the Victorians are suspect because they are romantic, and romanticism is suspect because it is Victorian. The leader of this reaction against romanticism is Mr. T. S. Eliot, undoubtedly the most influential and respected figure in contemporary English letters. Through his poetry and criticism he has brought about a revolution in our ways of judging and writing poetry, but the effect of this revolution has not been favourable to Goethe's influence in England. Mr. Eliot's allegiance goes to the Latin tradition in our culture, and not even the strong classical elements in Goethe's work have led him to accord our poet a place among the great classics of European literature. But Goethe is too great to be permanently affected by these changes in the *Zeitgeist*. We have witnessed many fluctuations of opinion since *Werther* first appeared on the English scene a hundred and seventy years ago, and these fluctuations will

continue. Signs are not wanting—this bicentenary has already provided examples—of a renewed interest in Goethe and a greater realisation of his significance for us to-day.

W. D. ROBSON-SCOTT.

SICILIAN SURVEY, 1860-1949.

ITALIAN philosophers and historians from the Renaissance to the present day have repeatedly sought to define the nature and discover the causes of the paralysis of national and social conscience which for so long inhibited the development of Italy as a modern State and still survives to impede the efficient working of self-government. Under the pressure of external forces held to be irresistible, a technique of living was worked out, combined of scepticism, indifference and submission, at times elaborated into a theory and raised almost to the dignity of a philosophy: It is useless to struggle for the common good; the wise man will look after his own interests and bow to the storm. Hence the dualism recently observed by Giuseppe Berti, the rift between ideas and institutions, between intellectual achievement and political organisation which in Italy must always disconcert: on the one hand, a rich humanism, some of the most progressive and enlightened legislation in Europe; on the other, corruption and chaos. In this philosophy of impotence, which has also its poetry—is not the film "To Live in Peace" an expression of it?—there is nothing of oriental resignation. On the contrary, the Italians are busy and importunate in the pursuit of their affairs, with the time factor always in mind, pushing an advantage before those in power shall change their intention or be replaced by other powerful ones. The celebrated *Système D* (*débrouillard*) which the French thought they had invented in the first World War and perfected in the second has for centuries been the normal rule of conduct in Italy. *Pochi, maledetti, e subito* says the proverb, meaning that profits should be modest, ill-gotten, if necessary, and quick.

Perhaps in no part of Italy more than in Sicily has the *Male Italiano* found the climate which favours its growth. Here in the nineteenth century, and still in part today, a form of society survived very similar to the *Corruttela Italiana* which Macchiavelli so severely indicted. It was only with regard to outsiders, in particular the Neapolitans, that the Sicilians were really aware of themselves as a community. Incidentally, the rivalry with Naples and disgust at being re-united to her in 1815 seem to have been one of the motives which inclined them towards unification, for they have a deep historical sense of their function as part of the Italian people, considering themselves culturally on the same level as the northern "Communes" or the maritime Republics, and despising the uncouth *terroni* of the south. This regional conscience has not bred social solidarity at home for the simple reason that both before and after the unification real power on the island has been in the hands of a set of individuals, rivals among themselves who took no count of public authority except to corrupt the government officials and twist local legislation to their own ends, which they pursued by every means in their power, legal and illegal, and notably by violence. In the use of this they were so successful that it became practically impossible for Sicilians of all classes to conceive the notion of a social good above individual interests and different from them.

How should they understand a force directed by this criterion, a law which, aiming at a general end, sometimes brings advantage to the individual, sometimes prejudice? Their experience forbade them to believe in the validity of temporary sacrifice for ultimate gain. So it was that the Sicilians never came to look upon themselves as a single society submissive to a common law, but rather as so many groups of individuals formed and maintained by personal ties. In a state of social anarchy each man naturally tries to put himself under the aegis of some powerful person to whom he will offer whatever he has to sell, brute force, energy or cunning, money or connections with those in office. In return he receives "protection," which may be simple non-interference or active support in the pursuit of his interests, legal or otherwise. The humbler clients are rewarded with anything from local office to the crumbs of municipal peculation. Belief in the efficacy of the system is absolute and still forms one of the chief stumbling blocks to the proper working of representative government in the whole of the South. Every administrative act is attributed to the interference of the great. If a man wins a law suit his patron has spoken to the judge; if an official is transferred in the ordinary course of his career, his enemies have had him removed. Even where there is more than one claimant to the merit of intervention it is never believed that a thing may have happened without any outside intervention.

A network of particular allegiances, unspecified and floating in character, covers the island, giving Sicilian society a superficial resemblance to that of England in the eighteenth century, when personal and political loyalties were often confused. Primitive economy and the inveterate use of violence for personal ends have caused the client system to degenerate; at its worst it becomes the Mafia. The Mafia is more easily defined by its negative than by its positive attributes. It has even been asserted that the word ought not to be used as a substantive but only in its adjectival form of *mafioso*, meaning a person who is prepared to forward his interests by any means in his power. The Mafia is not primarily an association for criminal purposes, like the more positively evil *Camorra* of Naples, which was organised from the prisons. It is rather a mutual benefit or insurance society which is ready to go beyond the law when necessary to defend or promote the interests of its members. These have no articles of association, no contract and no code. The Mafia has no tangible existence at all. It is simply inherent in the social atmosphere of the country. There exists in Sicily a state of things which predisposes towards a certain mode of conduct. The people who behave in this way are *mafiosi*. Together with those who connive at their behaviour they form the Mafia, which is thus composed of two active and two passive elements. First and foremost the large number of professional bandits and outlaws, men who are wanted by the police for some shooting affray and have taken to the mountains. To these must be added a large number of poor peasants who have run so deep into debt with the landlord or *gabelloto* that they have forfeited the land they rented under some onerous form of contract, and prefer to take a gun and join the brigands rather than descend to the condition of hired labourer. Often the *gabelloto* himself will constrain a debtor to become his gunman. These are the rank and file of the Mafia. Their leaders have generally been drawn from the class of enriched peasants turned *gabelloti*, the most active and least productive element in

Sicilian society. This is the class who rent the land on short leases from the big landowners, supply the flocks, and grain for sowing, and the hired men to guard the fields, which they sub-let under various forms of contract to the peasants. The *gabelloto* has no interest in the permanent care of the land. After two or three years at most he passes on, with all his movable capital, to another estate. His interest is to squeeze both land and peasant as hard as he can. The Sicilian dialect is full of proverbs warning the peasant to keep away from the enriched and greedy *borgese*.

What distinguishes the Mafia from other forms of gangsterism, even from that transplanted by the Sicilian emigrants to the States, is the connivance, on the one hand, of the peasantry, who will never betray a *mafioso* for fear of reprisals, and, on the other, of the rich proprietors who prefer to pay tribute and be left in peace rather than denounce the criminals at the risk of being further despoiled and possibly murdered. A conspiracy of silence envelops the activities of the Mafia, so that it is almost impossible for a government official to get at the truth or, if he does so, to act upon it. The peasants, seeing municipal corruption unchecked and local power triumphant, ignorantly suppose that the Government is on the side of their oppressors, and oppose it with obstinate hostility. If a stranger in Sicily asks for a man by his name in his own village, perhaps in the very house where he lives, the answer is always *Chi lo conosce?* (Who ever heard of him?). Yet peasant and landlord are at one in blaming the Government for not suppressing the disorders. Writing more than seventy years ago, Pasquale Villari observed that if the Mafia is to be exterminated by police methods, these would not be such as a democratic State could use. A despotic government might succeed for a time in restoring order, but the phenomenon would reappear as soon as the pressure was relaxed, unless its fundamental economic causes were removed. Under Fascism the celebrated Prefect Mori led a partially successful campaign against the Mafia. Many outlaws were captured and brought to justice and for a few years the Sicilian roads were safe. But the social structure of Sicily remained unchanged. To-day, with the economic situation aggravated by the war, banditry has reappeared with all its former prestige, glorified, as it has often been in the past, with an equivocal aura of political protest. The essence of this complaint is not so much directed against the local ruling class as against the central authority which is held responsible for the inferior economic status of the island and for an iniquitous agrarian system. The Italian State has become the scapegoat of a local inferiority complex originating in the disappointment and disillusion which followed immediately upon the unification.

After the revolution of 1860 the Piedmontese bureaucratic monarchy sent its agents and representatives into Sicily to plant there the machinery of modern constitutional government of a ready-made doctrinaire liberal brand, a form of government, that is, elaborated in an entirely different social climate and presupposing the existence of a powerful and industrious middle class. The almost total absence of this class in Sicily meant that the mechanism of representative government very swiftly became the monopoly of local groups and individuals, against whose influence the government officials, however honest and well-intentioned at the start, were powerless to react, for the reason that they never succeeded in gaining the confidence of the population. So far from diminishing the power of the landlords and *gabelloti*, the

machinery of democratic government furnished them with a hundred ways of perpetuating and increasing their influence which extended to the Italian Parliament. They controlled local administration, municipal and parliamentary representation, they disposed of government funds and monopolised government contracts, protected their adherents from the rigours of the law, made life impossible for any government official who tried to withstand them. No means of legal protest remained to the peasants. As Sonnino and Franchetti observed in their masterly report on the Sicilian problem in 1876, the gift of Piedmontese institutions to Sicily had put legality into the hands of the ruling class. When the peasants perceived what had happened they revolted. The rising of 1865 was put down with great severity by the troops, and to the peasants it now appeared that not only the machinery but also the power of the State was at the service of their oppressors. Henceforth brigandage, always endemic, acquired in their eyes a romantic (though largely spurious) liberal appeal.

Cavour, who had not expected the unification to take place during his lifetime, has often been blamed for an unimaginative and unsympathetic attitude towards the South. It is certain that from the very beginning the marriage between North and South gave rise to friction and misunderstanding. From the outburst in Sicily the first serious liberal opposition to the inadequate conservatism of the Piedmontese bureaucracy began to form in Italy. A generation later it was again discontent and disorders in Sicily in 1891, the riots in connection with the peasant co-operative movement known as the *Fasci* (the first time the word appears in modern Italian history), which gave the necessary impulse towards the formation of the Italian Socialist Party on the mainland. Another generation came, and in 1920 there was a second attempt on the part of the peasants at co-operation. Where, as in Sicily, so-called "extensive" agriculture exists, with the rotation of crops and grazing, small farms are not self-supporting, and some form of co-operative collective farming is the only alternative to the latifundia, unless the type of cultivation is to be changed. In 1920 the State did not intervene, but the movement was suppressed by the landowners and gabelotti, with the brigands on the side of oppression; an ugly chapter in Sicilian history. Then came the Fascist period with its *bonifiche*, the drains and bridges and model farms, and the severe, but temporarily successful, suppression of the Mafia. Though insufficient, good was done in Sicily during these years; but as a result of the war, most of it now lies interred with Mussolini's bones. To-day the Sicilian problem is very much in the state in which he found it.

And yet from 1860 to the present day some of the best and most enlightened intellects in Italy have been concentrating with sympathetic and often passionate intensity upon the problem of the South. The report which Sidney Sonnino and Leopoldo Franchetti made on Sicily in 1876 is still the most brilliant and objective study of the problem, whose fundamental data have changed very little since their time, except in so far as the development of North Italian industry has caused the State more and more to neglect the South for the sake of interests which are those of an important part but yet not of the whole nation, whereas the solution of the southern problem is unquestionably fundamental to the establishment of healthy political and economic life in Italy. This fact was intuitively perceived by all the great "*meridionalisti*," but most of all, perhaps, by Giustino Fortunato, who told the

Italian Parliament in 1896: "Italy is what nature and history have made her: she is a country in which two civilisations co-exist in the body of a single nation." And, in the same debate: "I believe that the social problem of the islands and the South is the problem of poverty, and as such it is one more proof of the many which contemporary history offers, of a very simple fact, namely, that for the very reason that life universally tends to become reduced to the single denominator of economic well-being, the representative system works badly where a numerous middle class is lacking, and with it a high standard of living widely diffused even in the lower strata—the indispensable condition for the development of a civilisation of the modern type. The problem of poverty, that is of a bad distribution and, even more, of the defective production of riches." This is still the problem of the South; the problem which the Italian Socialists ought to solve, which the Christian Democrats are unlikely to solve—it is no part of their programme to touch it—and which is, perhaps, in some danger of finding a solution elsewhere.

Rome.

NINETTA S. JUCKER.

GERMANY AFTER TWO WARS.

IN the spring of 1924 I paid my first visit to Germany to attend, as British youth representative, a Youth Peace Week in the Ruhr, particularly in the towns of Dortmund and Essen. "Dortmund, in the Ruhr—a city filled with French troops, a city thousands of the inhabitants of which are unemployed on account of the French occupation, a city from which many people have been deported by order of the French military authorities. . . . The spirit of young Germany, despite unemployment, lack of food, and other hardships resulting from the war and the subsequent conditions of peace, is a spirit of confidence and of hope." These words are quoted from an article written on my return from that visit which so aroused my interest, particularly in the German youth movement, that I was to go back many times between then and 1937. Just a quarter of a century later, in the spring of 1949, I again paid a first post-war visit to Germany, once again to the Ruhr—this time as British representative to a conference on "History and History Teaching" organised by the *Kultusministerium* of North-Rhine-Westphalia and held at the Adult Education Centre at Fredeburg in the Upper Ruhr valley: How similar—and yet how different—were the conditions which I found! Once again the aftermath of war and of defeat; once again military occupation, this time British; once again the socially revolutionary effects of inflation; once again hunger and unemployment. But, on the other hand, what widespread and complete destruction! The cities I had known in 1924 were almost unrecognisable.

Even more marked were the political and psychological differences. In 1924 a definitive treaty of peace had been signed nearly five years and Germany, although not yet a member of the League of Nations, was working her way back into the European comity of nations. The Ruhr occupation by the French and Belgians was indeed severe in its economic effects and exasperating in its interference with the personal lives of the inhabitants, but it had aroused protest from other countries including Britain, and was being successfully frustrated in its aim of increasing deliveries of reparation coal by the strike of the Ruhr

miners, supported both morally and financially by the country as a whole. The burden of reparations was crushing, but the Dawes Commission had just made its report, which promised considerable alleviation. The older middle-class folk, who had lost their life savings by the collapse of the currency, were indeed despondent, but the general feeling was one of confidence and hope. This was particularly true of the younger generation, for the enthusiasm of the *Jugendbewegung*, which had reached its pre-war peak in the great Hohe Meissner gathering of October 1913 and then been somewhat eclipsed during the war, had sprung into new life and was expressing itself in many practical activities as well as in cultural pursuits and rich emotional experience.

In 1949, four years after the cessation of hostilities, there was no sign of a peace treaty; the duration of military occupation and the total of reparations were still unfixed. The country was divided into exclusive occupation zones and being made the victim of the rivalries of her conquerors. That the victors, particularly in the Western Zones, had done, and were still doing, much to alleviate the worst consequences of the collapse was admitted, but on the whole grudgingly. The inflation had been halted by currency reform before it had gone to the extremes of 1924, but the memory of its consequences a generation earlier added to its depressing effects. Perhaps more immediate and more powerful in producing a general atmosphere of apathy and hopelessness was the wilderness of ruins among which the population of the erstwhile flourishing cities eked out an existence. Where they lived or in what way most of them gained a living (apart from "scrounging" for food and fuel) was to the foreign visitor a complete mystery. Where could rebuilding possibly begin? Years of preparatory work clearing rubble seemed the first step, and how would people live in the meantime? Even so, I was told, morale was better than it had been six months earlier. A comparatively mild winter, a slight improvement in rations, and such events as the reopening for public worship, with great ceremony and the presence of a papal legate, of the chancel and transepts of Cologne Cathedral (a symbolic building for the whole Lower Rhineland) had each contributed its quota, and the will to live was again asserting itself in a dour, Spartan sort of way.

After travelling through the Ruhr cities and seeing the stark nature of the physical struggle for existence in what had been the industrial hub of Western Europe, I wondered whether intellectual life and activity was at all possible under such conditions. Somewhat to my surprise, I not only found that it was possible but that it retained much of its old vigour. At Fredeburg, during a whole week, some eighty representatives of all branches of the teaching profession—school teachers, training college and university lecturers and principals, inspectors and administrators—lectured and discussed, day after day, from early morning till midnight or after, in very much the old manner. The subject was "History and the Teaching of History." I was eager to see what the experience of two world wars, and, particularly of the Hitler régime and the collapse of 1945, had had on a typical cross-section of German intellectuals, and especially in so significant a field as that of history. My first impression was one of bewildered amazement. These German intellectuals, I thought, like the Bourbons, have "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." The opening lecture of the week lasted two hours and was devoted to a consideration of whether the meaning of history is immanent or transcendent! The second speaker set forth a system by which all historical characters and events

could be divided into three categories—what he called the Marathon stream (extravertive), the Solon stream (introvertive), and the Socrates stream (concerned with the inner meaning). These and other speakers were clearly seeking for a new basis of faith, declaring that the scepticism of the 1920's was bound to be followed by an era of belief, National Socialist or Communist: what they were obviously seeking was an alternative to these faiths. For many in the conference this was to be found in Christianity. One speaker asserted that "history without Christianity is meaningless"; but for others it was to be found in some new philosophical interpretation. The proposer of the categories declared that if every German child had been taught the three "streams" from 1919 to 1933, there would have been no National Socialism—a proposition that did not meet with general acceptance. The third principal speaker sought to explain the National Socialist era as a demoniac phenomenon—something which had been forced upon the German people against their will and without their conscious co-operation; he went on to warn his hearers that the danger of National Socialism was not past because such a demoniacal influence would not cease to operate suddenly. "We may plan our lives, but our plans are thwarted by an irrational fate," he declared. These first lectures were not only all very long (by English standards), but they were also highly philosophical, in the typical German manner, and almost wholly deductive in their method. They were supported at all points by appeals to authority. St. Augustine and Luther, Goethe and Nietzsche, Pestalozzi and Kant were names which continually recurred. One felt that despite their dogmatism the speakers were not altogether sure of themselves and felt the need of such authoritative support.

There is in Germany, much more than in Great Britain, a wide age gulf between the older and younger generations. The casualties of the two wars have more completely obliterated the men who would to-day be between 30 and 50, and it was noticeable in this conference that the delegates divided roughly into two groups: those round about 55-65 and those round about 30. The earlier speakers, put first on the programme no doubt because of their age and professional standing, represented the pre-1914 generation, and their mental attitude was that of the nineteenth-century universities. The two wars were happenings which had violently interrupted their professional and personal lives; events for which they clearly felt little personal responsibility, but which had somehow to be explained. They recognised that something had gone wrong, but could not understand what or why. Hence the introduction of demonology to account for Hitler and his régime. A complete change of atmosphere marked the latter part of the conference, in which the speakers were younger university lecturers and teachers. These young men and women were inductive in their method, realistic in their approach, and iconoclastic in their attitude to many of the traditional German interpretations of history. "If Hitler had been drowned in his bath as a baby," declared one, "it would not have prevented the catastrophe of 1933 to 1945. We must get away from this monocausality and recognise the multiplicity of factors in all historical events." A German university teacher of history is said to have stated three weeks after the capitulation in May 1945: "There is no sense in teaching German history any more. There is no longer any German history." This was quoted as evidence of the artificial character of the traditional teaching of German history, which was not only narrowly political, but had as its aim to explain the rise of the modern German Reich from

its humble beginnings in Brandenburg-Prussia and to treat all other events considered worthy of mention as subservient and contributing to this end. The treatment of German history in isolation, its pathological sublimation and the omission of discreditable aspects, the idealisation of the "German Middle Ages" and the attribution of all the principal achievements of European civilisation to Germany or Germans, was radically criticised by these younger lecturers whose demand was for a wider and more unbiased study and teaching for regarding Germany as part, and by no means always the leading factor, in the development of Western civilisation. If we have ten years of peace, by which time the older generation will in the course of nature have passed from the stage and been replaced by these younger men and women, we are likely to see a very marked change in the teaching of history and subsequently in the public opinion formed by that teaching.

HAROLD F. BING.

SARTRE'S EXISTENTIALISM.

THE existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre is a gospel rather than a philosophy, as his lecture at the Club Maintenant makes plain. This statement of his fundamental ideas was published as *L'Existentialisme est un humanisme* in 1946. Philip Mairet's translation of the lecture into English, with an introduction, was published in 1948 as *Existentialism and Humanism*. Mairet appends the discussion during a private repetition of the lecture. The gospel is philosophically set, but is essentially a call to men to realise what they are and how they ought to act. Sartre accepts the charge of dogmatism demonstrated by M. Naville during the discussion, restricts every scientific or philosophical theory to the probable, and founds his message on certainties. God does not reveal these certainties, for his existentialism has to discover its gospel in and by man because there is no God. The message is certain enough to be the same even if there were a God, Sartre adds, though no God does exist.

Sartre tries to impose no purely dogmatic gospel, but to conform it to human experience. Men do arrive in this world willy-nilly, they are compelled to choose, and they often have anxious choices: the military leader has when he dooms men to death by deciding to attack. This universal situation was intensified in the French underground resistance movement; Sartre intensifies it again into the essence of his gospel. The sufferings of men under war and invasion make Sartre's stern message intelligible, though not necessarily wholly acceptable. Men, according to Sartre's gospel, are condemned to be free: the grim decision forced on the French resisters seems the obvious prototype of this universal destiny. These same men are abandoned because, there being no God to aid them, they are forlorn, without anything either within or without themselves to depend on, and responsible to the uttermost to their own selves for every action. Thus each man is in anguish because he must decide, and because he is wholly utterly responsible. Sartre loads the anguish still more: as each man chooses for himself he also chooses for all, and his act is a commitment on behalf of every man. In the terrible choice for the young man, between staying to comfort his distressed mother and arming to fight for his fellows, is discernible the commitment, the anguish, the abandonment and the condemnation of Sartre's gospel. The message is intended to

be a trumpet, not a cry of despair. Again the prototype is visible in this gospel of action, for in the midst of conflict "contemplation is a luxury," as Sartre says it is, and in the heat of battle an impossible one.

No gospel, however, can escape, and ought not to escape, the vigilant eye of contemplative philosophy. This notes the vogue of "phenomenological" in descriptions or assessments of existentialism. As phenomenologies increase, attempts to define phenomenology strain, and failures to define adequately are admitted. In its simplest form, as it is applicable to Sartre, phenomenology consults conscious experience, and, in Copleston's phrase, lets "the psychic phenomenon speak for itself." Mnemic phenomena speak for themselves, for conscious experience convincingly displays recollection and many characteristics of remembering. About three centuries ago, long before experimental psychology, Spinoza noted how a string of haphazard words is harder to remember than an intelligibly ordered story. Ordinary reflective experience easily discloses this, and many other features of memory. Even this assurance by conscious experience has a warning for too naïve a phenomenology. The *unconscious* mind, or part of the mind, must be interpretatively presumed, since memory is unintelligible without it. Since there can be no consciousness of the *unconscious*, but only of its conscious consequences, this unconscious is not phenomenologically evident in experience, as recollection is, and was not fully realised till relatively recent times. The phenomenological guarantee is limited, and may be delusive.

The "immediate sense of one's self" seems to Sartre to be simple, easily attained, and absolutely true. Memory does assure, or, using phenomenological caution, seem to assure the man of seventy that he is not the boy of seven, but is continuous with him. Long before he is seventy he realises clearly that he is a series of changes, and, equally clearly, that he is their continuous connection. He can, and does, realise this without understanding, or trying to understand, the metaphysics or ontology of selfhood. Sartre's existentialism avowedly starts from the certainty in the Cartesian "I think, therefore I am." He includes another certainty: the thinker discovers both himself and other men in his "I think." Sartre does not actually reconstruct the Cartesian axiom into "I choose freely, therefore I am," but his doctrine comes near to it. This also includes the existence of others, for the "intimate discovery of myself" also reveals "the other as a freedom which confronts me." For Descartes man is essentially a thinking being whom God does not deceive; in Sartre's philosophical gospel he is essentially a free chooser, and there is no God to deceive him.

A talkative woman, Spinoza often repeats, thinks she speaks because she freely desires to speak, but, in fact, she talks on because she wants to, and cannot stop talking because she cannot stop desiring to talk. Men, Spinoza expounds, think they are free because they are conscious of their actions, and ignorant of the operating causes. They are also conscious of their volitions and desires, but, since they do not know the causes of these, they think they can decide freely. Men do seem to themselves to be free choosers, as Spinoza admits. Any man, sophisticated or unsophisticated, feels himself able to decide quite freely to make his hand move up or down, to walk or sit, and to choose for or against many actions. Sir James Jeans, similarly to Spinoza, pours on the naïve belief the cold douche of "unconscious determination"—we may think we are free because we are unconscious of the causes that

compel us. Spinoza denies free will ; Jeans does not exclude it ; Sartre trusts phenomenologically the conscious impression of choosing freely, trusts it unreservedly, and affirms freedom extravagantly. Freedom is wildly affirmed if, as Sartre says, there is *no* determinism. It is somewhat hysterical to say, as Sartre also does say, "*man is freedom.*" Sartre means by "*man is in anguish*" a general condition—a responsibility for everyone without any justification whatever for any decision. He does not mean a poignantly anguished choice "*between a mille-feuille and a chocolate éclair.*" As the "*anguish*" must not be pressed too hard, so he may not press the identificatory "*is*" hard enough to say "*a freedom is eating an egg,*" though he does seem to use "*man*" and "*freedom*" equivalently enough for the "*other*" to be a *freedom* "*which confronts mine.*" He does seem to press the identifying "*is*" into an exact equivalence between "*man*" and "*freedom*" if man is literally "*what he wills.*"

✓ Sartre constantly seems to harden the "*is*" of "*man is freedom*" into complete identification. "*Man,*" he affirms, "*is nothing else but that which he makes of himself,*" and calls this "*the first principle of existentialism.*" *Nothing else* : if this is literally so, if man *is* what he wills, and only what he wills, he is simply a self-fashioning will. He actually is "*nothing*" at first, Sartre insists ; when he does become something he becomes what he makes of himself, and thus, if the statements are literal, man is a self-creating, self-maintaining, self-constructing will. This is the very ecstasy of freedom, of free choice, an ecstasy that puts on man the "*entire responsibility*" for "*his existence*" and for "*what he is*"—the *entire* responsibility. For common sense a man is free because he is so constituted, for Sartre he is constituted as he is because he is free. The Sartre side of the antithesis is promptly suspected of being too sharply drawn, but according to Sartre himself "*there is no human nature.*" Mosheim complained that Aristotle sometimes wrote as if the reader kept a tame sphinx at home to unriddle the Aristotelian enigmas: For all existentialists, Sartre avers, *existence precedes essence*, and he presents a sphinx to the reader in his version of this universal existentialist doctrine.

The reverse, *essence precedes existence*, Sartre accusingly declares, runs through the tradition. God first conceives or plans man, and then makes him appropriately, as an artisan follows a definition and a formula in constructing a paper-knife. This mistaken notion identifies "*each individual man*" with the "*realisation*" of a divine conception. Even when God was left out, as in the "*philosophic atheism of the eighteenth century,*" the *essence* remained traditionally prior to existence. This *essence* is a conception or definition—the definition of a man is, of course, not a man, as a definition of tiger, a large Asiatic striped feline quadruped, as the *O.E.D.* has it, is not a tiger. The tigers existed before men could conceive or define them ; man, Sartre insists, first of all exists, then he defines himself. This seems obvious enough, for every baby certainly exists before it can define itself, or even realise its own existence, but this does not satisfy Sartre. Men certainly seem to have a recognisable human nature, an initial human constitution, as they evolve from animals during their issue from the cosmic course, and they seem to choose freely, so far as they do so choose, because they are so constituted. Yet according to Sartre "*there is no human nature because there is no God to have a conception of it.*" The existence on which Sartre the existentialist insists, the existence preceding the essence that is man's definition of himself, "*is what he wills.*" Taking

Sartre literally, man is an eating, or aggressive, or even a thinking being because he has decided to be so. Sartre comes as near as he can to man wholly self-created, who literally is his freedom and its consequences, though he is also condemned to be free. "Man will only attain existence when he is what he purposes to be." Each man, doubtless, fashions himself and his fellows by his choices, but Sartre seems exaggeratively to ignore that man's nature or constitution, and his circumstances, determine his choices—there is *no* determination. If "thinkers" to-day do speak more readily of man's "condition" than of his "nature," as Sartre avers, each baby does not simply exist without existing somehow. The baby, however potentially, or the grown man, however he has or has not realised his potentialities, is specifically human, and his decisions are human choices. Tigers make tiger-like choices; men make man-like decisions.

Sartre's dogmas seem to land him in muddles. "What we choose is always the better," yet, somewhat inconsistently, those who repudiate their freedom by pleading causal compulsion are "cowards," and those who assert "that their existence is necessary" are "scum," since they are really an accidental "appearance of the human race on earth." The dogmatist is apt to anger when his certainties are flouted; Sartre gets angry when his dogma of absolute all-determining freedom is denied or restricted, though it is fair to note that he is indignant with those who refused to join the resisters. The deterministic "cowards" deny the freedom; the "scum" deny that they make their "existence" by dubbing it "necessary." Inconsistencies dog thinking, and need not be fatal, but cowards are curiously accused of "deterministic excuses" if man is too essentially a "free being" to be unable, "in any circumstances," to do anything "but will his freedom." The coward, apparently, uses his freedom to deny it. Is it captious to ask how man *wills* his freedom which is so absolute, and so inevitable in him? He seems to be said to be free because he freely decides to be free, though the "will to freedom" is said, during Sartre's expository course, to be "implied in freedom itself."

Sartre places *existence* and *essence* in a sharp antithesis. The essence is always a concept, a definition of man, and, as such, can only come after man actually exists, and is then able to define himself. Sartre's "essence" is never what would be the essential constitution of man, the veritable essence of him, if, in Sartre's own words, "each individual" were "the realisation of a certain conception in the divine understanding." In discarding "essence" as the essential human constitution Sartre virtually denies that man has any specific nature at all before he frames it through decisions. The existentialist's man seems in some way to exist before he *exists*, since he does not really exist until he has exercised his freedom: he does not choose because he exists; he exists because he chooses. Since existentialism, as Sartre says, tries to determine the full consequences of doing without God, it has its own assessment of values—especially moral values. Man is *condemned* to be free because, since there is no God, no values are provided. The philosopher naturally looks to the nature of man, eminently including his social relations, for clues to his values. Honesty may be approved, for instance, because it sweetens human intercourse, and the lie condemned because it sours human relations. Sartre, in effect, sees in man only one element genuinely constitutive enough to be, or provide, a value. For Sartre's existentialism freedom is "the foundation of all values," since "in and through particular circumstances" it is willed for freedom's

sake, and the "quest of freedom itself" is the "ultimate significance" when "men of good faith" act.

When a man decides to marry and have children, Sartre affirms, he commits both himself and all humanity to monogamy. Such sweeping commitment must, presumably, be taken in Sir Thomas Browne's soft and flexible sense. The Benedick commits himself by marrying, though not necessarily to monogamy; he does not commit the bachelors, and polygamy still flourishes. Sartre does recognise, however spasmodically, that values may be established, and moralities founded, by the concerted behaviour of men through time. Circumstances, however, compel every man to choose his own morality. Given human beings constituted as they are, situated as they are, and living as they do, there will be, it would seem, a fundamental mode of life and some supreme principles that are best for their well-being. The recognition of this would amount to acceptance of, at least, something like a moral law. Sartre's existentialism shirks anything suggestive of a morality imposed *a priori*, of a morality elaborated and presented for adoption. As an artist constructs his picture by painting it, so the man constructs his morality by a life of choices. An erroneous choice cannot be judged morally, according to Sartre, though the self-deception of the chooser can be judged to be an error. The young man who had to choose between staying with his mother and joining the resisters had to decide for one of two moralities—treating his mother as an end, using the fighters as means, and treating his mother as means, with the combatants as end. Yet, explains Sartre, he had "to invent the law for himself." Two moralities were there for the young man, but Sartre's obsession with freedom throws the value on this rather than on morality. Maggie Tulliver gave up Stephen, whom she loved, when he was engaged to "an insignificant young woman." The two opposed moralities, seeking one's own happiness and sacrifice, are, Sartre claims, equivalent. They are equivalent because in both cases the dominant aim is freedom. This harping on freedom seems to be a danger to morality. A decision to murder and a decision to spare become dangerously equivalent if freedom itself is the aim, value, and criterion. Sartre's obsession with freedom inclines to value the choice more than the chosen. His laudation of freedom, willed either by the single man or by the Communist member "in community," becomes somewhat hysterical, and almost nonsensical. The menace to French freedom, and partial destruction of it, stirred a fierce defensive effort, and an overpowering sense of the value of the freedom fought for. The sympathy this deserves, and receives, need not extend to a hopelessly grotesque elaboration of "freedom," that word with many meanings, into an ultimate metaphysical principle and value. Every man is determined by his own nature, by his social group, by his mental milieu, and determined complexly. His decisions are made within these determining causes, whether freely as Sartre contends, or wholly determined as the "cowards" aver.

Each man can recognise himself in Sartre's gospel. He comes involuntarily into the world, he has to make choices, often painful choices, and he does make himself. He recognises himself and his condition, however, much as he might recognise himself in a distorting caricature. It would be hard to settle how far man makes himself, and how far he is made: by others, or, for instance, by the heredity which decides whether he is man or ape. His freedoms, in the sense of opportunities, are largely provided for him. His freedom, in the sense of free choice, is less potent,

and perhaps less ultimately a value, than Sartre protests. The complete determinist, even if he is not quite right, corrects Sartre's wild flights. Mairé notes that Sartre has not yet drawn the "political implications" from his "philosophy of absolute freedom." Sartre's existentialism is intelligible, and moving, as a gospel to men under the terrors of relentless tyranny—as a trumpet call to depend on themselves, and shirk no courageous decision. It is too absolute, too dogmatic, too incomplete, and too much a distortion to be, or provide, a final philosophy that will include a philosophy of life.

J. C. GREGORY.

WAGTAIL VAGARIES.

MANY wild birds, including some of the most interesting, are quite unknown to the country people. At least, they have no distinguishing names, and are not recognised when seen. This is, perhaps, scarcely surprising in the case of nondescript-looking species, such as the little warblers, but it is remarkable that so outstanding a bird as the grey wagtail should have remained on the unclassified list. The pied wagtail is known, being more conspicuous, but under the general name of "water wagtail," or, in parts of Somerset, as the "lady wash dish," and when the grey species is noticed at all, it is usually called the "yellow wagtail"—for obvious reasons—in districts where the genuine yellow wagtail is unknown. Yet the grey wagtail, alert, elegant, sprite-like, is a bird that cannot be overlooked. In the coombes of Devonshire it is as attractive a figure as the dipper when it flashes alongside the tumbling streams, or twinkles from boulder to boulder, challenging an intruder with the monotonous persistence of a stonechat. The wagtails suffered less than many birds during the harsh winter of 1947, as the rapid hill streams remained mostly open, and decrease was more noticeable among the pied than the grey, which escaped to some extent by local migration. Both species nest in my garden, a part of which is almost surrounded by running water, and I have counted as many as eighteen pied wagtails feeding upon the tennis lawn at the same time. That, of course, was unusual, being probably due to an attractive hatch of insects, but the lawn, sloping as it does to the river Taw, is a favourite haunt of wagtails, and they provide a good deal of entertainment with their quaint antics, short, impulsive sprints over the grass, and sudden eruptive flights. The modern expressive term "jittery" is perhaps the best with which to describe almost any wagtail's habitual behaviour. Every movement suggests a quick, nervous vitality, and the bird always presents a rather worried appearance. This is not perhaps unaccountable, since it is apt to be bullied by other birds, probably upon account of its eccentricities. Everyone knows the peculiar harassed look of any bird weighted with the responsibility of feeding young. The cares of its little universe are so evident in ruffled feathers and a general air of flurry, which suggests the overworked and somewhat dishevelled housewife. An atmosphere of all work and no play invests even the eminently cheerful chaffinch at such times, and when domestic duties overwhelm a temperamental wagtail, its plight becomes pathetic.

I particularly remember one pair of pied wagtails whose troubles were augmented by the imposition of a cuckoo's egg—with the usual sequel. Presumably the maintenance of the insatiable changeling was a

labour of love, but its foster-parents did nothing to demonstrate the pleasurable side of toil. Duty in feathers was certainly exemplified, but in feathers so troubled that the effect became quite distressing. In its reactions to mankind, however, the pied wagtail is more confiding than the grey. It builds in the most public places. I have seen more than one nest in a porch—once beside the main entrance to a church—and it will feed on a window-sill as fearlessly as a sparrow. It always has the distinctly tiresome habit—most noticeable in chaffinches—of fighting its own reflection in a pane of glass. The grey wagtail is a much wilder bird. I have never seen one on a window-sill or bird-table, while its nest is usually built near and sometimes overhanging a stream—a risk seldom taken except by genuinely aquatic species. We were the more surprised, therefore, when in 1945 we found a grey wagtail already sitting in a most unexpected place within a few steps of our back door.

The choice of site showed true wagtail eccentricity. The birds had selected a corner formed by the walls of the house and an attached outbuilding. In this corner stands an old stone trough, kept full of water by a perpetually running tap, the overflow passing along a conduit to supply an adjacent yard. Thus their passion for running water was satisfied, and they had built the nest just behind the tap, under some ferns rooted in the old stonework. For grey wagtails to take risks, when setting up house, seems to be habitual, and this spot, as history proved, had its dangers. The junction of the two roofs formed a channel for surplus rain water which was liable to overflow and wash down upon the ferns. For a while all went well. We watched and, as far as possible, protected the nest with its five eggs, the running tap providing an additional defence against prowling cats and pugnacious sparrows. The little brooding bird, usually so wild, proved a fearless sitter, and the incubation period passed safely.

The brood had just hatched, when the weather, until then kind, changed its mood. Persistent showers kept the wagtail on her nest, shielding the callow young. Normal conditions she might have braved, but the second day brought catastrophe. The light showers became torrential, culminating in a veritable cloudburst. The mother bird was flooded from her post. In the sunshine which followed the deluge plants lay flattened by hail. A brood of chaffinches, a day older than the wagtails, were drowned in their nest, and the young wagtails, hatched near water for water's sake, had gone with the flood whose power they had experienced too soon. Atop an old wooden fence near the trough a little grey-backed bird with a yellow breast which caught the sunlight sat disconsolate.

Birds seldom profit from experience which is opposed to strong natural inclination. An unlucky venture is often repeated, but few wild creatures return immediately to the scene of a signal disaster. The wagtails forsook the place, and when they did not reappear the following summer we considered the chapter closed. As events proved, however, they had not lost interest, and early in 1947 they returned, obviously resolved to try again. Nothing but the precise ill-omened spot would do, and we watched a new nest built and six eggs laid with some misgivings. These, apparently, were shared by the male bird. At any rate he was unduly "jittery" from the first—even for a grey wagtail. His state of nerves soon became a nuisance. There have been occasions when garden fruit could not be picked with an easy conscience because of spotted flycatchers, but the most temperamental flycatcher I ever knew was

rational compared with this little fidget. Most garden birds learn to recognise and accept the occupiers. The wagtail challenged everyone indiscriminately. It became impossible even to mow the lawn near the old trough, and as hatching-time approached the bird grew more and more agitated. Meanwhile we watched the weather anxiously, but the skies remained blue, and at last six nestlings arrived.

And still the good weather persisted, but a new problem arose. Water from above had destroyed the first brood; now water beneath was the danger. One sometimes wonders how nestlings hatched above a stream avoid falling in, if inadvertently pushed over the edge. Apparently they do not, as we realised after finding two of this brood drowned in the trough. Actually this was mere natural economy, the family being too large, and as young birds which fall from a nest perish in any case, the water made little real difference. To avoid unnecessary later mishaps, however, we covered the trough with pea-guards, despite the protests of the parent birds, who failed to appreciate the precaution. As it happened, no more fell out, but either because they were nervous of the water, or for some other reason, the four survivors seemed unusually reluctant to leave the nest. They grew until they bulged over the rim, like a rising pudding, but, unlike most fledglings who so often hop off too soon, they would not leave home.

Then came the morning when my wife, puzzled at their tardiness, carried inspection a foot nearer than usual. Simultaneously, as young birds do, like fluff blown from a dandelion head, the four shot into the air. There was no hesitation, no weak fluttering to earth. Away they sailed upon their newly found wings, strong and free as a covey of young partridges, eventually alighting in a row upon a high barn roof a little distance away. It was a triumphant finale, clouded only, from our point of view, by the reflection that success would probably tempt further gambles with fate unlikely to be so kind again. This, however, did not prevent our welcoming their return when, with another spring, the indomitable pair once again took possession.

Until its end, this third venture differed in no important respect from the others. A new nest appeared upon the old foundation, its most interesting feature being that it was lined entirely with hairs recognisable as shed from the coat of an old white sheepdog who sleeps and scratches perennially on the farmyard side of the fence. Upon this bed the usual clutch was laid, and all went well until, after a week of incubation, by evil chance a keen-nosed rat, grubbing round the trough, sniffed out the nest and found it accessible. Such at least appeared to have been the story, told by silent tongues. The nest was a mangle of moss and dog-hair. A tiny feather or two and one unbroken egg floated on the water, but the wagtails had gone, and at first everything suggested that the brooding bird had been caught as she dozed at her post, in imaginary security from night prowlers.

Such, we assumed, was the end of an interesting little passage in the natural history of the garden. Fate, however, had not been too harsh, after all. Whatever happened under the dark ferns that night, the hen wagtail, like the proverbial cat, once more "came back." A few days later, her protesting note again challenged me from the top of the fence, and that fateful corner, apparently, had lost none of its attractions. That she intended to rebuild soon became apparent, but this time her obvious originality took an unexpected turn. Protruding from the wall, almost above the trough but clear of the water-spout and at a safe height above ground, was a disused stove-pipe. A stone,

dislodged by one of its supports, had left a hole a few inches square, and this caught the wagtail's eye. Another nest in that corner she meant to have, "tempest, fire and foe" notwithstanding. Both tempest and foe had worsted her, but fire seemed unlikely to cause any trouble. She compromised accordingly, took resolute possession of the hole beside the stove-pipe, and while her mate, according to custom, made life as difficult as possible for himself and everyone else, brought her latest effort to a successful conclusion. The whole family disappeared together when the young took wing, after the way of grey wagtails, but the story of that unique nesting-place above the old trough is not necessarily finished. Now and again, when the air is mild and robins sing optimistically, there is a familiar note in the back garden, possessive, challenging, and two little sprites flash evanescent lemon and grey from fence to trough in the sunlight. It looks like more problems ahead.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

STATESMEN AND THEIR COUNTRY HOMES.

IN thinking of Tusculan villas I exclude all consideration of "stately homes" and concern myself only with country or suburban retreats built, bought or bequeathed for the purpose of leisure and refreshment. I begin with Chatham. It was in 1748 that a friend was writing to congratulate him on having settled at South Lodge in Enfield Chase, a villa bequeathed to him, apparently, with £10,000. "On this bequest that he should spend the money on improvements and then grow tired of the place in three or four years." Presumably this is not an accurate statement of any conditions laid down or implied, but here is a letter from a friend on foreign service.

I congratulate myself and the rest of my unsound brethren upon the acquisition we have made by your admission into the respectable corps of woodmen and sawyers. I consider your lodge as an accession to the common stock and republic of sportsmen, which from its situation will bring peculiar advantages along with it, and that the woodcocks and snipes of Enfield may be visited at seasons of the year when those of Hampshire will not be so accessible. . . . As to the joiners and bricklayers, possibly too the planters of trees and levellers of walks by whom you are surrounded, don't give yourself any concern about them. They are the sort of satellites which I beg leave to assure you attend a man gratis. Nay, I have been told . . . that these men's works all execute themselves with a certain over-plus of profit to the person who is so happy as to employ them.

This last sentence was a shaft of sarcasm directed at the contempt for mere expense which characterised all Chatham's operations here and elsewhere. However, by 1752 that formidable Bluestocking, Mrs. Montagu, was writing of the "shady oaks and beautiful verdure of South Lodge," and another correspondent had praised its "Temple of Pan" as one of the happiest efforts of well-directed and appropriate decoration. But although Mrs. Montagu declared that there could hardly be "a finer entertainment not only to the eyes but to the mind and so sweet and peaceful a scene," Chatham was soon looking for new fields to conquer and in 1756 he bought Hayes Place. Here he entered on new landscape projects; the house, no very pretentious one, stood in the middle of the village

and we are told that he wasted on the place vast sums without obtaining any corresponding advantages, for he insisted on buying neighbouring houses in order that he might not be troubled with neighbours. "Much had gone in doing and undoing and not a little portion in planting by torch-light as his peremptory and imperious temper could brook no delay." Though a fond father, he could not bear the sound of children's voices, and so the nurseries were put in a separate building specially constructed and connected with the main house by a winding passage. In 1766 he sold Hayes, a month before he became Prime Minister, to Mr. Thomas Walpole. In 1767 he wanted it back again: Walpole did not want to sell but the entreaties of Lady Chatham and, it is said, even her tears, overcame his unwillingness. In 1772 Chatham offered it to Walpole again.

In 1762 a Somersetshire squire, Sir William Pynsent, who had long retired from Parliament but had retained a strong antipathy to the Tories, left the whole of his property to Chatham whom he regarded as a paladin of Whiggery. At Burton Pynsent he could give free reign again to his passion for landscape gardening on the grand scale. Thus he discovered that the view from the Pynsent windows was spoilt by a bleak hill. He gave instructions that the hill should be clothed immediately with cypresses and cedars. "Bless me, my Lord," said the head gardener, "all the nurseries in the country would not furnish the hundredth part required." "No matter; send for them from London!" And from London, at a prodigious cost, the trees were sent. Unfortunately a right of way crossed the grounds; Chatham had it sunk between high banks that his eye might not be offended by seeing strangers crossing. The same trouble about children's voices repeated itself, and so he threw out a new wing containing his library and Lady Chatham's bird room. When it came to buying back Hayes Place, some of the Burton Pynsent property had to be sold and the rest went to paying the gambling debts of the Second Earl. Hayes Place remained and there he died.

If not on quite the same scale, his great son inherited his expensive tastes. William Pitt found a great deal of pleasure at Walmer, especially in the three years at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Walmer was an official residence in those days when it was generally occupied by or at the disposal of past or present Prime Ministers, and we hear of him shooting and laying out the grounds until the question of invasion became acute in 1803. "Amid the derision of his enemies and the apprehension of his friends, he spent his days in feverish activity, riding and reviewing and manoeuvring along the coast committed officially to his charge. He would not even go to London unless the wind was in the quarter that prohibited a hostile landing." He had raised a corps of 3,000 volunteers and the story goes that he asked Sir John Moore where he should post his men in case of an invasion. Moore pointed inland. "You and your men, Mr. Pitt, will take up position on that hill while I and my men engage the enemy on the beach."

But Pitt's "*Tusculum Villa*" was Holwood (or Hollywood), Keston. The house of his day was pulled down in 1823, but it was described as a modest old plastered brick building which had been used a good deal as a hunting box by followers of the Duke of Grafton's hounds in the district. Here, we are told, his chief delight was in planting, but since he could engage in this only as opportunity offered it was carried on "without system of purchase or order of arrangement"

and was consequently very expensive without being effective, though kind friends congratulated him on his achievements. The best room in the house was remembered as one of deep armchairs and shelves full of his well-loved Classics. Even with his planting this ought not to have been a financial drain on an unmarried man with no vices who for many years drew by different Offices £10,000 a year. Yet Holwood was involved in his general ruin when he came out of Office in 1801 and had to be sold. Here, as elsewhere, he was shamefully robbed; George Rose mentions that in a single year servants' wages, board wages, liveries and bills at Holwood totalled more than £2,400. His last retreat was Bowling Green House on the old Portsmouth Road. Here "in a spacious and sunny room from which one may still look out on Pitt's green lawns and avenues of limes," he was destined to die. On January 9th he set out home. So feeble was he that it took three days to compass the journey from Bath. He arrived at his villa on the 12th. As he entered it, his eye rested on a map of Europe. "Roll up that map," he said, "it will not be wanted these ten years."

On May 1st, 1768, Edmund Burke wrote to a friend in Ireland—"I have made a push with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in this country. I have purchased a house, with an estate of about 600 acres of land, in Buckinghamshire, 24 miles from London. It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I propose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest. . . . You . . . will not be displeased to know that it was formerly the seat of Waller, the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes a pleasant farm house within a hundred yards of me." The price was about £22,000 of which £14,000 were left on mortgage which remained till Mrs. Burke sold the property in 1812. There has been discussion as to how he raised the balance, but it still remains a puzzle, as John Morley wrote, "not only how Burke was able to maintain so handsome an establishment, but how he could ever suppose it likely that he would be able to maintain it." Perhaps it is enough to say that when Burke died, his indebtedness to Lord Rockingham, Chief of the "honest" Whigs, amounted to £30,000, the bonds for which were destroyed by Rockingham's will. Whatever the difficulties involved, Burke was never happier than in showing his friends over the estate and boasting of his turnips. Among these friends was Samuel Johnson, who went away with a kindly "*non invideo equidem, miror magis*." Certainly Burke was happiest at Beaconsfield where "he would with his own hands give food to a starving beggar or medicine to a peasant sick of the ague; where he would talk of the weather, the turnips and hay with the team men and the farm bailiff; and where, in the evening stillness, he would pace the walk under the trees, and reflect on the state of Europe and the distractions of his country."

Charles Fox found happiness at St. Anne's Hill. In his later years it was difficult to persuade him to leave Chertsey for London. Lord Holland related how, at a crisis in 1800, he was persuaded to go up to town on a promise that he would have to remain there only two nights. "When he heard that the debate was postponed in consequence of Mr. Pitt's indisposition, he sat silent and overcome, as if the intelligence of some great calamity had reached his ears. I saw tears steal down his cheeks; so vexed was he at being detained from his garden, his books and his cheerful life in the country." He himself wrote in 1801 on a summons to town; "Never did a letter arrive at a worse time. A sweet westerly wind, a beautiful sun, all the thorns and elms

just budding and the nightingale just beginning to sing ; though the blackbirds and thrushes would have been quite sufficient to have refuted any argument in your letter." The Charles Fox, the furious Party man, the reckless gambler, was a very different man from him who played a kind of cricket with his friends' children at St. Anne's or went out with Mrs. Fox and a basket to buy household china in the village, where it was noted that they were "very economical."

When in 1847 it appeared that Benjamin Disraeli might one day lead the Protectionist side of the Tory Party it was thought essential that he should have a stake in the country, and the difficult transactions which made him lord of Hughenden naturally suggest those by which Burke acquired the Beaconsfield estate not far away. The sons of the Duke of Portland agreed to advance the money required. The official biography tells us that :

Disraeli was enabled to play the great game at the cost of owing them £25,000. The whole business must be pronounced from a financial point of view to have been very imprudent. Disraeli was still seriously in debt when he entered into the negotiations for Hughenden. . . . Economy however was repugnant to his large ideas. To play the great game he needed a position beyond what his marriage had given him. So he light-heartedly assumed the expense of a country house in addition to a town house and probably increased his indebtedness to a total of £40,000.

But we need not trace the process by which eventually all came right. It was certainly the happiest moment of his life when he became master at Hughenden. Nothing pleased him more than to play the country magnate, to put on a shooting jacket, to walk round the pens on market day or to take his seat at the ordinary and gossip with the farmers about stocks and crops. He loved to take visitors over the grounds on Sundays. "We have walked far," he would say, "but the pride of a country proprietor on Sunday afternoons knows no bounds." Sometimes his guests laughed at him as, when taking a great lady through his beech woods, he remarked grandiloquently, "See Nature's prodigality ! " "Why don't you keep pigs ? " asked the lady.

Very different were the circumstances by which the name and fame of Disraeli's great rival became linked with Hawarden Castle, which had originally been the property of the Glynnes. In 1839 Gladstone married the sister of Sir Stephen Glynne and so became involved in the crash which ruined Sir Stephen in the financial panic of 1847. This did not directly affect the Hawarden estate, being the result of an attempt to develop coal and ironstone under a small Glynne property elsewhere. But in order to meet the contingent liabilities the Hawarden estate had to be thrown into the gap. With wonderful skill, courage and pertinacity involving not only time but his personal estate, Gladstone succeeded in setting Hawarden free and in 1874 he became, for a few months sole possessor of the estate. This he made over to his eldest son but with an agreement that the possession and control of the castle and its contents remained with Mrs. Gladstone for life, and this was their chosen retreat thereafter. Thither flocked great parties of tourists from the north and midlands to wait upon him and sometimes to see him at work. His political opponents did not fail to make capital of the fact that, while his famous predecessors in the Premiership devoted much of their leisure to planting, his own hobby was in the opposite direction. Randolph Churchill especially made great fun of these pilgrimages, as for instance,

His amusements, like his politics, are constantly destructive. The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire. . . . The working men were guided through the ornamental grounds into the wide-spreading park, strewn with the wreckage and the ruins of the Prime Minister's sport. All around him, we may suppose, lay the rotting trunks of once umbrageous trees. . . . All around him, tossed by the winds, were boughs and bark and withered shoots. . . . They came suddenly on the Prime Minister and Master Herbert in scanty attire and profuse perspiration, engaged in the destruction of a gigantic oak, just giving its dying groan. They are permitted to gaze and worship and adore, and having conducted themselves with exemplary propriety are each of them presented with a few chips as a memorial of that memorable scene.

Strikingly different again was Lord Salisbury's choice for a holiday retreat. He found his Tusculum in France and built a house on the edge of a high cliff overlooking the little valley of Puys, and this remained the holiday home of the Salisburys for a quarter of a century. They liked it for reasons quite characteristic. As his daughter explained, both husband and wife rejoiced in French respect for privacy. "Above all Lord Salisbury cherished the social convention under which the wish for privacy was frankly recognised and respected. If an English lady does not wish to receive her acquaintance, her servants have to gloss the fact with a conventional lie; their compeers in France may say frankly and without offence that their mistress 'is not to be seen'." After the Berlin Congress of 1878 when Salisbury had become a European figure, the ladies among their French acquaintances called alone, remarking casually that to trouble M. le Marquis with visits, after his recent labours, would be "of the greatest indiscretion."

One name shall be added. That of William Harcourt, who came so near the top of the greasy pole. He built his retreat at Malwood in the New Forest and loved it better than any other place. In 1883, writing to his son, Lulu, he mentioned "a delicious day on Sunday, driving from Southampton to 'Malwood Castle' where we picnicked . . . and spent the rest of the day in the Forest very pleasantly. . . . The more I think of it the more I am satisfied a tall boxy house will not look well there and that we must have more of a cottagey building." When the house was built he said, "I never pass through this gate without feeling that I am coming to a haven of rest." And since he and Disraeli were good friends I may cap the story of Dizzy and the pigs with one of an enthusiastic lady who, admiring the creepers at Malwood, said, "Providence has been very good to you." To which Harcourt replied, "My dear lady, that isn't Providence, that's pig manure." When he brought in his Death Duty Budget he was involved in a curious dispute with the Duke of Devonshire as the result of a reference in his speech to "the magnificent fortune of Chatsworth." Devonshire pointed out that there was no such thing, as the Chatsworth estate fell short by many thousands of keeping up Chatsworth. And presently he drove home his argument by pointing out that "Malwood has a selling or letting value that Chatsworth has not." But Harcourt was destined to be the victim of his own scheme when, at the end of his life, the family estate of Nuneham came to him and involved him in a sea of troubles. Churt and Chartwell maintain the tradition.

HARTLEY KEMBALL COOK.

THE TOOLS OF MIND AND HAND.

IT is nearly a thousand years since an English schoolmaster wrote a new Latin text-book for schools. It was called *The Colloquy*, and it was a conversation between a schoolmaster and his pupils, giving a picture of the everyday life of the time. The writer, Ælfric, a monk who in his youth had been trained under Ethelwold of Winchester and Dunstan of Glastonbury, broke new ground. He gave the Latin of as many words in everyday use as possible, and he supplied an interlinear English translation. No crib this ; no disgrace or taint in using it ! It simplified matters ; it gave the pupils confidence. And confidence they needed, for they were drawn from the most amazing variety of occupations. Some were ploughmen, others shepherds and cowherds ; some were hunters, others fishers and fowlers ; some were cobblers and salters. Among them were young monks ; there were merchants, too, and most unexpected of all were some who were not even " free " men. All of them had one object : they wanted " to speak Latin rightly," for they realised that they were " unlearned and only able to speak it corruptly." Most of these pupils, it can be seen, were manual workers, for the young monk can scarcely have been other than a lay brother, and they must have had but little free time for study. But study they did, using the standard grammar text-book of their time, the *Donat*, with Ælfric's book to supplement it. The variety of their occupations must have struck them, for a discussion arose among them as to whose work was the most valuable. But that to Ælfric was hardly the point at issue, so he summed up the matter thus : " Whether you are a monk or a layman or a soldier, apply yourself to that and be what you are, as it is a great loss and shame for a man not to be what he is or what he ought to be."

That was in the tenth century. Now to turn to the twentieth. Quite recently there has been much heart-searching in the Workers' Educational Association, and many points of interest have arisen. The one that concerns us here is this : " the comparative failure of adult education to attract the manual worker. Even in the W.E.A., which has had more success than any other body, the occupational analysis of students is disturbing, and in some districts it should be a matter of serious enquiry."* In the main it seems to be " the middleclass folk- and black-coated workers " who support the association, not those of the artisan class.

Perhaps it is that with our present methods of education we do not inculcate, especially into those who leave school at the minimum school-leaving age, a desire to learn or the capacity for attacking new subjects or more advanced studies when once their schooldays are over. A recent pamphlet by Miss Dorothy Sayers throws an interesting light on this. It was entitled *The Lost Tools of Learning*† : an arresting title which at once rouses the reader's curiosity. What were those tools of learning ? When were they lost and how ? The lost tools were the grammar, dialectic and rhetoric that formed the trivium, the first part of the syllabus of our medieval schools. They were not lost in a moment but over a long period of years. And they were lost inadvertently, through the great difference of emphasis between the modern and the medieval conception of education. " Modern education concentrates on *teaching subjects*," Miss Sayers put it at one point, " leaving the

* Report of presidential address at the Workers' Educational Association at Cheltenham, by Mr. Harold Clay. *Manchester Guardian*, October 25th, 1948.

† *The Lost Tools of Learning*. Methuen, London, 1948. 1s.

method of thinking, arguing, and expressing one's conclusions to be picked up by the scholar as he goes along. Medieval education concentrated on first *forging and learning to handle the tools of learning*, using whatever subject came handy as a piece of material . . . until the use of the tool became second nature."

She believes that "we fail lamentably on the whole in teaching our pupils how to think. They learn everything except the art of learning." That this is not the fault of the teachers Miss Sayers feels sure. "They work only too hard already. The combined folly of a civilisation which has forgotten its own roots is forcing them to shore up the tottering weight of an educational structure that is built upon sand. They are doing for their pupils the work which the pupils themselves ought to do. For the sole true end of education is simply this: to teach men how to learn for themselves; and whatever instruction fails to do this is effort spent in vain."

This matter of civilisation forgetting its own roots is worth inquiring into. England's civilisation can only be said to have begun at the end of the sixth century with the coming of Christianity. Any effects of the Roman occupation were so comparatively short-lived and so overlaid during the period of England's barbarism that they must be discounted. What is so amazing is that before a hundred years had passed there were flourishing in our own land a number of schools, and their sole original object was to teach that Latin without which the services of the Church could not be conducted or understood. It is probable that some of the Latin taught in the initial stages was most elementary, but it was not long before such schools as those at Canterbury, Rochester, London (St. Paul's) and York were developing rapidly. For instance, in the second half of the eighth century there was collected at St. Peter's, York, a library whose fame reached the Continent. In it were represented some forty or more sacred and profane authors whose writings had been collected by successive masters of St. Peter's School, chiefly Egbert, Albert and Alcuin.

Alcuin was master at York from 778-82. In his youth he had studied under Albert, whom he held in great reverence. "Whatever youths Albert saw of remarkable intelligence he got hold of them, taught them, fed them, cherished them, and so this teacher had many pupils learning the sacred volumes and advanced in various arts."* This same teacher "diligently gave the art of grammar to some, pouring into others the streams of rhetoric." And although dialectic is not specifically mentioned, its embrace of logic and disputation rendered it a necessary stepping stone between the earlier study of grammar and the final goal of rhetoric. We even know the Latin grammar the pupils used. It was the *Ars Minor*, written in Latin in the fourth century by Aulus Donatus, and popularly known as the *Donat*, the same book that Ælfric's pupils later used in their day.

Albert and Alcuin were not the only great schoolmasters of those early times. We can think of Hadrian and Theodore of Tarsus at Canterbury, for instance, in the seventh century. Both of these, we know from Bede, "were abundantly learned in sacred and profane literature." So well did they teach their pupils that Bede could write that even in his day some of their pupils survived who knew "Latin and Greek as well as their own language in which they were born." Bede himself, a pupil of the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow,

* *Poem on the Archbishops of York*. Alcuin, 798 (circa). Cited by Angelo Raine in *History of St. Peter's School, York*. Bell, 1926.

was an example in the late seventh and early eighth century of the great learning our early schools could give—a learning given not only to boys but to older pupils as well.

As far as one can see it was a pupil's fitness for learning that determined whether or not he should be taught rather than his social position in the world. Indeed, civilisation was still so close to its roots that the value of all types of occupation had not been lost sight of by those who guided the intellectual training in the schools of those early centuries. This thought was expressed very plainly in the moral of a poetic fable probably written at the end of the fourteenth century. The writer was John Lydgate, himself a schoolmaster. The fable is called *The Horse, The Sheep and the Ghoos*, and in it the three creatures contend, advancing many supporting reasons, as to which is most profitable to man. The chief claim of the horse to pre-eminence is that without him neither armour nor weapons could avail "to hold a feeld" in battle; of the sheep that his wool is "the chiefe treasure in our land"; of the goose that his feathers supply material for pens. Here he feels he scores.

For iff pens and writing were away
Off remembraunce we had lost the kay.

Lydgate, however, sweeps all claims to pre-eminence aside, for, says he, "Odious of old been all comparisouns." The point is that people are not of like condition nor like-disposed in thought, will or deed. No man has all the virtues. What one cannot do, perhaps another can. Therefore, to put it plainly, "no man shold of othir ha disdeyn."

Thus Lydgate in the late thirteen-nineties. Yet men still tend to disdain their fellow-men. More, they disdain not only the men but the work they do. Perhaps now in the nineteen-forties this disdain is finding its strangest expression. Men are viewing certain occupations with such an exaggerated respect that by inversion it causes them to scorn the work they do themselves. I can think of a joiner whose strongest wish is that his own child will never be a joiner himself. His hope for his son is to "make him a teacher" or "get him into a bank." He sees in either alternative an infinitely greater career than that of joinery. To him the labour of his own hands is a thing to be despised. What then of his work? It naturally suffers in consequence and tends to sink to the level of his own scorn.

Whether by the introduction of a modified trivium, as Miss Sayers advocates, or by some other method, we must strive to enable our pupils to think clearly so that they can discriminate between false and true values. "The schools can encourage this. I want to see school education sending its leavers away with the power to think straight and with a background which will enable them to understand the significance of their working lives."* Then and only then will they lose "the idea that the educated individual must get out of manual work and that it constitutes social advance to do so."* It is only when with Ecclesiasticus we regard the labour of man's hands as something which "will maintain the fabric of the world" that we arrive at a true understanding of manual labour. When men sank to the level of "hands" as they did in the industrial revolution, they lost their humanity in their labour. To-day we see work done in factories even less human still. To carry out the odd movement or two necessary to keep, say, a sealed

* Sir George Shuster at Port Sunlight, October 1st, 1948, speaking at the 109th annual meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes.

packet on an endless chain could be done as well with a club-ended stump as with a hand. Such labour integrates a system but disintegrates the soul. We talk much of occupational therapy. There is almost if not quite as much need of such therapy for the physically fit as for the unfit. When in ages past man's immediate predecessors raised themselves on their hind limbs with the consequent liberation of their fore limbs, hands were eventually evolved and power gained in the process. Hands found out how to grasp, and by grasping came the use of tools. A man with tools which he is capable of using well has potentially extended his personality. As soon as he uses those tools to create or improve something, because he desires of his own will to do so, he maintains the fabric of the world. And the world I mean is the microcosm of a man's own personality which depends for its well-being on the might of both mind and hand.

WINIFRED GRAHAM WILSON.

AN AMBASSADOR IN TROUBLE.

ON the night of July 21st, 1708, Londoners living in the neighbourhood of Charles Street were roused from sleep by shrieks, shouts and the rattle of arms. They were used to that sort of thing. No one suspected what alteration in the laws of the kingdom were to follow this skirmish. The object of this night attack was His Excellency Artamon Matveieff, Ambassador of Peter the Great. Returning from an audience of Queen Anne he was attacked by "some private persons," who, dispersing his servants, dragged him out of his coach, tore off his hat, cane and sword and damaged his clothes. The Ambassador protested and tried to fight, some people in the street wishing to help him. But when the malefactors, Thomas Morton, Isaac Spiltumb, Andrew Slan and Edward Young, produced a warrant to detain the said Matveieff, whom they suspected would leave the country without paying the sum of £50, the crowds dispersed. The protesting Ambassador was taken to a house of ill repute, the "Black Raven." The story was reported to Secretary Walpole, who came to the prison "only to witness the Ambassador's affront but not to let him to liberty": it was left to Matveieff to redeem himself.

Two days later the liberated diplomatist addressed a complaint to the Minister and Secretary of State, Mr. H. Boyle (later Lord Charlton), solemnly protesting against the infringement of the Laws of Nations, and demanded that all the guilty should be punished. He recalled that the Queen, who is zealous for respect for Ambassadors of Crowned Heads, has gloriously vindicated the honour of the Earl of Manchester (her Ambassador in Venice) and caused rigorous punishment to be inflicted on the officers of the Custom House—some were set in the pillory, others condemned to imprisonment merely for insulting the gentlemen of his retinue. And he, Matveieff, was representing the Tsar himself! He stressed that the honour of his master had suffered in an unheard-of manner, and entreated the Secretary to give him and his family without delay passports to leave the kingdom where he was exposed to such an outrage.

On July 27th Whitehall answered: "That after the Queen in Windsor had been informed of the outrage committed against His Excellency, Her Majesty ordered to assure the Ambassador that she is extremely concerned upon the account of that enormous procedure

and highly displeased with her subjects who were the authors of it. That she will omit nothing that lies in her power to give ample satisfaction for the extraordinary affront put upon His Excellency." An Extraordinary Assembly of Her Majesty's Privy Council was called in Windsor, and seven of the principal accomplices in that desperate affair were taken up and committed to prison. The Queen ordered her Attorney-General to draw up an indictment against all these persons to the end that they may be punished after the most serious and rigorous manner. Her Majesty conceived an extraordinary indignation against these who have put so notorious an affront upon the Ambassador of her "good friend and Allie, His Tsarist Majesty." But the Ambassador could not be pacified and retired to Holland.

On September 17th, 1708, the British Court received another letter : this time it was from the Tsar himself and in Latin. In his message "Her Majesty's affectionate Brother, His Sacred Tsarist Majesty," after exposing the whole case again, insisted upon the immediate punishment of the culprits. But if the word "immediate" was possible for a Russian Tsar, it was not the case in democratic England. The two systems came to a deadlock. Willing as she was to be on good relations with Russia because of the increasing trade with England via Archangel, the Queen could not suspend the laws of the kingdom ; the case would not be dealt with "immediately," but would have to be postponed till the next Session of the Court of Judicature. "This is so firmly regulated in England," was the answer, "that in order to punish a malefactor for the most enormous crimes, such even as treason against Her Majesty's sacred person, he must be brought to trial according to usual forms established in this country."

The Queen, in order to pacify her "beloved Brother," was willing to prepare a special order to Parliament that a Bill might be brought in for establishing and securing the privileges of Ambassadors and other Foreign Ministers, as well as to prevent such outrages in the future. However, it was not before February, 1709, that the culprits were brought to trial and found guilty. The above-mentioned Bill was also brought into the next Parliament, "for Privileges of Ambassadors and other publick Ministers," and the offended Ambassador of Russia was informed about it. It did not satisfy the Tsar or pacify the Ambassador. After a long correspondence it was agreed on both sides that the Queen should send a solemn Embassy to the Tsar's Court to Moscow "to make an acknowledgment for the affront and to desire His Tsarist Majesty to be pacified and to take this for a testimony of Her Majesty's great desire to give Him ample satisfaction upon that occasion." Accordingly, Mr. Whitworth was sent by Her Majesty to Moscow.

On February 17th, 1710, two Russian noblemen, Prince Soltykoff (chief carver to His Majesty) and Count Dmitrieff Mamonoff (cup bearer), arrived in one of the Tsar's coaches at the house of Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, followed by twenty other coaches, Grantees, principal Lords, all richly clothed. The two extra envoys went to the Ambassador's apartment, declared the business they came about, and invited him to come in the Tsar's coach to the Palace, where the Preebragensky and Semionowsky Guard-Regiments were on guard and made the salute of honour.

Naryshkine, a relative of the Tsar, received the Ambassador at the foot of the staircase, Prince Sherbatoff at the top, and Count Mussine-Pushkin complimented the Ambassador in the ante-chamber. At last

he was shown into the hall where His Tsarist Majesty was standing, uncovered, under a canopy, leaning against a table, with Grandees, Ministers and Generals behind him. Ascending the estrade on which the Tsar stood, the Ambassador made his speech in English, which was translated into German and Russian. After a letter "from Your Imperial Majesty's most affectionate Sister" was presented to the Tsar, the Queen begged him to put the fame of oblivion on the affair and pleaded that His Majesty, "a Prince equally famous for clemency and exact justice would not require from her, Guardian and Protector of the Laws, to inflict a punishment upon Her Majesty's subjects which the Law does not empower her to do." The letter added: "If any person hereafter durst commit the like offence or any ways violate the Privileges of Ambassadors and other Foreign Ministers they will be liable to the most severe penalties and punishments." The Tsar answered in Russian that he graciously accepted the excuses. His Excellency the Ambassador retired backwards out of the hall making three obeisances, was conducted to his home, and treated three days successively by express order of the Tsar.

As an aftermath of this "diplomatic incident" we find a rather amusing story reported apparently at a later date by Lord Whitworth himself. The diplomatist who was chosen to terminate the quarrel between Queen Anne and Tsar Peter I respecting the arrest of Tsar Peter's Ambassador Matveieff apparently enjoyed, in the amplest sense of the word, a personal intimacy with Catherine (Tsar Peter's wife and later Empress Catherine I of Russia) when she moved in less elevated circles. When Lord Whitworth treated the rupture between the Court of England and the Russian Emperor he was invited to a ball at Court and selected for a partner the Tsarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand and said in a whisper, "Have you forgot little Kate?" This little story was told by the celebrated editor of the account of Russia, Lord Orford, some years later and Lord Orford adds: "I was told by the late Sir Luke Schaub, who had it from his lordship himself."

ARA. DE KOROSTOVETZ.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE BEDROCK

"THE world is hungry for truth." Cardinal Griffin made that remark when on a recent occasion he spoke of the duty of everyone "to fight against the forces of evil, whose aim is moral chaos and whose chief weapons are the suppression and distortion of the truth." Similarly, speaking at the recently formed Society of Labour Lawyers on July 25th last, Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General, referring to the recent decision of the International Court of Justice in the case of the mining of British destroyers in the Corfu Channel, made this reflection: "It is an interesting commentary on truth in Communist countries that it [the decision aforesaid] was almost universally described as a complete victory for Albania, whereas in fact it was an humiliating and disgraceful defeat for her on a charge tantamount to murder. There is perhaps not very much hope of the rule of law prevailing in international affairs so long as the totalitarian Communist countries, following the Goebbels technique, so persistently lie to their people."

This matter of the truth in public affairs and the violence done to it, not only on one side of the iron curtain, does indeed go to the bedrock of the problem. What faces us to-day is a state of collapse in the relationships not only of nations but of political parties within the narrower sphere. There is no truth in us. The destructive process that started on August 3rd, 1914—one of the ghastly dates of history—has affected the foundations upon which our welfare must be built. What would one say if in the building of a house a foundation prescribed as of concrete were instead made of cardboard painted to resemble concrete? Yet in the crude fact of the political analogy that is precisely what is happening. The Communists, of course, are the worst, but they are not the only offenders. The Communists lie, and are not ashamed. I remember during the war of 1939-45 asking a Russian ambassador why the Kremlin and the Russian army headquarters put out communiqués which were obviously, even fantastically, untrue. He said, "Oh! but they do deceive many people." To make the position clear I said: "Then you do not deny your intention of deception?" He answered without hesitation: "Of course not. The only purpose of putting out information is tactical. If we succeed in misleading the enemy, or the people on whose loyalty he relies, then we have achieved something. If we can induce people to believe what we want them to believe, true or false, then we are doing well. We cannot expect intelligent people to be deceived, but there are not many intelligent people."

The political habit of making statements in an exclusively tactical spirit, without regard to the truth, or with only a minor or subsidiary regard for the truth, is the main agent of disease in the general political body, both international and national. It is a spreading, and indeed a galloping, disease. It feeds upon itself. The anxious question at this time is whether it is not already too far gone to be arrested; whether, in short, the fabric of political life is not doomed to destruction. It is to be observed—and this is something new even in the degraded experiences of the past half-century—that the statements made by leading politicians are no longer taken seriously by the man in the street. Indeed, as often as not they are laughed at. The corrosion is eating into the foundations of mutual human confidence and respect. If such a state of affairs were confined to Russia or to Russian-controlled countries there would be less cause for anxiety, because Communism does not pretend to any regard for the truth or for any other moral quality. It is a frankly materialist form of gangsterdom, and as such it is bound in the longer or the shorter run to encompass its own undoing—provided there is anything better available for the political allegiance of men.

It is when the poison visibly spreads on the western front that anxiety becomes more deeply grounded. When, for instance, in Britain—a country with a long and honoured political tradition—we find the statements of politicians in the front rank palpably deficient in true substance and palpably directed to tactical political ends, then, mischief, thou art afoot. We have to face the disturbing fact that to-day in Britain the statements and behaviour of our leading politicians do not in certain important respects command the general respect. In the game of party politics there always was, of course, that light-hearted badinage which attributed all the devilry to the other and all the virtue to one's own party; but in a real emergency, up to as late a date as 1930, there operated a true and objective patriotism, a love of country above party, in the political breast. To-day a doubt sends its shiver

through the honest citizen, who is forced to suspect that the truth is sacrificed to party expediency in matters even of vital concern.

Moreover, the technique of lying propaganda in political causes is productive of growing disorder of an alarming import. The recent dock strike in London was based wholly on lies which misled the honest intentions of the dockers, so muddled being the general deceptions practised by the Communist leaders that the London dockers, without knowing it, were carrying on a campaign in the supposed support of Canadian dockers who had already found out that they had been duped. The General Council of the International Transport Workers' Federation, meeting in Antwerp on May 13th and 14th last, gave advance warning thus: "Had the members of the Canadian Seamen's Union been properly and honestly informed about the matters at issue, and about the negotiations and conciliation carried on on their behalf, they would not have responded to the strike call. . . . Whereas in Canada, where the true facts are known, the manning and loading of ships is not interrupted, emissaries of the Canadian Seamen's Union and others are trying, by misrepresenting the facts, to incite dockers and seafarers to support the strike in foreign ports."

How comes it that British working men lend an ear, and are convinced by Communist agitators imported for the purpose of damaging Britain, and refuse to listen to the spokesmen of that Socialist Government they themselves helped to elect? The fact seems to be that the working man feels in his bones that the statements of his leaders, whether in the Government or in the trade unions, are not to be taken at their face value; that there is something wrong and getting worse; and that perhaps after all the Communists offer the solution that has so far eluded them. When Ministers, for instance, put the whole blame on Communism and fail even to mention other factors the working man knows to be operative, the feeling of bewilderment is deepened. And that feeling is promptly exploited by the Communist agents. For some reason not easy to explain the Communists are clever as well as unscrupulous in their propaganda, and indefatigable in their application. Why men with brains should want to bring about a state of affairs which they know would cripple all human personality, including their own, is indeed hard to explain, for they know that the ill-gotten gains falling to themselves for their pains are transitory and illusory.

It must surely be regarded as evidence of the depth to which civilisation has fallen that masses of men the world over can be readily enrolled in a cause that is destructive to their own and to everybody else's welfare. The answer is that for a whole generation the leaders of thought have been engaged in an aggression upon the sacred citadel of the abstract truth: and that the citadel has at last fallen. Before there can be any revival, any prosperity, any sanity in the world again, that citadel must be recaptured and re-established. The world is indeed hungry for truth, for the world is experiencing the disaster that befalls when the truth is violated. The leaders of thought no longer lead. The difference between the unlettered wisdom of humble folk and the erudite nonsense of prominent intellectuals at this time is a remarkable and a paradoxically encouraging sign of the times; for it is arguable that the redress will come, if it come at all, from the hearts of the simple masses exerting their influence, perhaps impalpably, upon the people at the top.

The justification for this surmise is the fact, not to be gainsaid, that the collapse of civilisation is virtually complete. In such emergencies something does, in fact, always happen. In the present case the only

thing that can happen is the reassertion, by some means not yet obvious, of the common sense that is God's gift to the masses of His children. For instance. It is clear to those masses that what is wrong is the use of force for selfish ends. When motives are wrong, methods tend to be wrong, too. When the world went to war in 1914, the motive, however camouflaged it was, being a fight for the spoils, there was unloosed a campaign of competitive lying that has never ceased. Lying has become a fine art, which we know by the name "propaganda." For more than a generation the resultant havoc has spread its distress and disillusion. The habit of dishonesty has become so chronic, however, that it has enslaved the leaders of what may, for the argument, be called "thought" in the political sense. Without looking at the foundations, those leaders go on building superstructure after superstructure which go on collapsing. It was in January 1920 that the League of Nations held its first meeting in St. James's Palace in London. On August 8th of this present year—nearly thirty years later—what is called the Council of Europe held its first meeting at Strasbourg. During the intervening generation such enterprises have crowded upon each other without pause in the succession, and without variation from the pattern of monotonous failure in the upshot. Yet they go on, unchanged in conception, unchanging in result. The man in the street, who took a mild interest in what was happening in London a generation ago, takes not the slightest interest in what is happening to-day in Strasbourg. He knows it to be futile. Yet he knows, too, that something has to be done, though he cannot see how it is to be done. Nor can it be done until the *amende honorable* be paid to the violated truth, until it be recognised that the whole tradition of international relations is wrong-headed and must be redirected.

One of the absurd, and yet salutary, aspects of this international tradition of deception is that all the parties concerned find it expedient to lie with the particular purpose of representing themselves in a better moral light than their opponents. In other words, it is taken for granted, even by professing atheists, that if they are to win the approval and support of people in the mass they must appeal to the innate goodness of human nature. There is always the suggestion that the opponent is guilty of moral delinquency. When the British frigate *Amethyst* escaped from the Yangtze after three months of imprisonment in the river under Communist guns on the bank—the escape being acclaimed in the west as a magnificent achievement—it went without saying that the Communist authorities would issue an account of the affair which would throw, or was intended to throw, a different light upon it. The Peking wireless (Communist) duly issued a statement accusing the *Amethyst* of having sunk a Chinese ship in the river, and of having escaped while the Chinese Communists were engaged in rescuing the casualties from drowning, etc. The words "atrocities" and "wicked act" were duly used in the Communist account of the *Amethyst's* exploit. It is characteristic of all history that those who wish to gain or to retain the allegiance of people in the mass must represent themselves in high moral guise, no matter what be the nature of their real purpose.

It follows logically that human nature, made by God, is so firmly bedded in goodness that no man, no gang of men, can ignore that fact in their propaganda. The leading gangsters who seek to exploit that human nature may by clever propaganda for a time succeed in hoodwinking the simple masses (whose simplicity of heart makes them

incapable of suspecting such duplicity and wickedness in their seducers) but the tide in the nature of things must turn. The time will come when the masses will no longer tolerate the deceptions practised by their leaders. Once the thin end of disillusion is inserted in the structure of this unsound diplomatic tradition—as it is indeed now inserted as a result of the monstrous and self-evident deceptions—then the collapse of the tradition is inevitable. It will then be possible at last to build something better on the ruins, something that will satisfy the people's hunger for the truth. *Magna est veritas* . . .

THE BASIC TRUTH

The error from which have flowed the evils of our time simplifies itself in the eyes of those who are chastened enough to face the truth. Science has merely made the resultant process more destructive. Plunging competitively for the material spoils, men and nations have undermined their own intelligence. They have thrown away the rudder that would have kept them on their course. They have cultivated muddle after muddle in their calculations. That unfortunate concept of a "just" and therefore a justifiable war has played havoc in all the domains of man's welfare. Once the flood gates are thus opened there is no end to the flood; for what can war, as Milton asked, but endless war still breed? Was the first world war a just war from anybody's point of view? Was the second? What of the third now talked of? There is no end to the sequence. Having embarked on a muddled and wrong line of thought and action, the muddles and evils have multiplied apace. As the result of "holy" indignation, first against the Kaiser's and then against Hitler's Germany, the "victorious" competitors have contrived to eliminate Germany and to substitute present-day Russia as a dominant Power in the heart of Christian Europe.

The critical faculty of judging between essentials and mere forms has been progressively atrophied. At a time, for instance, when the climax of the evil and the muddle is rightly felt to be the menace of Godless atheism and materialism, the western nations have persisted in regarding the form of government in Spain as more important than her essential rôle as a bastion against the aggressions of Communism. Common sense and truth, however, tend to prevail in the end, though unnecessary mischief be caused by the delay. Such a book as *Spain 1923-1948. Civil War and World War*, by Mr. Arthur F. Loveday, sometime chairman of the British Chamber of Commerce in Spain, deserves to be read and read again in the interests of this particular aspect of the truth. It has a foreword by Sir Robert Hodgson, sometime Chargé d'Affaires in Russia and in Nationalist Spain, and is due to be published on the 15th of this present month by the Boswell Publishing Co. Ltd., the Old Farmhouse, Ashcott, near Bridgwater, Somerset (12s. 6d. net). Will it not be regarded in the retrospect, when common sense has fully reasserted itself, as an odd perversity that the western Christian nations, at a time when Christianity and civilisation were at stake and were being attacked all-out by the atheist Communists of Russia, wooden-headedly refused to be "on speaks," with Christian civilised Spain yet maintained full diplomatic "friendly" intercourse with anti-Christian, barbarian Russia, a professed enemy in the actual practice; and based that differentiation on the thesis that Spain was a "dictatorship"? No dictatorship in the history of the world was more absolute, more cruel, more soul-destroying than that imposed by the Kremlin upon half the world at this time; by that Kremlin whose

hostile emissaries are admitted to the counsels of the United Nations, being enabled thus to encompass the confusion and frustration of that body. Christian Spain cannot even be mentioned in a comparative sense with atheist Russia, yet in the judgment of the west, Russia is entertained, Spain rejected and ostracised.

The truth has been so submerged in the events of our time that there seems as yet to be no limit set to the inroads of nonsense into our processes of thought. Small wonder that Communism is on the march through the world without meeting so far an effective obstacle to its advance : with one single exception. It happens that on the continent of Europe the citadels of the Roman Catholic Church had to be overthrown before the barbarian tyranny could be consolidated. In the three Baltic countries, in Poland, in Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia the assault upon those citadels has been launched with all the fury and wickedness of which the Kremlin is so notoriously capable ; and though cardinals, archbishops, priests and faithful laity alike have been imprisoned, tortured or liquidated, the citadels have not been razed. Nor will they be. *Qui mange du pape en meurt*. That is the true verdict of all history through the Christian era. The Holy See has joined issue, has stamped out all suggestion of compromise with forces that are motived by elemental evil, has excommunicated all those in any of the Russian-controlled countries who from weakness or unfaithfulness or fear have bowed the knee to the invader in the spiritual sphere.

There is something symptomatic in the fact that the Kremlin has found it inevitable that it should declare war upon the Christian Church : for thereby the result cannot be in doubt. The Church happens to be built upon a rock, a rock of supernatural strength. Our great hope at this time derives from the fact that Moscow has declared war upon the Church.

THE THIRD TEST

The question mark that still has to be added to the widening talk of a " third war " leaves a door open. The third test of human sanity we have had to face in our time is still undecided. The talk itself should not, and in serious quarters is not, taken at its face value, except as a form of shadow-fighting, or propaganda, or " cold " war in progress ; but it has its own dangers. Before the second war we had the like sort of playing with fire. When in the early part of 1939 trenches were being feverishly dug in the London parks, so otherwise serious a paper as the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* published what was clearly intended to be an amusing article describing the ducks that swam in the trenches after heavy rain. Similarly, on August 3rd of this year Moscow's *Pravda* published what was obviously intended to be an amusing article about the American chiefs of staff visiting Europe to lay the military foundations of the Atlantic Pact and in particular visiting such places as Frankfurt-on-Main and Vienna, and even going so far afield as Turkey and Greece. The article played on the thesis that Generals Bradley and Vandenburg and Admiral Denfeld must have been provided with strange travel guides and maps which put, for instance, Vienna " on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean " : and ended with the veiled threat that if the American chiefs of staff could not learn their geography from the available books they would " be made to learn it from life." At the same time leading persons in the west were issuing warnings about the folly of assuming that we had yet reached the age

of press-button warfare ; and Tito, who looks both east and west, was telling his army in Macedonia that " It is an illusion to think that there will be no more war." All this at the moment when the first meeting of the Council of Europe was being held at Strasbourg.

It was hard for any sane person to regard the general scene without a sense of disquiet. It looked as if the scattered and disordered activities were still being pursued without any clear conception of what was at stake, without any basic moral principle to guide them. The Council of Europe presented the spectacle of delegates from a dozen countries (the original ten being at the outside enlarged by the addition of Greece, Turkey and Iceland) behaving as if they were members of the first Parliament of Europe to be ever established. Yet they knew, and everybody knew, that they were nothing of the sort. They came from countries whose parliamentary systems and traditions differed from each other in a bewildering degree ; their terms of reference severely restricted the scope of their agenda ; they had no power to legislate ; the most they could hope for was to make recommendations to their Governments at home, which their Governments were not bound to accept. The danger clearly was that this Council of Europe would degenerate into still another essay in international conference, this time restricted to a more or less homogeneous handful of nations who were aiming at more or less the same sort of thing in their foreign policy. It could not be taken as a manifestation of European union when it represented merely one small part of a Europe split with dissension.

Yet such an enterprise in co-operative international action, crippled though it was from the beginning, could be transformed by good will into something effective—if the right and good motive were to become operative. The sad thing is that such a motive is not yet operative. We have had two wars, whose lesson, written in blood and agony, has not been learned.

There can be no mistaking the lesson itself. It is proved beyond argument and beyond doubt that war as a method not only cannot settle any dispute, remove any menace or lead to any security, but that on the contrary it creates worse dispute, increases the menace and removes all sense of security. Yet the world goes on talking, thinking, calculating on the hypothesis of war as a continuing instrument of the international technique. The prevailing challenge is constituted by the head-on clash of purpose and temperament between what we may call for short the east and the west. If ever a case could be argued for a " just war," this surely is that case. If ever an enemy could be identified fairly with " the forces of evil," this is that enemy. It is as though in the stern, uncompromising challenge of the truth the developments are all in the direction of a sterner and more uncompromising clarity. First there was the Kaiser, whose challenge is seen in the retrospect to have been quite ridiculous, the only practical interest of which consists in our shame that we could not avoid war where war was so clearly unnecessary and so clearly avoidable. Next there was Hitler, more formidable, both because the weapons were now more horrible and because the second failure set nerves on edge : yet even in this case the war was readily avoidable if common sense had prevailed, and many intelligent people on both sides were working to avoid it. The two sides to the controversy did more or less speak the same language of civilisation. Thirdly there is Stalin. We failed to avoid war with the Kaiser, when it would not have been really difficult, if we had had any sense, to avoid it. We failed to avoid war with Hitler, when it would have been

more difficult, but not impossible, to avoid it if we had had common sense and had learnt the lesson of the first war. Are we to avoid war with Stalin, when there seems to be no common factor of decency in our relationship?

The third test is the hardest. Yet we know, as the first principle of our approach to the test, that the one indisputably bad decision is that of war. What is the alternative? How are we to resolve the problem of a world divided into two conflicting camps, aiming at mutually destructive ends, when we know that the one system can survive only if the other is defeated; when, in short, either the one side or the other must triumph? If the arbitrament of war be ruled out, how is the issue to be decided?

The answer is as clear as the experience of the last two failures can make it. Godless Bolshevism is an evil. It cannot be defeated, but can only be strengthened, if we oppose to it the further evil of war. The world has been told on the highest authority, and the truth has been driven home by our own bitter experience, twice repeated in the dose, that evil cannot be overcome by evil, but only by good. Common sense and reason by themselves ought to be enough to persuade us of that truth. The truth has been further fortified by divine revelation. Are we to accept it on third time of asking, or are we to plunge still deeper into our self-made calamity, perhaps to our final destruction? The only thing that can defeat Communism is the spiritual goodness of the rest of the world. The only instrument to that end is the deliberate cultivation of individual goodness, the spreading of those Christian cells described in last month's CONTEMPORARY REVIEW by Canon Roger Lloyd in his article "The Grain of Mustard Seed." How can any reasonable man regard such a prescription as "unpractical," when we have had the disastrous experience of the alternative? Of course, there is a strong element of the mystic in it; and why not? The whole of life is mysterious; and God is a God of miracle. There is no short cut to it; it takes time for mustard seeds to grow; but if it is allowed to grow the result is certain.

It is even possible through the instrumentality of personal individual goodness for a certain wistful hope lately expressed by Mr. Trygve Lie to come true. Speaking at Bergen in Norway on August 8th last he expressed the hope that five years from now war would have become obsolete: so it will, if the wickedness and folly of man first become obsolete enough to enable international faith to be substituted for international fear.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

August 11th, 1949.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A BRIDGE-BUILDER*

Charlie Andrews, as he was lovingly known, was one of the most remarkable figures of his time and one of the most widely loved. Starting life as the son and grandson of Irvingite pastors, he distinguished himself in classics at Cambridge, where the reviewer began a friendship of fifty years, was ordained an Anglican clergyman, worked at the Pembroke College Mission in the slums of South London, and joined the Cambridge Mission to Delhi at the age of

* *Charles Freer Andrews.* By Benarsidas Chaturvedi and Marjorie Sykes. Allen & Unwin, 1948.

thirty-three. Henceforth India claimed him, and his friendship with Tagore and Gandhi forms the central theme of the book. When religious doubts assailed him he migrated in 1913 from the Anglican atmosphere of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, to the undenominational university at Santiniketan founded by Tagore. Though he maintained close association with his old comrades and rightly described himself as a Christian to the end, no creed seemed wide enough to hold this latter-day apostle who radiated love to all the world. No man of his time did more by tongue and pen to break down the barrier between East and West, between nations, races, classes, churches. Never had the peoples of India a more valiant defender of their rights at home and abroad than the eloquent speaker and writer who visited the settlements in South Africa, Fiji, Zanzibar and the New World. Though he had no bitterness in his heart he could strike hard when some gross abuse or racial injustice came to his notice and incurred his wrath. That he should be *persona ingrata* in certain sections of Anglo-Indian society was inevitable, but his reforming activities were applauded by the Viceroy Lord Hardinge, Lord Irwin, and many other leading men, official and unofficial, throughout the British Empire. The breathless record of his travels and interviews, lectures and writings shows how he almost worked himself to death in the causes near his heart, and his later years were a continual struggle against ill health.

Andrews touched the life of India at many points. Never did he feel for a moment that all the giving was on one side; the West had at least as much to learn in spiritual things from the immemorial wisdom of the East as to give. The ideology of Gandhi and Tagore appealed to his head as well as to his heart, and he published several books to make them known in the English-speaking lands. He was particularly attracted by Gandhi's gospel of *satyagraha* or soul force, though, unlike his friend, he was never a hundred per cent. pacifist. Everyone interested in India knew of the friendship of Andrews and Gandhi, but how deep it was is only revealed in this book. Gandhi's foreword is brief enough to be quoted in full. "Charlie Andrews was simple like a child, upright as a die, and shy to a degree. For the biographers the work has been a labour of love. A life such as Andrews' needs no introduction. It is its own introduction." The tribute to the biographers is well deserved, for such a missionary of love could only be successfully portrayed by those who loved him and shared his ideals. Wherever he went he was surrounded by men and women of many races eager to hear his message of unity and love. "I want you to write in simple English the story of the life of Christ," wrote a non-Christian friend in India to him in 1933; "that is the most important thing you can do. There are many people in India, from high intellectuals down to the masses, who take their conception from you. You are the only man who can write this book, for you have lived like Him all these thirty years in India." The work was never written but, as his biographers declare in their final sentence, it was most faithfully lived.

Long before his death Andrews had come to feel, with Gandhi and Nehru, that it would be best for both countries for England to quit India, and no one can doubt that he would have welcomed the friendly parting. Yet the fate which deprived him of this satisfaction saved him also from witnessing what would have been the shock of his life—the murder of Gandhi. Dying after an operation in Calcutta in 1940 in his seventieth year he left behind a memory of a true Christian, a great bridge-builder, a tireless servant of humanity. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

G. P. G.

EUROPE AND THE GERMAN QUESTION.*

The title of this interesting and thoughtful book is strangely misleading, as it seems to promise an answer to the all-important question as to Germany's place in the Europe of to-morrow. In fact the author does not deal

* *Europa und die Deutsche Frage*. By G. Ritter. Münchener Verlag. 1948.

with the future at all, apart from a casual remark at the end which indicates his hope that she might again achieve a modest place in the sun, and the bulk of the book deals with past German history prior to the first world war. It is natural that the author, who is himself one of the leading German historians, should have chosen the historical approach in order to answer that tormenting question which every German must ask himself these days: How did Germany arrive at her present catastrophic plight? In trying to satisfy his own nagging doubts and in order—as he admits—to give the Germans some confidence in place of the prevailing despair, Professor Ritter has written a brilliant apologia which answers almost every question except the only one that really matters.

It was certainly necessary that someone should undertake the task of showing up all the nonsense that has been written about Germany during the war and before as prejudiced and one-sided propaganda. The author has little difficulty in disposing of Lord Vansittart's misreading of German history when, e.g. he proves that Frederick the Great was not the unique monster Lord Vansittart supposed him to be but a typical representative of eighteenth-century diplomacy; that German thinkers were not alone in extolling war; and that even Bismarck could not be described as a precursor of Hitler. His profound analysis of the growth of German nationalism as the result of European forces should do a lot to dispel certain misconceptions about German history.

And yet when all is said his analysis remains perturbingly unsatisfactory. It is not that he himself closes his eyes to certain shortcomings in the German national character or that in trying to vindicate men like Luther, Frederick the Great and Bismarck he falls into the opposite extreme of hero-worship, but he does not succeed in answering the question which puzzles the most sincere admirers and friends of Germany: How was Hitler possible? How could the German nation, which has made so many great contributions to music, science and culture in general, for twelve years tolerate and even enthusiastically support a régime which denied and tried to destroy the foundations of Western civilisation? As long as these questions remain unanswered misrepresentations of German history will be written and accepted by people all over the world. Professor Ritter is perfectly right when he points out that Nazism occurred in a period of general cultural decline or moral nihilism, and that it would be absurd to consider it merely as a German disease or rooted exclusively in the German hereditary make-up. Yet the fact remains that Belsen and Buchenwald are German and not French or English or even Italian villages, and that the overwhelming majority of Germans supported Hitler as long as he seemed successful. Professor Ritter is emphatically right, too, when he believes that it is necessary to lift the German people from a state of black and hopeless despair, but to many observers of modern Germany there appears another danger—the lack of realisation amongst many Germans that they share a real responsibility for the crimes of their Government. There must not be self-justification only, there must also be expiation. The writer of this review during a recent visit to Germany was distressed to see how many Germans think they can avoid this expiation by simply declaring that they had nothing to do with the horrors and the sins of their leaders.

REINHOLD ARIS.

WILLIAM COWPER AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

This new and revised edition of Mr. Gilbert Thomas's study of Cowper and his times is very welcome. It is of special value for its detailed survey of the religious background, the Evangelical Revival, which so largely influenced the poet's life. Reference is made to books that have been published since its first appearance in 1935, notably, of course, Lord David Cecil's, with which the author is not always in agreement. While wishing

* *William Cowper and the Eighteenth Century*. By Gilbert Thomas. Allen & Unwin. 16s.

that Wesley, rather than John Newton, had been Cowper's spiritual guide, Mr. Thomas successfully demonstrates that the latter was by no means the narrow bigot he has been usually supposed but that he and his disciple shared many interests and much pleasant companionship. Newton cannot be held responsible for Cowper's periods of mental distress, one of which had occurred before they ever met. Mr. Thomas desires us (as Augustine Birrell had done before him) to be less obsessed by these tragic interludes, remarking that Cowper's sane periods, during which he enjoyed much quiet happiness, were longer than Byron's whole life. He complains that the "stricken deer" reference has been torn from its context; many readers, however, will not agree with him in minimising the note of poignant, personal desolation in *The Castaway*. The poet's melancholy was probably congenital: he was unable to face any serious crisis or decision, even for his verse he required the stimulus of suggestions from outside. His genius was critical rather than creative: "if Lamb be the poet among our essayists, Cowper is certainly the Elia among our poets." Mr. Thomas gives ample and well-chosen quotations from the poems, showing Cowper's loving observation of Nature, and noting the virile quality of, for example, his ballads on Kempenfelt and John Gilpin and the universal appeal of some two or three of his finest hymns. Cowper's numerous letters, which hold their own with those of any of his contemporaries, reveal the whimsical charm, the courtesy, humour and simplicity that won for their writer many friendships and the hearts of at least three women. His life-story, familiar though it be—the early days among the gay group of cousins, the later fireside intimacies and country rambles, the beloved pets and garden, the scholarly labour on Homer, all so sadly interrupted from time to time—may be read here with fresh interest, so sympathetically is it related.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

POETS AND STORY-TELLERS.*

Lord David Cecil's previous studies of Thomas Gray and Jane Austen will whet his readers' appetite for the essays on them here, two of the most considerable in a delightful collection which shows the wide range of his critical sympathies. In his own graceful and delicate style, and with unerring touch, he lays his finger on the essential qualities of each author: Turgenev's combination of realism and spirituality, his feeling for beauty, his sad serenity; the "sinister magnificence" of Webster, no mere sensation-monger, but a stern moralist with a tragic vision of sin. He notes the youthful freshness of Fanny Burney's heroines (they, and Catherine Morland, do indeed recall Renoir's delicious *Première Sortie*); Jane Austen's superb mastery of her craft, by which all incidents are made to contribute naturally to a pleasing pattern; Virginia Woolf's predilection for contemplative solitude, her conviction that all that really matters in life takes place, to use her own title, "between the acts." There is high praise for E. M. Forster's narrative powers and humour, and for his dexterous style, but some of his defects are indicated. Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*—an experiment in limiting a plot to two characters—will, as Lord David suggests, be unknown to many English readers.

In his penetrating study of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Lord David points out that, despite all the rich enchantment of its love passages, the theme is primarily political—a struggle for world dominion between two opposed characters. It will not fall into any category of plays, but is really a panorama across which "great persons" move; they are treated impartially. Some of the problems that have bewildered critics are thus explained. Gray is shown as the typical eighteenth-century academic aesthete, who yet had friends in the great world and excelled in light verse. He was among the first to find inspiration in "an imaginative sense of history." The debt of

* *Poets and Story-Tellers: A Book of Critical Essays*. By Lord David Cecil, C.H. Constable. 1949. 10s.

Fanny Burney and Jane Austen to Fielding is emphasised ; Fanny marks the *entrée* of the feminine novelist. Her observation of the social scene is shrewd and lively ; at times she outsteps the range of her own experience, which Jane carefully avoids doing. It is impossible in a brief review to do more than touch on a few of the attractions of this book, which will fascinate all lovers of literature.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

* * * * *

It is eight years since Lord Cecil told the inspiring story of *A Great Experiment* of organised peace, namely of the late League of Nations, which he more than any other single man helped to create and improve. He has now added a quiet volume of memoirs, entitled *All the Way* (Hodder and Stoughton, 21s.), which tell his personal story, and take the reader through the corridors of stately Hatfield House, introduce him to the big Cecil family—and the Lambtons, nine men and four women, grandchildren of Lord Durham, with their “almost endless number of cousins” (Eleanor Lambton became Eleanor Cecil in 1889)—and then take him along the rather conventional lawyers’ chambers and into politics. Robert Cecil describes himself as “of the Left,” an anti-Chamberlain free trader who, by 1945, would have voted Labour if he had had a vote. Naturally the League keeps breaking in. He had thought of the great Greek leader Venizelos as first “Chancellor” of the League, but was quite satisfied with Sir Eric Drummond, the present Lord Perth. Avenol, for whom he found excuses in 1941, is now roundly condemned as altogether unsuited to succeed to the post as Secretary-General. The Locarno Treaties, too, accepted until 1941 by the author as a useful beginning, are now seen as harmful to the League, but no substantial reasons are given for this change in emphasis. There is an interesting record of Lord Cecil’s long advocacy of co-partnership in industry. Indeed, this book is chiefly of interest for the many sidelights it throws on British social life and history, and the author’s admirers all over the world will be happy to have this charming memoir.

F. W. P.

* * * * *

Road to Survival, by William Vogt (Gollancz, 15s.), may be regarded as one of the most significant books published in any part of the world since the end of the last war. The chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union combines the authority of an expert with a rare capacity to express himself and to grip the reader. His theme transcends in importance almost every problem of the contemporary world, for it concerns the survival of the human race. After a century of neglect Malthus is coming into his own again, for, if Mr. Vogt is to be believed, population is out-running food supply in a terrifying degree. Every day witnesses a net increase of about 50,000 mouths to fill. In other words, the total rises about twenty millions a year, the majority of them born in Asia, where birth control is scarcely known. “There is enough for everyone,” declares Mr. Churchill gaily and ignorantly. Unfortunately there is not. “Drastic measures are inescapable. If we are to escape the crash we must abandon all thought of living unto ourselves. We form an earth-company, and the lot of the Indiana farmer can no longer be isolated from that of the Bantu. An eroding hillside in Mexico or Jugoslavia affects the living standard and probability of survival of the American people. Unless man readjusts his way of living to the imperatives imposed by the *limited* resources of his environment, we may as well give up all hope of continuing civilised life.” Mr. Vogt is like the Ancient Mariner ; we cannot shake him off nor forget his tale. *Road to Survival* is more than a book ; it is a peremptory summons to think and to act.

A CORRECTION.

The name of the author of “*Democratisation of Justice*” in the Soviet Zone in the July number should be Hammelmann, not Himmelmann.—EDITOR.

MISS GILPIN AND THE HALL SCHOOL

A Record of Adventure and Achievement in Education

THIS is a book about Miss Gilpin and the Hall School, Weybridge, which will make a strong appeal to any teacher and all interested in the education of the young. Most attractively produced, it is an absorbing account of an educational pioneer and her work over a period of forty years, and is intended to record and convey Miss Gilpin's purpose, methods and achievements.

It is not claimed by the compilers that this is an exhaustive study of Miss Gilpin's educational methods, such as it is to be hoped may sometime be undertaken. This is a short record of herself and her school over a period of about forty years by teachers and taught who knew and admired her and recognised her for the genius she was. The teaching of each school subject is discussed and an attempt made to show how she achieved her aim of fitting all subjects together to make a whole. There is also an account of her collateral enterprise—the International Schoolchildren's Gatherings.

Included in the book is a frontispiece photograph of Miss Gilpin, some examples of the children's art work, and details of the plays she produced in the school over a number of years. There is a Foreword by Geoffrey Whitworth, C.B.E., a Postscript by Michael Sadleir, and the other contributors include Lady Layton, Professor John W. Harvey and the late Dr. William Fryer Harvey.

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay.

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UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

[PEN-IN-HAND, Oxford, announce for early publication *Politics, Trials and Errors*, by Lord Hankey, a Cabinet Minister until his resignation from Mr. Churchill's war-time administration. With the permission of the publishers we print the following extracts from the second chapter, omitting references, etc. The price of the book will be 8s. 6d.—EDITOR.]

AS to the parentage and date and birthplace of Unconditional Surrender, there is no doubt. The idea was President Roosevelt's and no one is likely to contest it. He produced it on Saturday, January 23rd, 1943, in his villa at Casablanca, while lunching with Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Harry Hopkins, the President's confidant and friend, and his son, Elliott Roosevelt, who noted this important event in his diary. According to that account Mr. Churchill thought, frowned, thought, finally grinned and at length announced "Perfect . . ." Later on he proposed the toast of "Unconditional Surrender," which they all drank. That was all.

It would be expected that such an all-important decision would at once have been referred for examination and report to the highest military authorities, who were gathered at Casablanca in considerable numbers—the Combined Chiefs of Staff, the British and United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, Commanders-in-Chief from every theatre of war by sea, by land, and in the air—to concert the plans for the next stages of the war. There is no evidence, however, that they were consulted or told anything about it. General Eisenhower, who visited Casablanca during the conference, only heard of it after his return to Algiers. Everyone was busy. The conference was to end next day. The Allied Service representatives were putting the finishing touches on the far-reaching strategical plans that the Combined Staffs had been hammering out for ten days. A telegram had to be drafted to inform Marshal Stalin, who had excused himself since he was too busy to come to Casablanca. The Prime Minister and the President were still working on the Press *communiqué* that night, and the President had to devote the next morning to a reconciliation between General Giraud and General de Gaulle.

At noon on the next day, Sunday, January 24th, 1943, less than twenty-four hours after he had propounded the idea, the President, apparently without further warning to Mr. Churchill, announced it to the Press of the world assembled in the garden of the villa where he and Mr. Churchill were seated side by side in the warm African sunshine.

The fact is that the *communiqué* itself was a bit thin—not very substantial pabulum for press-men who had come so far and were in a state of high expectancy. The work of the Conference had been of major military importance; but policy and plans were necessarily secrets and not much could be said about them to the Press even "off the record." Unconditional Surrender, therefore, provided a useful make-weight to the colourless *communiqué*. Yet—what a lot of trouble, and how many human lives, how much destruction and what misery would have been saved if that had been kept a secret, too: better still, if it had never been accepted as a worthy war aim.

The President spoke first. When he felt that his story of the conference was falling rather flat he suddenly turned to the future, to

something which he said "had always been in the heart and minds of people, but never before placed on paper. That was that peace would only come by the elimination of German and Japanese war power." Then, turning to the British correspondents, he told them how in the American civil war General U. S. Grant had won the nickname of "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

Unconditional surrender, to-day, Mr. Roosevelt explained with emphasis, meant unconditional surrender by Germany, Italy and Japan, and that meant a reasonable assurance of world peace. It did not mean, he explained, the destruction of the populations of these countries, but the destruction of the philosophies in those countries based on fear and hate and the subjugation of other peoples.

How often has the attempt been made to destroy philosophies and religions by threats and by force and how seldom has it succeeded!

At that point, "as it were a happy thought that had just entered his mind," the President threw out the suggestion that the Casablanca Conference should be known as the "Unconditional Surrender Meeting," which Mr. Churchill greeted with a very English "hear, hear." Beyond that ejaculation and brief general support to the principle of Unconditional Surrender the Prime Minister added little to what the President had said on the subject, and for the rest confined himself to a brilliant review of the military situation.

But those two words were enough. Within a few minutes that announcement was hurtling round the world by cable and wireless to Foreign Offices, Cabinets, Parliaments, Chancelleries, War Offices, G.H.Q.'s, newspaper offices to be blazoned forth in the largest headlines, to broadcasting stations and to the homes of the people, bringing—it was thought—hope to the Allies, while hardening the hearts of their enemies, fanning the flames of bitterness and hate and postponing peace to the Greek Kalends!

* * * *

In time a good deal of doubt began to assert itself about the policy of "unconditional surrender," and on February 22nd, 1944, Mr. Churchill sought to clarify it further:

"Here I may point out that the term 'Unconditional Surrender' does not mean that the German people will be enslaved or destroyed. It means, however, that the Allies will not be bound to them at the moment of surrender by any pact or obligation. There will be, for instance, no question of the Atlantic Charter applying to Germany as a matter of right and banning territorial transferences or adjustments in any countries."

That statement seems to overlook the fact that the various clauses in the Atlantic Charter applied severally to "all peoples," "all States, great or small, *victor or vanquished*" (viz., "access on equal terms to trade and raw materials"), "all nations" and "all men." By this new statement the enemy States were deprived of any prospect of sharing automatically the benefits of the Atlantic Charter which became a distant guerdon on the far side of Unconditional Surrender. To continue Mr. Churchill's subsequent explanation:

"No such arguments will be admitted by us as were used by Germany after the last war, saying that they surrendered in consequence of President Wilson's Fourteen Points. Unconditional Surrender means that the victors have a free hand. It does not mean that they are entitled to behave in a barbarous manner, nor that they wish to blot out Germany from among the nations of Europe. If we

are bound, we are bound by our own consciences to civilisation. We are not to be bound as the result of a bargain struck. That is the meaning of 'Unconditional Surrender.' "

Thus more than a year after the declaration our Leaders were still trying to think out what it meant.

* * * *

[Lord Hankey, after discussing in detail the application of the formula of Unconditional Surrender to Italy, Germany and Japan, summarises his findings thus :—]

EXPECTED ADVANTAGES

We are now in a position to discuss in the light of the past and of the actual results, how far the announcement of Unconditional Surrender was justified. But first it will be convenient to sum up the advantages claimed for it by its authors ; these were :

- (1) A reasonable assurance of world peace through the destruction of German and Japanese war power ;
- (2) The destruction of the philosophies in those countries based on fear and hate ;
- (3) No vestige of the Nazi or Fascist power, no vestige of the Japanese plotting machine will remain ;
- (4) Punishment of the guilty and barbaric leaders ;
- (5) The Allies will not be bound to the enemy at the moment of surrender by any pact or obligation. Unconditional surrender means that the victors will have a free hand ;
- (6) No possibility of the Germans saying, as they did after the last war, that they did not surrender, but only accepted President Wilson's Fourteen Points. (As a matter of fact they made many other excuses, e.g. that they were not beaten in battle, but starved by blockade, or that Hindenburg and Ludendorff lost their nerve.)

None of these expected advantages materialised. The destruction of German and Japanese war power did not assure world peace, because immediately after the end of the war the Allies began to fall out, as so often happens, and the hopes of world peace soon vanished. Such co-operation as had been forced on us all by common adversity faded away when the risk was removed. The Western Powers had saved Poland and Roumania from the Nazis, as they had promised to do, but only to hand them over with all Eastern Europe to the Soviets whom these countries had always feared much more. And soon the West found itself faced with a " cold war " waged by Communism, which threatened to become a hot war. If the necessary destruction of Hitler had warded off a great danger, the West had, by destroying German and Japanese war power, and by alienating their populations, removed the barriers against Communism in Europe and the Far East and greatly decreased the security of the whole world.

The destruction of philosophies of hate and fear, mentioned next in defence of the formula, has already received passing comment. Christianity as a whole, the reformed churches, the Jewish race and religion, Communism, Socialism and many other 'isms, and their survival from the many attacks upon them from inside and from outside, are perpetual witnesses to the impossibility of killing ideas and philosophies and faiths by force. But, unless democracy can show greater unity and efficiency and more spirituality than is the case to-day, the philosophies of fear and hate will rear their ugly heads again.

And we must not forget that Unconditional Surrender and War Crimes Trials are themselves part of a philosophy of hate that grew up without our noticing it during the war. It must be banned for ever.

Coming to Nazi and Fascist power and the Japanese plotting machine (point 3), most of us like to think that they have gone for ever. We thought on similar lines for a decade or more after World War I. But now all the world knows, what only a few realised in the nineteen-twenties, that the foundations of German rearmament began to be laid immediately after the first war, under the noses of the Allied Commission on Disarmament, and that within fifteen years of the signature of the Treaty of Versailles Germany was about to become a menace to Western Europe. We must see that history does not repeat itself. It is too soon to say that these evils have vanished for ever.

Punishment of the guilty barbaric leaders (point 4) has been carried out. However, not only have all the political leaders but so many capable and experienced administrators and potential administrators been liquidated that the Governmental machines in ex-enemy countries are so weakened as to make their early economic recovery impossible.

It is true, owing to the announcement of Unconditional Surrender at the end of the war, the Allies found themselves bound to the enemy by no pact or obligation (point 5). As victors they had a free hand. But this has not proved an advantage. It has merely enabled them to impose victor trials and other unwise things upon the enemy and to bring unpopularity to them, and especially on this country in Germany. Moreover, although the Allies were not bound to their former enemies, neither were they bound to one another! The result is that they have no common ties, can never agree among themselves and have made the very name of United Nations a by-word for disunion.

No doubt, there is much to criticise in the Peace Settlements—the undoubted *Diktats*—of 1919-20; but there is no question that the Western Allies in that war, by declaring their peace aims at the outset, by keeping them up to date throughout the war, and by their final overhaul after the armistice, and especially by avoiding the threat of Unconditional Surrender not only shortened the war but greatly facilitated the task of making a peace that at any rate lasted for twenty years.

There is very little to be said for the suggestion (point 6) that the imposition of Unconditional Surrender would prevent the Germans from saying that they did not surrender, as they said after World War I. For that story was proved false by the fact that it was the German Generals who first insisted on peace negotiations and by the humiliating terms of the armistice which they had to accept. When the right time comes the Germans will always find some false excuse to explain away their defeat. Some will say that Hitler was a maniac and misled them—and they will be able to support this view by quotations from Allied Leaders. Others will say that the Generals did not back them up. It was not wise to adopt Unconditional Surrender to forestall a return of the false German propaganda after the last war.

But, apart from the failure of Unconditional Surrender to realise the hopes of its authors—which were heavily criticised soon after its announcement—we shall see (in the next chapter) that it also led to the trials of the war criminals, again lengthening and embittering the war, bleeding our country needlessly and making it impossible to conclude a real and lasting peace.

It has often been said that in any event we could not have made

peace with Hitler or any of his gang. That is probably true. But in 1814 and 1815 we did not have to make peace with Napoleon, and in 1919 we did not have to make peace with the Kaiser, nor with the Crown Prince, nor their Generals. As we have seen earlier in this chapter President Wilson made it quite clear almost on the eve of the armistice that we could not do that, and the alternative to acceptance by Germany of the Fourteen Points was surrender. In the second World War also, if we had not tied our hands by Unconditional Surrender and War Crimes Trials, it is quite possible that some opportunity might have been found for a corresponding procedure. If we had not pulled the German nation together by giving them the courage of despair by these declarations, the Nazi régime might well have collapsed, whether from a General's *putsch* or otherwise. For example, after the surrender of Italy, or after the disaster in the Falaise pocket, or the failure of the winter offensive, or in the Ardennes, Hitler and his gang might have been glad enough to pull out as the Kaiser did in 1918, and to hand over to a German Badoglio to make peace. Or, more likely still, he might have been replaced as was Mussolini by men who trusted that they would be granted harsh but honourable terms. It is by no means impossible that even Russia might have been glad to call a halt to her staggering losses by the prospect of saving one, or two or three years of fearful war. Retreats and "tactical variations" are consistent with Lenin's teaching.

Even Japan, with her tradition of refusal to surrender in any circumstances, might have been glad to save something from the wreck after the disaster in the Philippines, if some face-saving pretence of negotiations had been open. There were Japanese statesmen of vision who desired peace. But she could not yet reconcile herself to the humiliation of Unconditional Surrender.

All this shows how slight, and how hard of realisation are the benefits, and especially how grave may be the consequences of a threat of Unconditional Surrender before or during a war. It leads to trickery and chicanery with its climax, extreme cruelty, carnage and destruction in the case of a besieged city like Carthage; to a legacy of bitterness, as in South Africa; to endangering the conclusion of an armistice, as in World War I, or to its cancellation as in Aetolia in 191 B.C.; to trickery and chicanery, once more, resulting in exasperation, discouragement and reduced co-operation of a potential ally, as in Italy in World War II; to extremes of suffering, intensified brutality and retaliation as in Germany; and the culminating tragedy of the two atomic bombs in Japan. It is indeed a sorry story with little or nothing to set on the other side.

And after the war, in Germany at any rate, the result was to make the conclusion of peace and the rehabilitation of the country impossible. To quote Mr. Bevin's words in the House of Commons on July 21st, 1949:

I must go back for a moment to the declaration of Unconditional Surrender made at Casablanca, on which neither the British Cabinet nor any other Cabinet had a chance to say a word. It was in the middle of a war and it was just made. But it left us with a Germany without law, without a constitution, without a single person with whom we could deal, without a single institution to grapple with the situation, and we have had to build from the bottom with nothing at all. . . .

Mr. Churchill disagreed as to these after-effects, but in this matter Mr. Bevin was bearing the burden and the responsibility, and his word must prevail. The only nation that gained any advantage from the

policy of Unconditional Surrender was Russia, who, owing to the lengthening of the war, was able to overrun Eastern Europe and there to impose her own political system.

HANKEY.

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STRASBOURG.

THE Council of Europe is now assured of a continuing life, though few prophets would be dogmatic about the actual form of the association which is likely to emerge. The Consultative Assembly has met for a month, opening with great ceremony under the presidency of M. Herriot and ending with a remarkable oration from M. Spaak. On the first day the Committee of Ministers was present in full force and for a few succeeding days individual Ministers watched the opening debate from their side seats. By a happy coincidence M. Spaak was relieved from office in Belgium just in time to assume by unanimous request the Presidency of the Assembly. His unique experience as President of the Assembly at Lake Success, as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, as chairman of the Committee of Ministers and as one of the four Presidents d'Honneur of the European movement, gives him unrivalled authority. His capacity for quick decision, for sorting out amendments from a tangled mass, for appearing to allow everybody a fair turn, for administering an occasional and gentle rebuke, has been an outstanding feature of the plenary sessions. By a further happy act of courtesy, M. Van Zeeland arrived from Belgium and was able to attend the concluding debates of the Assembly. At that moment Mr. Bevin and M. Schuman were in Washington, while Count Sforza was back in Rome welcoming the World Federation of United Nations Associations, as if to emphasise the place of Strasbourg in the larger setting of world politics. Mr. Churchill himself in one of his interventions pointed out that Europe was one among other regional associations which would be necessary to create world government.

The first business of any new institution is to establish self-confidence, to draw up its rules and regulations, to assert a reasonable independence and to make suitable arrangements for its future activities. This has been done. Perhaps the content of the various reports matter less than this stark fact.

No student of comparative government can afford to neglect the significance of the Strasbourg Assembly. Sir Gilbert Campion and his Anglo-French team of parliamentary clerks contributed much to the smooth running of a new procedure, which was in effect a compromise between Anglo-Saxon and Continental methods. The arrangement of the seats was semi-circular instead of rectangular; on the other hand members spoke from the seats rather than from a rostrum. Only when chairmen of committees were presenting their reports was the rostrum used. Inevitably the President was forced to intervene far more than our Mr. Speaker; in fact, M. Spaak has become the "speaker" or "spokesman" for the Assembly before the Committee of Ministers. It would be vain for Sir Gilbert Campion to advise the President on matters of precedent. The Statute of Europe is very different from Erskine May, but no doubt in time a body of precedents will be established. Again there is a proper ceremony surrounding

the President ; his entrance is performed with dignity ; members and audience duly rise from their seats. On the other hand, clapping is allowed and members are not forbidden to read newspapers—or indeed their speeches. There are both advantages and drawbacks to the seating arrangements, which at present are ranged in alphabetical order. It was noticeable that during the tense debate on the European Court, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Mr. Teitgen and Mr. John Foster sat together, comparing notes and answering the many knotty points which were raised by their opponents. It is worth mentioning that the presence of substitute delegates was always specifically mentioned by the President at the opening of each session, but the political committee has recommended the abolition of substitutes together with a doubling of the total number of the Assembly. By a wise precaution it was decided at the outset to limit speakers to twenty minutes and on occasion the President was forced to apply a five-minute limit to speeches in order to speed up business. The standard of speaking compared favourably with Westminster, especially that of the French and Belgians. I recall notable and eloquent interventions from MM. Reynaud, Bidault, André Philip, Teitgen, Rolin and Larock.

On the other hand, Scandinavians, Italians, Greeks and Turks were always at a disadvantage, not speaking in their native tongue. So much for the technical and procedural arrangements.

Perhaps the most significant fact of the month at Strasbourg was the gradual emergence of a European outlook. It should be stated at this point that the European Movement, since the historic meeting at The Hague, has been busy with conferences and meetings all over Europe. Consequently many of the delegates, in fact two-thirds of the total number, were known to each other as members of a pioneer movement. This fact must be borne in mind when criticising the British Socialists. Whereas all the Conservatives had played some part in previous conferences, only Mr. Mackay, who has for many years been a European federalist, was a familiar figure to his contemporaries. The precise position and conduct of the British members, Conservatives and Socialists alike, deserves a special article. No doubt the coming general election explains much but by no means everything. It cannot, for example, explain why the British Socialists, together with the Turks and a few right wing Europeans, abstained from voting in favour of a European Court of Human Rights. It has been said that Britain epitomises more clearly than anywhere in Europe the struggle between private enterprise and Socialism. There is some truth in this statement, inasmuch as many Continental countries are governed by coalitions. Nor must it be forgotten that Communist members were carefully excluded from Continental delegations, where in some cases they are a formidable minority. On one or two occasions the Catholics appeared to be voting as a *bloc* : the British delegation contained no Catholic. Again, the British Socialists criticised the Strasbourg Assembly for its bourgeois complexion ; M. Spaak, himself a Socialist, disagreed with this criticism. The British, and particularly the Socialists, stressed the Commonwealth connection, especially in the economic debates. It is this combination of facts which worried many of the Continental delegates and left a marked impression on them. One is forced to ask a more fundamental question. Can a government, with a large trade union support and Socialist economy, fit easily into any form of political and economic union with a group of governments not sharing its beliefs ? This question will no doubt

be the subject of much internal debate by the British Labour Party in the days ahead. It would be fair to ask a second and comparable question. How far would a Conservative government go in building up a political authority for Europe?

The reports of the political, economic, social and cultural committees have now been subjected to criticism both within the Assembly and in the public Press. A permanent committee of twenty-eight members, including the President, four Vice-Presidents, chairmen of committees and others, is due to meet in November after the next meeting of the Committee of Ministers. It is not clear what other committees, what sources of expert advice and what secretariat will advance the activities of the Assembly between now and the next session. Nor is it decided when the next Assembly will take place. There are grave economic decisions to be taken, there is the complicated question of the appropriate political authority, there are a number of detailed suggestions emanating from the social and cultural reports. Above all there is an urgent need for thought and research. I should like to see the European equivalent of our own Round Table discussing from an informed and objective outlook the many questions raised by Strasbourg:

Finally and dwarfing many smaller matters is the question of Germany's entering the Council, at least as an associate member. I would hazard a guess that there would be a two-thirds majority at the next session for inviting Germany to be associated with the Assembly.

Two further questions, which are inter-related, have emerged and must be faced. There is growing up a vast network of international machinery, not only through the United Nations and its proliferation of specialised agencies. There is also the problem of man-power. It is not merely the difficulty of filling expert jobs with first-class personnel. Much more important is the time consumed by Ministers and now members of Parliaments in attending international and European meetings. The strain of meeting in vacations, whether in summer or winter, is a genuine difficulty. I do not pretend to know the precise answers to these questions. But prudence dictates that the whole machinery needs radical simplification and pruning. The merit of Strasbourg is that ordinary parliamentarians are asking awkward questions and are resolved to effect some control over the international bureaucracies which are slowly assuming formidable proportions. If M. Spaak and his committee remember the true rôle of an Assembly and work out a happy relationship with the Committee of Ministers, the Council of Europe may well become a powerful organ for uniting Europe and giving its millions of citizens a new direction and a firmer faith.

KENNETH LINDSAY:

THE NEW MEN IN GERMANY.

POTSDAM-Weimar-Bonn: The Germany of Bismarck, of Goethe and of Beethoven; the first born of victory, the two others of defeat; yet, in both cases, portending rebirth from inside, from self-examination, retapping of buried sources of spiritual strength, and of that creative power which for ages has been a pillar of the Western world. The men who, once more, have to kindle that fire, from what little sparks are left after—misused by a frivolous incendiary—it had nearly consumed that world in a terrific explosion, have a

more than Promethean task. Watched by the trustees of their victors of 1945—themselves still struggling for recovery and for conjunction of interests, and guilty of many a blunder—and beset with problems the like never before confronted a great nation, they have to unify a heterogeneous, partly amorphous mass of 45 million on a territory reduced by a third, to assimilate some 10 or 12 million brutally denuded expellees from the East, to reconstruct a largely devastated and highly industrialised country, to uproot Nazi teachings drummed into a whole generation, and to damp down rancours, silly or justified, with the gentle instruments of democracy.

Weimar foundered on the rocks of an abstract, theoremtic "democracy": with a constitution trying to provide for every contingency and a pollingsystem splitting the nation into, finally, 38 parties incapable of producing a majority. That trend again is rampant, though the new Bonn Constitution wisely provided against some of its worst consequences. But the qualities of the leaders of a new, federated, to begin with only Western, Germany will decide whether they are dammed definitely; whether democracy in the meaning of the older, Western peoples, however divergent in the details of its application, was born August 7th, 1949, under the black-red-golden flag of 1848.

Offhand it would seem that something akin to Britain's and U.S.A.'s well-tried dualism is taking shape. The moderate party of the great middle class with a strong, if not denominational, religious emphasis, the C.D.U. (Christian Democratic Union), leads with 139 of 402 deputies of the Bonn parliament and, in most cases, can rely on the backing of the but slightly more individualist F.D.P., the Liberal Democratic Party, with 52 seats. The opposition is represented by the S.P.D., the Socialist Party, with 131 mandates, itself violently opposed to the 15 Communists, representative of the oppression of Socialists and bourgeois elements alike, in the Eastern Soviet Zone of Germany. Accordingly, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, leader of C.D.U., and Dr. Kurt Schumacher, head of S.P.D., are the Churchill and Attlee respectively in the new parliamentary setting of Bonn. And, again as in Britain, their respective "Chancellors of the Exchequer," Prof. Erhard and Prof. Noelting, are the focus of the main controversy; while by tacit agreement the leader of the Liberal Democrats, Dr. Theodor Heuss, likewise a professor, though not of economics, is referee and representative as Federal President, head of the State.

Konrad Adenauer, born at Cologne, January 5th, 1876, is an old man only according to the calendar. A man of tremendous willpower, of patrician Rhenish descent and strong Western, especially French, leanings, of as strong, if strictly channelled and disciplined, ambitions and of an unblemished record—above all in his uncompromising dealings with the Nazis who promptly dismissed him as Lord Mayor of Cologne and Speaker of the Prussian State Council, in 1933, and repeatedly gaoled him—he is sometimes accused of dictatorial leanings. He may be: but it is that kind of "dictatorship" which every successful head of a local government exercises when overcoming ideological opposition by forcing his city council to grant primacy to the ultimate benefit of the community. It is thus Adenauer, during his term of office from 1917 to 1933, turned old Cologne into a modern model city, with beautiful green belts, a world-famous Fair, a university, a stadium, its millennium exhibition of 1925 and the first World's Press exhibition of 1928; in fact, Germany's third city, approaching the million figure and re-electing its head again and again.

Like Neville Chamberlain, like Édouard Herriot, he might be induced to apply the methods successful in the intimacy of a city's council chamber to the but outwardly analogous leadership of the government of a nation and, thereby, suffer setbacks. But the fact that he resisted the temptation to take Germany's helm, offered to him more than once in pre-Nazi days, augurs well for his wisdom. When the author, in the late 'twenties, once put the question to him, he answered: "Reich Chancellor? Not unless they present me with a solid majority! I prefer the constructive task of making Cologne to the disruptive one of disentangling, and juggling between, party jealousies." Yet, even then he played an important part in the decisions of the Zentrum, the Roman Catholic Party dominant in practically every coalition between 1918 and 1933 and, though resurrected in a small independent group of ten, now forming the basis of West Germany's strongest party together with the religion-conscious bulk of Protestantism.

It is, in consequence of this composition as well as of the strong Christian T.U. wing on the one hand, the bourgeois, industrialist and land-owners' groups on the other hand, a heterogeneous party, difficult to handle. Its Left-Wing elements, of whom Dr. Arnold, Premier of the Land North Rhine-Westphalia is representative, already resent the neglect of an attempt at forming the "Great Coalition" embracing the Socialists. But—even were it not against the profound convictions and, presumably, the instincts of Adenauer—this would have been possible only by sacrificing all economic principles upon which the, so far, indeed, astonishing recovery of West Germany's industry and social life relies; a policy vigorously defended against one of socialisation, planning, narrow controls and bureaucracy in wireless and public discussions, by the Frankfort economic head Prof. Erhard, e.g. against North Rhine-Westphalia's Socialist Minister of Economics, Prof. Noelting. Adenauer may have intimate prejudices in favour of what, for lack of a better term, is often described as a pre-1914 nationalism: the rule of the most educated, the—not necessarily by birth—aristocratic, the intellectually most balanced elements of the population; he is not a mere plaster cast of the old Prusso-German ruling class, with a primitive arrogance concealing an inferiority complex, but a proud, essentially European personality conscious of its share and its part in a Western, Greco-Roman, Christian, common civilisation.

How otherwise could he be a staunch supporter of federalism, that main safeguard of the world against a renaissance of super-Prussian centralism on the Nazi pattern, and of an organic growth of a new Germany into a future united Europe; could he, devout Catholic, have brought professing Protestantism into the fold of a united party; could he, irrespective of their often strong differences of opinion, have assembled and teamed such men as the jolly Rhenish Dr. Hermann Pünder, Secretary of State of the Reich Chancellors from Marx to Bruening, sexagenarian high civil servant heading the Frankfort bi-zonal administration; Dr. Ludwig Erhard, heavy-set Bavarian economist, pupil of Franz Oppenheimer's social-liberal school with its advanced theories on agrarian reform, theoretician and professor of international reputation at fifty; and the eminently shrewd "man behind Marx," one time Press chief, one time journalist, one time Reich commissar for the Upper Silesian plebiscite and, again, in 1930, for the fight against National Socialism, Dr. Carl Spiecker?

With that team, and with a consistent co-operation of his party's Bavarian branch (characteristically with a slightly different tag,

C.S.U.—Christian Social Union), under its leader, Bavaria's Premier Ehard and, to round it off, with a "Prussian," Dr. Robert Lehr, expert local government official, Lord Mayor of Duesseldorf and then Speaker of the North Rhine-Westphalian Diet, Dr. Adenauer seems to have a fair chance of weathering the first storms, though he will have but a small numerical and, occasionally, somewhat centrifugal majority. All men between 50 and 60, his main collaborators bear no responsibility for the mistakes of the Weimar Republic yet have more or less experience gained during that period of Germany's first frustrated experiment in democracy; they may have to pave the way for a new generation of German statesmen, and to suffer the fate of Moses of but seeing the promised land from afar.

Dr. Kurt Schumacher and his team are in much the same position. Except for seventy-three years old Paul Löbe, generally respected, distinguished President—Speaker—of the Reichstag from 1920 to 1932, no front-rank survivor of pre-Nazi days figures on the benches of Bonn. Schumacher himself, born as son of a business man, October 13th, 1895, at Kulm in West Prussia, was torn out of a typically upper middle-class career, with public school, study of law at Halle, Leipzig and Berlin, Doctor of Politics and admission to the bar, by his experiences in World War I including the loss of an arm. Assistant editor of a Socialist daily at Stuttgart—his home province was lost to Poland—he was elected in 1924 to the Wuerttemberg Diet, in 1930 to the Reichstag and, in both, very promptly to the presiding council of the Socialist Party parliamentary groups. But he held no office, and but occasionally was put forth as a fiery orator and moderately clever debater. Even so the Nazis considered him as sufficiently conspicuous to put him into a concentration camp as early as March 1933, and held him for exactly ten years, alternately at Heuberg, Kuhberg, Dachau and Flossenbürg. Released in March, he was re-interred at Neuengamme in August 1943 and, after another spell of "liberty" from February to July 1944, spent the rest of World War II again at Neuengamme, after the attempt on Hitler.

It was the figure of a martyr, a hero and a zealot that emerged and, well-nigh automatically, took the leadership of the reconstructed Socialist Party in spring 1945. That Dr. Schumacher resisted all advances of the Communists bent upon securing power all over Germany on the pattern of their "Left Block" domination, since typified by the régime east of the Iron Curtain, raises him to statesman's stature though, frequently, his oratory displays a mere demagogical trend. Chairman of his party since May 1946, he, with a few of his colleagues, was the first German politician abroad when coming to Britain upon an invitation by the Labour Party in November-December 1946; in October 1947 he paid a visit to the U.S.A. He left the impression of sincerity and honest though by no means unconditional readiness for international co-operation and integration of Germany, if under Socialist leadership; a somewhat nationalist taint easily explains itself, not so much by Schumacher's own bitter experiences as by his having to compete against the insincere propaganda of the Socialist Unity Party east of the Iron Curtain, in which under Communist dictatorship nearly the whole of S.P.D.'s eastern organisation was forcibly embodied.

Nationalisation, above all of the Ruhr industry, and a centralist as against the C.D.U.'s federalist structure of Germany, are the main points of contention, while there is nearly complete consensus as to

the fight against further dismantling of factories. This struggle is likely to confuse the picture of Bonn Germany and to make outside observers overlook the real danger spots where, as yet insignificant and camouflaged, Nazi, militarist and crypto-Communist metastases might ferment. For, whatever its political justifications, psychologically the destruction of workshops, four and a half years after the war and in a rump-Germany called upon for the fulfilling of European tasks, is unsound and unwise; economically is one of the most harebrained operations ever devised for securing "reparations." It was not sufficient, however, to bridge the gap between the two great German parties and their leaders, and the best that can be expected now is the evolution of the S.P.D., by steps, into a responsible opposition on the proved British pattern. It has shown, ultimately, some such qualities in accepting a "moderate" federalism in the Constitution (after appealing to the Foreign Ministers then sitting at Washington) while Schumacher himself was in hospital, losing a leg, yet recovering.

Much of that moderation in practice is due to Prof. "Carlo" Schmid, South Wuerttemberg Minister of Law and presumably the leading figure of German Socialism. Born at Perpignan in France, December 3rd, 1896, son of a German professor and a French lady of the peerage, he opted for Germany in 1914 but emerged a member of the Soldiers' Council from World War I. He studied and taught law at Tuebingen, was a barrister, a judge, an authority on international law—while writing belles-lettres and translating Rostand—and, finally, as the S.P.D.'s head in the Consultative Assembly, had a decisive part in shaping the new fundamental law of West Germany. It is regrettable that his brains and his gift for bridging differences will be missing from the new Cabinet; but he may yet play an important rôle in making parliamentary opposition a means of progress.

Among the Liberals, Theodor Heuss is called upon for the most conspicuous task: Head of the Republic, not because he is the party's leader, but because he is, in fact, the most distinguished and most representative figure of present-day Germany. Sixty-five years of age, tall, slender, with a shock of white hair; a writer and historian of great qualities, an expert yet never "pushing" parliamentarian, member of the Reichstag until 1933; as teacher of the Berlin equivalent of Chatham House and editor of Naumann's *Hilfe*, banished by the Nazis, free-lancing at Heidelberg 1936-45; he was Wuerttemberg's first Minister of Education after the war and is, since, professor of politics and modern history at Stuttgart. He belonged, and belongs, to that Suabian circle of sincere democrats and ethical reformers which kept alive the 1848 traditions all over the world.

Close to him is another Liberal and Suabian, Eberhard Wildermuth, now Minister of Reconstruction, by seven years his junior, with a brilliant record as administrator and economist, and as initiator, in 1932, of a sensible attempt at stopping Hitlerism by a merger of the middle groups, frustrated by shortsightedness and faintheartedness. He and the F.D.P.'s deputy chairman, Franz Blücher, Minister of Finance of North Rhine-Westphalia, and later member of the Frankfurt economic council where he played an important part, are sitting in the Bonn Cabinet. Blücher, who is fifty-three, was prevented from studying history by the death of his father and, rapidly, won a leading position in the building industry; as a politician, he is a newcomer of post-war vintage. While there is some more talent in the Liberal camp, e.g. Dr. Hermann Hoepker-Aschoff, one time Prussian Finance

Minister, to quote but one, the safe majority Adenauer had to secure made him preserve the last of his portfolios for two members of the 17-man Deutsche Partei—a somewhat Right-Wing but essentially regional party recruited mainly from the former Hanoverians. Its Dr. Hans Christoph Seeböhm, a forty-six years old mining engineer and industrialist, is a Sudeten German by birth, and in 1945 was entrusted with organising the oil and engineering industries of the British Zone, in June 1947 with the Ministry of Reconstruction and Labour of L. Saxony. That he described, as a member of the Bonn Parliamentary Council, that body recently as “Democracy’s graveyard” is perhaps a pointer at the kind of difficulties Dr. Adenauer will have to cope with when trying to weld together his widely divergent backers.

It is a fair guess, however, that he will succeed. For under the somewhat stern and harsh appearance of his heavy-lidded sarcastic face he conceals a profound sense of humour and the philosophy of what, a few centuries ago, would have been the saturated *grand-seigneur*. These are traits that should appeal to Britons who have to deal with him; astonishingly enough, they mostly seem to have misjudged and, once, after five months’ of his recuperated mayoral powers, even to have expelled him from his beloved Cologne. He, and his government, will need foreign assistance, however; encouragement of trends likely to replace nationalism and parochialism by broader and finer ideals, by a pride of belonging to our greater nation, Europe. So far, Democracy and “Demontage,” the German word for dismantling, have all too ominous an alliteration.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

PROSPECTS OF A NEW GERMANY.

I GLADLY accept the Editor’s invitation to give a short survey of the ideological and political tendencies of the post-war generation at the German universities. Nowhere is the interest in these questions greater than in England, where the German Educational Reconstruction Board is concerned with the post-war youth in such a valuable way. Whoever is actively engaged in this work may form a judgment on the young Germans. But for understanding their situation, one must know something about the history of the German students. The most striking factor underlying the whole picture today is the total change of conditions and forms in their life caused by the great cataclysm of 1933-45. Next to the officer class it was beyond doubt the student world which was most seriously affected. Nothing survived of those quaintly romantic forms of life, the life of a bourgeoisie *élite*, which was common in my own youth at the universities. The foreigner knows them best from Heidelberg, from Scheffel’s drinking songs or the play “Alt-Heidelberg” and his “alte Burschenherrlichkeit” (ancient glorious fellowship). These traditions were cherished with incredible tenacity during a whole century, and their destruction led to important consequences also politically. Ultimately the whole political heritage of German student life depended on the existence of the student corporations and associations once governing the whole social life at the universities. What was the political mentality of these corporations?

Their spirit was derived either from the ancient “Burschenschaft” (fellowship) of 1817—or from the ancient associations (“Corps” or

"Landmannschaften") of the eighteenth century. These had been groups and county associations devoid of political character, nurturing a spirit of little-state particularism, snobbishness and tenacious conservatism, especially if they were confined to the gentry or bourgeoisie. Against all those prejudices the old "Burschenschaft" had raised the banner of civil rights and liberty and of national unity, and out of their ranks emerged nearly all the leaders of the German liberal movement. But since the failure of the 1848 revolution the ideals of liberty had faded more and more, and the dream of German unification was realised through Bismarck's Reich. From then onwards the patriotism of the students took on a stubbornly conservative character, dwelling on the past: the "great achievements" of the forbears, the victories of 1870-71 and the German rise to power were glorified, but there were no more ideas pointing to the future. What remained of the spirit of the "Burschenschaft" was the enthusiasm for national unity, power and greatness. But the dangerously militant features of this nationalism were still more exaggerated; the national feeling aroused in the wars of liberation 1813-15 often degenerated into a national arrogance, disregard for foreign rights and interests, and under-estimation of Germany's natural limits. This development was fostered by the establishing of compulsory military service on the Prussian pattern. Since most students usually entered the officer reserve rather soon after one year's service, the whole of the officer class, formerly comprised largely of the gentry, reacted very strongly on the social forms of the student's life. Anyone who experienced it well remembers it all: the often ridiculous endeavours of the middle-class youth to appear "schneidig" and "forsch" (dashing and smart), the intermingling of military and academic forms of duelling, the stiff and old-fashioned code of honour, the forced imitation of aristocratic forms of life in a narrow middle-class environment. In practice the much celebrated "noblemen's existence" of the German "Corpstudent" meant an incredible amount of drinking, with the consequence that the first terms were wasted.

The middle class before 1914 looked upon all this mostly as a harmless extravagance, a happy idyll in the midst of the restless activities of the modern world. Looking back on it to-day, we feel how much it contributed to deepening and stiffening the social and political divisions in the nation. The Socialist Party sensed "reaction" behind the haughty behaviour of the academic youth, which was not totally wrong. Undoubtedly there were some student circles, such as the "union of German students" (Verein deutscher Studenten) open to the social ideas of the liberal politician Friedrich Naumann, or which showed certain sympathies for the political and social problems of modern times. But on the whole the student associations were influenced by their old members' corporations cherishing all the bourgeois prejudices against the "red danger" of socialism or communism. They contributed very much to the caste-like separation of the different professions and classes. Furthermore, the most unhappy division of the German people was deepened: middle-class parties with nationalistic aspirations on the one hand and working-class parties with international and pacifist programmes on the other.

These traditions were shaken for the first time during World War I. The students returning from the battlefields had experienced the terrible reality of modern war and were thoroughly disillusioned in their romantic patriotism. The long years of intimate fellowship in

the trenches, a fellowship of all classes, had eliminated many a social prejudice. The inflation of the first post-war years destroyed all inherited property and the scholarship funds too. This forced a great many students to earn their living through part-time work. Money no longer sufficed for the former "happy drinking" hours, but many had also lost all taste for it. The number of those not belonging to any association swelled very considerably, especially among the idealistically minded. They searched for new and more modern patterns of community life (clubs for singing and walking, excursions, literary and scientific societies, etc.). There were also political groups formed along the lines of the different parties in the Weimar Republic, for instance groups not unlike the Fabians who founded the voluntary labour service (Arbeitsdienst). These aimed at developing a new community sense above all classes. The relief work of various social organisations was indispensable and led to self-government among the students. In the general students' committees the ancient associations still had the majority but no longer a monopoly. In this way the old caste spirit was loosened; a new and more modern type of students was emerging.

It would not, however, be true to say that this type achieved the ascendancy over the former traditions. Above all the old nationalism was preserved, although universal conscription was abolished and thus the former connection with the officer corps was interrupted. Many students fought in the "free corps" against the communist risings or against Polish troubles in Upper Silesia; others joined for a time the black Reichswehr. They all brought home a militant and more sharply tinged nationalism. The nation aimed at overcoming the defeat of 1918, shaking off the fetters of the Treaty of Versailles as soon as possible, and re-establishing Germany's reputation among the Great Powers. At bottom this was the expression of a sound, indestructible vitality. But it implied the danger of a new political insanity, of an adventurous militarism, which aimed first at rearmament and not at the essential and most important task of the new time: to win a new confidence for Germany as the peaceful centre of Europe, to further her inner purification through intellectual and economic achievements and thereby to strengthen her reputation abroad. Many external and internal causes worked together in destroying the Weimar republic, and the decided aversion among many university circles against the republican and parliamentary form of government had no little share in it.

National Socialists endeavoured to exploit this aversion, but they found it difficult to achieve success in the academic world. It was the proletarian aspect of this movement, the intellectual poverty of its leaders and the brutality of their methods, which for a long time repelled most of the students. Before 1933 the brown-shirt "fellowships" (Kameradschaften) provided no great attraction. After Hitler's coming to power the most ruthless force had to be employed for filling the ranks of the brown battalions of the SA and the black ones of the SS. Usually the sport associations were used as means to this end. Already before 1933 participation in some kind of sport was compulsory for the first terms—the only form of compulsion the Weimar Republic applied in violation of "academic freedom." Under the Nazis all members of these sport groups were by a decree automatically transferred into the SA, except those who volunteered for the SS, often imagining thereby to save themselves in a more selected

club. For the next students' generations the problem was solved by their earlier compulsory membership in the Hitler Youth. The ancient students' associations, together with their old members, struggled tenaciously for quite a long time for their preservation, appealing to their own nationalistic reputation. In the end, however, all were changed into brown-shirt fellowships; they saved thereby their property, especially their club-houses, but they sought to continue their old forms of life, including the duels, under this brown camouflage.

Then in 1936 came the introduction of two years instead of one year military service, in the air force considerably longer still. All felt this to be a grievous interruption of their studies; all the more so after the time-wasting and dull service in the Hitler Youth, SA and especially in the compulsory labour camps. Now, too, they could no longer claim a privileged advancement to officer rank. Innumerable students never got farther than being a sergeant in six or eight years of service, including the war years. For now it was less a question of higher education than of submissiveness to the party, blind daring and military ruthlessness. Only those who voluntarily sacrificed a third year could hope to become officers, to get higher pay and even a scholarship. And after the years of service came the war. Whoever tries to understand the political attitude of the German students to-day must bear in mind that National Socialism cost them literally their whole youth. I find among my students to-day men of twenty-eight or thirty. They served two to three and a half years before, nearly six during, and in many cases two to three years in captivity after the war. Those who returned from Russian prisoner camps usually have their health damaged for good; often they are physical wrecks.

Military "héroism" and all sorts of national power-politics these men have no more use for, nor do they want to have any more of comradeship or of community life. Their spirit is like a dry sponge. Eagerly they suck up the knowledge they derive from lectures, exercises and reading. Never before have German universities seen such an outburst of intensive studies and diligence. This industry is in most cases due to the desire, especially on the part of the married, to complete their studies as quickly as possible. Very often, however, the cause is a genuine enthusiasm for the fulfilment, at long last, of their desires: the bright joy at being allowed to draw from the clean well of the living mind, after having had to endure the foul waters of political propaganda for so many years. They enjoy this in the full knowledge that they spend the finest years of their life in this way: the finest in spite of poverty and lack of nearly everything, in spite of hunger, cold and miserable quarters, which were the fate of almost all ex-servicemen in the last terrible years. When I tell my students to-day how we felt in my youth the ideal of "glorious students' fellowship," I am certain to produce a storm of amusement. They have not only lost all memory of it but also every trace of understanding for such a form of life. Is it at all likely or even imaginable that both should ever return in the course of normalising German life and of fading war memories?

It is urgently necessary to enliven the present student's life, to revive in some way more easy-going and gayer forms of association. The self-isolation of many students is in the long run unhealthy. We regret very much that so many attempts to form new clubs have failed, owing to the lack of money, time and suitable rooms, partly

also to the excessive regimentation by certain occupation authorities. Some of the old member-associations are now trying to reorganise their old corporations. They seek their followers among the freshmen just coming from school. Here might lie some danger of reviving antiquated traditions. However, the general presuppositions have changed so totally that it is difficult to imagine how a mere restoration of the past should be successful. At least the more alert part of the students will not, I think, allow themselves to be pressed again into such forms.

Above all the old caste spirit is as dead today as the former wealth of the middle class. Feeling for social solidarity is a matter of course for all university men, for never before was a whole nation forged more forcibly together by a common fate. Wrecked or at any rate made meaningless is every particularism, be it one of the counties, federal states, or ethnic groups. Alone the overflowing of the West by twelve millions of refugees from the East has started a melting process with interminable consequences. The German student having fought side by side with countrymen from all parts of Germany is indignant about all opposition to a real restoration of a unified German federation. There are practically no exceptions to this attitude. It is also felt to be unbearable that freedom to change one's university within the whole of Germany is in abeyance owing to the general overcrowding and many other obstacles. In this respect one could say that the national longing of the old Burschenschaft is continuing, but this nationalism has in general lost, as far as I can see, its former militant features. The German student having sacrificed the best years of his youth to a hard war service, which he carried out with a genuine sense of patriotic duty, resents any defamation of military life and tradition in general. He feels it to be an offence against his personal honour. On the other hand, in most cases he realises that his goodwill was shamefully misused by the Hitler régime and is thoroughly cured of all militaristic ambitions. The horror of a Russian occupation weighs heavily like a dark shadow on all German life, most of all on the universities. The fact that those in the East of Germany are fully on the way to being transformed into Marxist People's High Schools, or that there a chairman of the student's committee can suddenly find himself transported for forced labour to Siberia—as happened to the whole committee at Leipzig recently—does not fail to produce repercussions on our students. They prepare the ground for the idea of a United Europe. Naturally all this does not prevent criticism and scepticism against the Western occupation powers and against a propaganda for democracy. For people have experienced only too much of political propaganda; the ears have become deaf up to the point of rejecting politics altogether, at least all party politics. Moreover, democracy without outward freedom will always be difficult to make convincing. Here lie undoubtedly certain dangers. However, from my experience of the southern and predominantly Catholic Germany, I can say that I found our students always willing to accept unobtrusive and objective teaching. They are even eager to be led out of the unbounded confusion of political ideas prevailing in Germany today. Of nationalistic obstinacy, which may be more common elsewhere, I find very little. In the end it will be decisive, whether the German students are again given a chance for the future. It is the anxiety about this, about their future in this country, all too narrow, poor and politically fettered,

which paralyses their self-confidence and joy in work. Once they can see a real chance for themselves and for their country, the world may trust that they will find their way and develop a sound and alert vitality in the service of European culture.

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AUSTRIAN PRE-ELECTORAL OUTLOOK.

SIX weeks before the General Elections scheduled for October 9th the political horizon in Austria is overshadowed by many dark clouds. The London negotiations for the Treaty which was to have brought the end of the long, costly and now universally detested Four Power Occupation within sight have yet again come up against Russian obstruction—at the moment, Zarubin's refusal even to discuss the rape of Austrian rolling-stock by Russia. The optimism with which Austrians have lately tended to regard Treaty prospects has changed to an equally unjustified despair and has led to attacks from one or other quarter in Austria on all four "Occupiers" in turn. The Communists, of course, bang away at the drum of "American Imperialism" which wants no Treaty because it is preparing to launch from Austria an attack on the Soviet Union. Socialist and *Volkspartei* (Catholic, Conservative) newspapers, with tiresome logic, fail to see any reason for blaming anyone but the Russians for Russian obstruction, although the Socialists are inclined to hint that both the British and the French officials here feel themselves far too comfortable in Austria to be in a hurry to divest themselves of the "superman" privileges of Occupation to return to the humdrum of bread-earning at home.

It is difficult to believe that the Russians have gone as far as they have done along the road towards a Treaty without the faintest intention of concluding one. On the contrary, there are many indications that the interest of Stalinist imperialism has shifted from Europe to the Far East, that in consequence expansionist tactics in Europe are to be suspended and that on the Austrian sector of the world front the Cold War is to be allowed to become quiescent. The new obstinacy shown in London is much more likely to be an attempt to secure a local tactical advantage than yet another change in strategic plans. Definite news that a Treaty was to be concluded would undoubtedly be played up by the Catholic *Volkspartei* at the elections as a triumph of their Foreign Minister, Doctor Karl Gruber. Although Social-Democracy remains as ever the prime enemy of Stalinist Russia, the latter has certainly no desire to provide electoral ammunition for the Catholics. One may expect Russia to be again more complaisant about the Treaty after the Austrian elections, though as determined as ever to hang on to the rolling-stock and other plunder on which she has laid hands in Austria since the end of the war.

The more rapacity Russia displays, the better, in a way, the outlook for a Treaty. The shameless looting of machinery from U.S.I.A. factories (U.S.I.A. is the controlling body for all concerns seized by the Russians on the excuse that they were once "German property") which has now started is one of several indications that the Russians are really preparing to go. Even more significant is the fact that the Bear

is encouraging the jackals to prey on Austrian economy, and is providing guides to escort "commissions" from its satellites to sniff around Austrian factories to see what they can pick up. The rage of the Austrian workers at having to stand by while their means of livelihood are carried off in the name of the "Land of Socialism" needs no emphasising. It must be remembered that Russia has only just grudgingly made the "concession" that her victim could buy back the factories looted from him by U.S.I.A.—if he could persuade the United States to lend him the necessary \$150 million blood-money. The deal having been made, Russia is proceeding to make many of the factories almost worthless by stripping them of their best machinery. At the same time, U.S.I.A. threatens to cheat private Austrian firms of the sums due to them.

That the Austrian Communists should have ceased to make any serious effort to retain even the slender hold over the electorate which they gained in the 1945 elections is only human. It is equally clear that the Russians have ceased to pay any serious attention to the needs of this party. For the unhappy Communists it is an added misfortune that this past month, August, the last but one before the elections, should have found the Russian Element presiding over the Allied Council in the course of the regular monthly rotation of chairmanship. The "Russian Month," always a dread period for the Viennese population, brought in August the usual sharp rise in the kidnapping curve which accompanies the policing of the International Sector every fourth month by the N.K.V.D. The most interesting recent kidnapping was that of Doctor Karl Sondermann, who took the opportunity of his captor's jeep halting a moment in the British Sector to enquire the way to hurl himself head foremost through the front window-pane with cries of "They're kidnapping me—help, help!" Almost quicker than one can write it, Austrian lorry drivers immobilised the Russian jeep by turning their vehicles across the road before and behind it, while other Austrians slit the tyres. After the British A.P.M., Major B. F. W. White, had brought up a detachment of British troops in battle order carrying live rounds, and had personally removed Sondermann from Russian custody, one ironical shout drowned all the other jeers of the thousands of Austrians assembled as the discomfited Russians withdrew—"Vote Communist in October!"

What are the electoral prospects? Interest centres on whether the *Volkspartei* will maintain its slight majority over the Socialists or whether a slight majority will go to the latter. The hopes of the *Volkspartei* centre on the maintenance by the Occupying Powers of the artificial and undemocratic monopoly of the anti-socialist vote secured by them in September 1949. Apparently the hatred and dread which the Russians feel for democratic socialism is going to secure this advantage for the *Volkspartei*. For at the meeting of the Allied Council last week, the Russians blocked a British motion, supported by the United States, to rescind the resolution passed in 1945 (to keep the Nazis out of the constituent elections of that year) which prevented any parties except *Volkspartei*, Socialists and Communists from contesting the elections. Thus, after President Truman and the British Labour Government had insisted on their local representatives in Austria withdrawing the sheltering hand they had readily stretched out over the reactionary *Volkspartei*, Russia now extends hers! On the Goering-esque principle of "Who is or is not a Jew is for me to decide," the Russians declared that only Russians, and not Austrians, could

judge whether in democratic Austria a party was really Austrian and democratic. The obvious reason is that they want to weaken the Socialists by authorising the renegades, and fellow-travelling Socialist Erwin Scharf to form a party, and to do the same to the *Volkspartei* by backing the efforts of the fellow-travelling Professor Josef Dobretsberger to split the Catholic vote.

The man the *Volkspartei* really fear is not this insignificant careerist, but Doctor Herbert A. Kraus, a young Salzburg publisher, of no particular importance in the former Nazi Party, and himself a Catholic, who has none the less united behind him all the non-Clerical reactionaries, including the bulk of the "minor Nazis." (The negotiations in secret of the "Big Nazis," including the S.S. and the S.A. chiefs and their big industrialist backers with the worst reactionaries of the *Volkspartei* have been exposed again and again by the Socialists.) These constitute the real Nazi danger, since they are concerned with offers of the former Nazi bosses to swing the former "P.G." vote to the *Volkspartei* in exchange for a definite—and considerable—allotment of mandates to Nazi representatives.

I was present yesterday at the first attempt of these Kraus followers, who call themselves the "Union of Independents," to hold a public meeting in the streets of Vienna. Although they delayed the opening because too few people were present, and were only thinly scattered over the great Rathaus Square, they did amount to something between six and ten thousand persons. The public speeches were cautious, platitudinous and unobjectionable. But the mean little pinchbeck features in the audience were the same as those of the fanatics whom I had heard making the same square ring with cheers for the Fuehrer in 1938. The more dangerous "Big" Nazis are adopting the old insolent tone in the newspapers they influence, and in their negotiations with the *Volkspartei*. At one of these meetings Sepp Hainzl, a former Nazi peasant leader, calmly told the *Volkspartei* representatives that although he demanded that their chief, the Austrian Chancellor Doctor Figl, should start direct negotiations with them, he himself would never sit at the same table as Figl "or any other member of the Austrian Resistance Movement." Their demand is for the new Government to be purged of "Resisters and Concentration Camp Men."

The Austrian Socialists, like official America and Britain, think that, as it is impossible to make mere past membership of the party a ground for lifelong disenfranchisement, it is best to let former Nazis identify and isolate themselves in an impotent party of their own, rather than to let them influence the mighty *Volkspartei* from behind the scenes. But this, it seems, the Russians are going to prevent by their insistence on three parties. In this case the Socialists are likely to make considerable gains from the Communists and perhaps a few from the *Volkspartei*, yet emerge weaker than the latter, into whose coffers the Russians are directing the 600,000 to 1,000,000 votes of the re-enfranchised rank and file Nazis and their friends, of the returned P.O.W.s, and of the newly enfranchised youth. After the elections they will still be compelled to re-form the old anti-Communist coalition with the Socialists, who this time will find themselves trying to run in harness with Nazis and Heimwehr-fascists, as well as with Catholics, reactionary and progressive.

That would weaken Austrian democracy and perhaps lead to the break-up of the future coalition. But if at the eleventh hour the *Volkspartei* is forced to stand on its own, while those who dislike it only less

than they do the Socialists are free to vote for a party of their own choice, the Socialists are certain to emerge triumphant, to take the lead in the new Government, and to make of Austria once more a bastion of European democracy.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

Vienna.

TURKEY TURNS TOWARDS DEMOCRACY.

TURKISH foreign policy is entirely in the service of peace, but the political and military leaders do not indulge in wishful thinking; with American help they are equipping their armed forces with modern weapons and re-training them in the light of the tactical experience of World War II. As the country has had to keep its army half mobilised since 1939 and to spend on defence two-fifths of its revenue, financially and economically its position, without being desperate, is not flourishing. Nevertheless, Turkish nerves are steady; there is neither irresponsible boasting nor unrest or defeatism. In home affairs, despite difficulties and dangers, the country is not abandoning the course resolutely entered upon in 1945—the road towards a parliamentary form of government. Such, briefly summarised, are the observations and impressions which one may set down after a month's stay in Turkey.

That the foreign policy is pacific in effect is due to the fact that its object is to maintain the territorial integrity and political independence of the country and to foster international collaboration within the framework and in the spirit of the Charter of United Nations. The defence of territorial integrity can sometimes be identical with the maintenance of an unjust settlement; this is not the case of present-day Turkey, which is an entirely national State; although it contains certain minorities not one can be used as a pretext for some frontier adjustment to Turkey's detriment.* Theoretically speaking, Turkey might claim the inclusion within its sovereignty of certain Soviet areas with Turkish-speaking populations, but even the unscrupulous Soviet Press and radio has never accused the Ankara Government of coveting Soviet land. If Panturkish dreams are absent from Turkey's foreign policy, the country is open to all Turkish-speaking Moslems coming to the mother country from abroad—according to the census of 1935 the population included 962,159 foreign-born Turks; since then more than 130,000 immigrants and refugees have entered Turkey for reasons of racial solidarity. To-day one meets there many prominent refugees from the Crimea, the Caucasus or Turkestan. This open-door policy is a defensive one; no irredentist anti-Soviet policy involving Turkish-speaking peoples would be possible without Turkey's initiative or consent.

Modern Turkey seems also indifferent to Panislamism conceived as a political movement. Neither in the tendencies of Turkish foreign

* According to the 1935 census, when the total population was 16,158,018, the following groups declared a non-Turkish mother tongue: Kurds 1,480,246, Arabs 153,687, Greeks 108,725, Circassians 91,972, Armenians 57,599, Georgians 57,325, etc. According to the census of religions, there were 78,730 Jews. The census of 1945 revealed a total population of 18,790,174, but no breakdown according to mother tongue and religions was published.

policy nor in the teaching of history is it possible to detect the slightest intention of reincorporating Arab lands in some new Turkish empire. In discussion with Turkish diplomats or journalists one discovers a certain disdain towards the Arab States of to-day. There is, they proclaim, not much to admire among the members of the Arab League, who are regarded as politically unstable, socially backward and lacking in military virtue. "No responsible element in this country regrets the Turkish-Arab divorce," declared one Turkish diplomat. "We wish good luck to our Arab brethren and we wish also that the obvious solidarity of British, American and French interests in the Middle-East might be conducive to a more harmonious political action than we are witnessing in this area."

Only one "problem" dominates Turkish foreign policy and that is the Soviet danger. The Turks have no illusions as to the character of the system by which they are threatened. It is, in their eyes, a totalitarianism more ruthless than Nazism, an imperialism more dangerous than the German. They know since the spring of 1945 that the destruction of Turkish independence is one of the settled aims of Soviet foreign policy. They are convinced that in the eyes of Moscow the conquest of Turkey would be only part of a much larger plan. Therefore they do not believe in any lasting settlement between the East and West. *Paix lointaine et incertaine, guerre lointaine mais certaine*—this is how Mr. Necmettin Sadak, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, sees the international situation.

Turkey therefore has no choice but to support the West. There is disappointment that the West, though providing material help, has not, so far, invited inclusion in a comprehensive security system. *Kudret*, the organ of the opposition National Party in Ankara, recently recommended that since Turkey was not considered worthy of being an equal ally, it should recover the freedom of action which it applied so successfully during World War II. But *Ulus*, official organ of the Government Republican People's Party, reminded its contemporaries that unfortunately the situation had changed; neutrality to-day meant isolation, and isolation meant mortal danger for Turkey. A balanced opinion was expressed in this connection by Mr. Celâl Bayar, leader of the opposition Democratic Party: "We are not childish, we know that in the world of to-day there are only two camps. For better or worse, we are with those who are sincerely peace-loving and genuinely democratic. Everybody must agree with Mr. Sadak when he says that peace and security are indivisible and that the disturbance of peace in one region was bound to affect other regions."

The Turks recognise that they are not an "Atlantic" power, but the problem, it is argued in Ankara, is one of strategic reality and not of geographical vocabulary. It is a fact that Turkey affords the most important defence against Soviet pressure towards the Persian Gulf and the Suez Canal. If it is true that there was objection by Norway and Denmark to the participation of Greece and Turkey in the North Atlantic Treaty, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece and Turkey should conclude a regional Mediterranean arrangement linked with the Atlantic pact. This idea, mooted by the Governments of Ankara and Athens, has been discussed on the highest level. The North Atlantic Treaty is a sort of diplomatic Maginot Line with its right flank suspended in Sicily, exactly as the Maginot Line stopped at Montmédy: "We are looking to the future with great serenity and confidence," affirmed Mr. Sadak recently. Turkish public

opinion interprets this optimism as a sign that negotiations are proceeding and that a Mediterranean pact is only a matter of time.

Every Turk of twenty years is liable to military service, which since 1937 has been extended from two to three years. As an average Turkish age group consists of 100,000 men fit for service, the peacetime army numbered 300,000. From September 1939, however, the army was partially but continuously mobilised. Alertness against possible surprise attack was essential and the poor state of the transport system rendered quick concentration impossible. From 1941 to 1942 it was estimated that more than 900,000 soldiers were mobilised. Theoretically, the army—modelled on the French—is composed of eighteen army corps of three divisions each, a division having three infantry regiments of three battalions each. In fact, not all the fifty-four divisions were mobilised and not all units were at full strength. To-day, because of American help, it is believed that Turkey has been able to reduce its infantry, but it still keeps with the colours an army of about 500,000. This is a heavy burden for the national economy. In the 1949 budget, for instance, £T462 million (about £41 million*), or 36 per cent. of the estimated revenue, were absorbed by military expenditure. The state of affairs which renders this necessary was well underlined by President Ismet İnönü when he pointed out recently that "all the damage and exhaustion of armed conflict are implied in a war of nerves, except the loss of life and destruction of buildings."

Watch must be kept mainly on two land frontiers—on the frontier with Bulgaria in the west and with the Transcaucasian Soviet republics in the east. The most difficult task is the defence of Istanbul and of the Bosphorus. The overland route to Istanbul, still the largest town and port of Turkey, is closed by the Çatalca Line, but this could be by-passed by an aggressor because the Black Sea shores on both sides of the Bosphorus lend themselves to an amphibious operation. The Turkish First Army, with headquarters in Istanbul, under General Nuri Yamut, has therefore a doubly difficult responsibility with little space for manœuvre; it has to stop any possible advance from Bulgaria and at the same time protect the Black Sea beaches on both sides of the Bosphorus. The Second Army, with headquarters at Izmir (Smyrna), is a sort of strategic reserve; it would either help the First or try to stop an advance towards Anatolia in the event of the fall of Istanbul. The Third Army, with headquarters at Erzerum, has an easier task because the configuration of the terrain is helpful. It has to defend the famous *Gürcü Boghaz*—the Georgian Gate—against an approach from the frontier plain. Although the Russians succeeded in taking Erzerum in February 1916, repetition of such an operation would not be easy; now there are ample fortifications and a local network of all-weather roads permitting quick troop movements. But here also a vast turning movement is possible; instead of attacking between the Black Sea and Mount Ararat the Russians could by-pass the front from the south, attacking through Iranian Azerbaijan and Kurdistan.

Obsolete armaments, insufficient railways and bad roads have been

* Here, as in all other cases below, the equivalent is given at the pre-devaluation exchange rate of £1 = £T11.28.

the nightmare of the Turkish High Command from 1945 to 1947.* Since the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine, and especially the vote by the U.S. Congress of \$100 million for arms and supplies to Turkey, the situation has been rapidly improving. As Major-General H. L. MacBride, chief of the U.S. Army Group in Turkey, said, the American equipment pouring into the country is worth ten times as much as the nominal value at which it is granted. With aircraft, guns of all kinds, tanks, vehicles, signal corps equipment, road-building equipment and ships, came hundreds of instructors to Turkey, the key to the whole programme being not so much getting the equipment as learning how to use it. As there is an obvious link between modern armament and military tactics many regulations had to be revised, and special courses were organised for officers at which American instructors conveyed to them the lessons to be derived from the experiences of World War II.

The Turk is an excellent soldier; physically resistant, disciplined and courageous. In modern warfare, however, individual courage is not enough; adequate armament and the capacity to use it with maximum efficiency are essential. A great difficulty in the creation of a mechanised army in a country of low industrial development is the shortage of technicians. Moreover, although in the last twenty-five years there has been remarkable progress in education, half of the Turkish recruits are illiterate.† Nevertheless, the American advisers are confident that by 1951 Turkey will be able to mobilise forty modern mechanised divisions with an air force of 600 first-line aircraft.‡ By then too the initial programme of strategic roads and airfields will be completed. A glance at the map is sufficient to emphasise that in the event of war the two principal Turkish ports of Istanbul and Izmir would be of little use. The main supply base would be Iskenderun (Alexandretta), where during the second part of World War II the British built a modern port allowing for the simultaneous unloading of four medium-sized ships. Two main highways are being built to link Iskenderun with Erzerum on the one hand and Istanbul, through Ankara, on the other. The biggest man-of-war of the small Turkish Navy is *Yavuz*, formerly the German battle-cruiser *Goeben*, launched in 1911. But fifteen U.S. naval vessels, including four destroyers and four submarines, were recently delivered. Admiral Mehmet Ali Ulgen, the C-in-C., no doubt realises that alone he has no prospect of being master of the Black Sea, but powerful U.S. and British squadrons are frequently in the vicinity of Turkish waters.

In Istanbul and Ankara are signs of prosperity, but in the Anatolian

* For two decades the Chief of the General Staff of the Turkish Army was Marshal Fevzi Çakmak; he was responsible only to the President of the Republic. When, on his retirement in December 1943, he was succeeded by General Kiazim Orbay, the Chief of the General Staff became answerable to the Prime Minister. General Orbay resigned on July 30th, 1946, because his son, Capt. Hasmet Orbay (with whom his father had long before broken all relations), was involved in a Soviet espionage affair. He was replaced by General Salih Omurtak, who resigned because of ill health, and, on June 8th, 1949, was replaced by General Abdurrahman Nafiz Gürman. In June also the Grand National Assembly voted two Bills placing the army, for the first time in Turkish history, under civil control.

† In 1935 the proportion of illiterates was 76·7 per cent. among the male population and 91·8 per cent. among the female. In 1945 the respective figures were 49·2 and 77·5 per cent.

‡ The Turkish Air Force is using as fighter aircraft two British and two American (Thunderbolts and Mustangs) types. Since 1945 Great Britain supplied Turkey with 400 Spitfires for £4 million. The Turkish bomber squadrons are using mainly the American B-27s.

villages one sees poverty and appallingly low housing conditions. Although agriculture supplies probably no more than two-fifths of the national income it is still the most important national industry, employing three-fourths of the population. The average yearly income of a Turkish peasant is estimated at ₺279 (roughly £25); that of a civil servant is on the average nine times more, but the cost of living in towns is also much higher. After payment of income tax a Turkish civil servant in Istanbul receives (in terms of English currency) about £2 15s. per week; the fact that prices of food and clothing in Istanbul are as high or higher than in London conveys an idea of the living problems involved. During the period 1937-49 public revenue increased four and a half times in Turkish currency (two and a half times as expressed in English currency), which puts the actual budgetary revenue at £4 per head of the population in Turkey, against £80 in Great Britain for the year 1949. Between 1934 and 1944—no later figures having been published—the national income in Turkey increased sevenfold in Turkish currency (three and a half times in pounds sterling), but that gives only £37 *per capita* in Turkey against £173 in Great Britain for the same year, 1944. Public debt is small—less than £9 *per capita*—but so also is the foreign financial aid accorded to Turkey in recent years. Since 1938 Great Britain, in one way or another, has extended to Turkey credits totalling £90 million; besides the \$100 million of the U.S. 1947 grant mainly for rearmament, the country obtained in 1946 a \$25 million credit from the Export-Import Bank of Washington and \$50 million for the year 1948-9 as a member of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation.

Appreciable though this is, it is still vastly inadequate as a contribution to Turkey's needs. Why, then, such reserve towards a country whose resistance to Soviet pressure is so vital to the free world? There are, it seems, two main reasons: first, there is generally no confidence that a long period of peace may be expected and therefore no tendency towards long-term investments; secondly, there is no liking for the Turkish system of *étatisme*, or State-controlled economy. After the War of Independence and foundation of the Republic, the State had to take certain initiatives in order to industrialise the country, but the State enterprises are not always run on businesslike lines and their high cost of production is partly responsible for the general high level of prices. Although Turkey enjoys great political stability its economic planners are not always willing to adjust their schemes to financial possibilities and reduce the policies of various Ministries, State banks and monopolies into harmonious patterns. In order rapidly to adapt the obsolete social framework to an economic process already under way, to develop the roads, railways and ports, improve agricultural implements and conditions, and increase the pace of industrialisation, foreign credits would be of great help. But if foreign Governments or bankers were inclined to make help conditional on the paring of its State-controlled economy, Turkey's choice would be a longer and harder road rather than one which, though temporarily easier, might perhaps restore a situation which the elder Turkish statesmen still remember.

There is an increasing demand among the Turks themselves, especially among the new middle class, which is the main support of the Democratic Party, for more free enterprise. A compromise, therefore, is possible, and the best solution would be a division of work—the State

enterprises should obtain better results by better planning and greater efficiency ; the private enterprises—financed by Turkish and foreign capital—should be encouraged and given some safeguard against State competition on one hand and against fiscal measures like the *varlık vergisi* (tax on wealth) of December 1942 on the other.*

Four years ago Turkey started an important and unique constitutional experiment. To describe it as a voluntary retreat from dictatorship towards democracy would be a simplification, but to say—as it was said in the Soviet Press—that the Turkish Government and opposition were playing prearranged parts, and that the performance was intended to delude the West, is but a malicious distortion of truth. Turkish politicians know that there is none among them with sufficient moral authority and intellectual power to succeed İsmet İnönü and to rule the country dictatorially ; they also know that a new bourgeoisie is claiming a greater share in the country's administration and that peasants have acquired a large measure of national consciousness. Should the one-party system continue, with its inevitable degeneration and nepotism, the risk of revolutionary ferment could not be excluded. To assure the possibility of a peaceful constitutional change is imperative.

Everywhere in Turkey are monuments to Kemal Atatürk—there are three in Ankara alone—and for the majority of Turks he is still the *ebedî şef* (eternal leader). Certainly he saved the nation from destruction. Though ruthless in enforcing reforms, he was moderate in his final aims. He gave his country a constitution which the Turks describe as democratic in spirit, as it does not exclude the existence of opposition parties. True that in 1924 he said that “there can be no rival programmes and rival parties,” and that for him it was “a question of honour to remain the Republican People's Party leader and, at the same time, President of the Republic.” In 1930, however, he authorised the formation of a Liberal Party led by Fethi Okyar, and suppressed it only when its meetings led to excesses by the public.

“It was too early for the development of democracy in our political life,” I was told by Dr. Yavuz Abadan, editor of the Government newspaper *Ulus*, who is professor of constitutional law at the University of Ankara. “But the idea was right,” he added, “and was not abandoned.” A few months after he succeeded Atatürk as President of the Republic General İsmet İnönü announced in Istanbul in August 1939 that opposition parties were necessary and would be authorised. Because of the war the promise became reality only in 1945. Atatürk had the temperament of a dictator. General İnönü is of different salt. Admittedly during World War II he acquiesced in being addressed as *büyük milli şef* (great national leader) and in statutes of the People's Party, revised in 1939, he was described as the “permanent supreme leader.” In 1945, however, he expressed the desire to be styled simply President of the Republic, and two years later he offered to divest himself of the leadership of the Government party. A compromise was reached at the congress of the People's Party in December 1947. No mention of İnönü was made in the new statutes. They stipulate that if the chairman of the party is elected President of the Republic he must delegate his party functions

* The amount of the tax was arbitrarily fixed and there was no appeal. Although the tax was supposed to be equally applied to all Turkish subjects, it was directed mainly against the Greek, Jewish and Armenian minorities and led to the liquidation of many of their businesses.

to the vice-chairman.* President İnönü seeks to act as a neutral arbitrator. In a recent speech he expressed the conviction that the struggle for power in Turkey would remain constitutional. "The Turkish nation," he said, "overcomes victoriously the dangers of a democratic régime; the country enters a period in which she will profit by its blessings."

Mr. Celâl Bayar, leader of the Democratic Party,† spoke not too mildly of the achievements and methods of the People's Party. In the domain of domestic policy the Democrats agree with only two of six fundamental principles of the Populists. "We are Republicans and we are of the opinion that the separation of State and religion should be maintained," said Mr. Bayar, "but we do not believe that the four other descriptions of the Turkish Republic—Nationalist, Populist, Statist (*étatiste*) and Revolutionary—introduced in our constitution by the People's Party, are necessary; statism especially should not be a sacrosanct principle of our policy and private enterprise should be encouraged." Mr. Bayar affirmed that in the election of July 21st, 1946, the Democrats won all the parliamentary seats in Istanbul, Ankara and Izmir. In the two last towns, however, all the seats were allotted to the Populists and only in Istanbul were the Democrats allowed to retain eighteen out of twenty-three. "In 1946 we presented only 247 candidates out of 465 seats in the Great National Assembly. Next year we shall have candidates practically in all constituencies and we are certain to win if the election is fair," added Mr. Bayar.

Mr. Cevât Dursunoğlu, acting secretary-general of the People's Party, denied that the Democrats were the victims of any unfair practice. "The opposition parties," he said, "are free in the organisation of their campaign against us and they, especially the Democrats, are gathering strength. To-day, out of 451 members of the Assembly, Mr. Celâl Bayar has thirty-one followers and the National Party‡ has eleven; there are also twelve Democrats who do not regard Mr. Bayar as their leader, and seven Independents. It is possible that in the election of 1950 the opposition parties will increase their parliamentary representation. Nevertheless, we are convinced that the electorate, recognising our services to the country, will once more give a workable majority to the People's Party."

Mr. Nadir Nadi, editor of *Cumhuriyet*, an independent but rather pro-Government newspaper in Istanbul, believed that the published results of the election of 1946 were different from the actual outcome of the polls, but suggested that, if it were so, the following might be a possible explanation: "The leaders of the People's Party consider themselves responsible before history for the success of the revolution started by Atatürk and it is possible that they could not be certain

* The Republican People's Party (*Cumhuriyet Halk Partisi*) was established on August 9th, 1923. Its present vice-chairman is Mr. Hilmi Uran and secretary-general Mr. Tevfik Fikret Silay. The party has a conservative and a progressive wing; the former is led by Messrs. Şükrü Saracoğlu and Recep Peker; among the progressives are mentioned Messrs. Necmettin Sadak, Nihat Erim and Kasım Gulek. The Prime Minister, Mr. Şemsettin Günaltay, represents the centre of the party.

† The Democratic Party (*Demokrat Partisi*) was established on January 7th, 1946, and prominent members of its committee, besides Mr. Celâl Bayar, are Messrs. Adnan Menderes, Mehmet Fuat Köprülü, Refik Koraltan and Fuat Hulusi Demirelli, leader of the parliamentary group.

‡ Of the National Party (*Milli Partisi*), formed on July 20th, 1948, Mr. Hikmet Bayur is chairman and Mr. Osman Nuri Koni the leader of the parliamentary group. A prominent sympathiser of the party is Marshal Çakmak, who tries to play an active part in Turkish politics.

that all the rank and file of the Democrats were politically as reliable as Mr. Bayar. The Communist Party being forbidden in Turkey, Moscow-directed elements were trying hard to penetrate the newly formed parties, and perhaps the ruling party had some excuse for being careful."

Another well-known Turkish journalist, Mr. Ahmet Emin Yalman, editor of the Democratic *Vatan*, said to me in this connection: "Our position is, of course, difficult because we are a constitutional opposition. We do not want anarchy in our country and we are careful in recruiting our members. Therefore, it is not very gentlemanly to suggest that infiltration of our party by Communists is possible. Such an excuse for unfair electoral practices is an indication that the People's Party is determined to retain power and to continue to govern the country dictatorially." It is noteworthy that the leaders of the opposition National Party should attack alike the opposition Democrats and the Government Populists with equal violence. The only logical explanation is that they fear a Democratic victory in 1950. On the other hand, Democrats and Populists agree that the National Party is a reactionary and clerical movement. "Between us and the Democrats," remarked Dr. Abadan, already quoted, "there are no basic ideological conflicts. If by any chance the Nationalists dangerously increase their parliamentary representation then I foresee a possibility of a Populist-Democratic coalition for the defence of the Republic. Such a coalition could be led by General Ali Fuat Cebesoy and Mr. Celâl Bayar."

In Ankara I visited both the old Parliament building and the new one under construction. The old *Maclis*—the Persian name (in modern Turkish transcription) is decidedly more in use than the Turkish *Kamutay*—is too small and eventually will become the town hall: the new will be, after the U.S. Congress and the Parliament of Westminster, the largest parliament building in the world. It is to cost at least £T40 million and it is hoped that it will be ready next year. There is some talk in Ankara that before its dissolution, the present Assembly would revise the constitution by creating a Senate as a sort of safety-valve against a too radical Chamber of Deputies.

Turkey of to-day can still be described as a police State, and with such a neighbour as the U.S.S.R. it is difficult to think how it could be otherwise. For four years the Kremlin has been trying to create a fifth column, but so far the Turkish police have been successful in discovering and arresting the key men, who, after trial for conspiracy, have been condemned to various terms of imprisonment. It would be too optimistic to say that there are no potential Soviet agents in Turkey, but a rebellion *à la grecque* is an obvious impossibility. When discussing Turkey's political situation it must always be remembered that it is only since the foundation of the Republic that, for the first time in history, anything resembling a Government "of the people, by the people, for the people" has been attempted. Atatürk did not deprive the Turkish people of any freedom; he started a revolution which will result in the political education of the people and their direct participation in the formation of the Government. This revolution has not been completed, but Turkey is on its way towards democracy as it is understood in that part of Europe which has remained free.

K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI.

A BULGARIAN DICTATOR.

SINCE the death of Lenin, the Communist world has not seen a more imposing, spectacular and pompous funeral than that of Dimitrov, former Comintern chief and Prime Minister of Bulgaria. His embalmed body was placed into a mausoleum which had been built by 2,000 conscript workers, labouring day and night in three shifts for a week. During the ceremony a choir of three thousand men sang the *Internationale*, while air-raid sirens blasted every Bulgarian town and village for half an hour. For eight hours nearly half a million troops, workers and young Communists paraded in pouring rain in front of the mausoleum, giving a solemn oath of devotion and loyalty to Communism and the Soviet Union. While Dimitrov's body lay in state in Moscow, before being sent to Bulgaria, Stalin himself, with all his Politburo members, stayed on guard around his coffin. At the Sofia funeral ceremony, leaders of twenty-three Communist parties, including Britain's Harry Pollitt, formed a guard of honour. In the Stalinist version of history, George Dimitrov will undoubtedly rank as one of the most prominent and most exalted leaders of the world Communist movement. Streets, squares, factories, rivers, villages, towns and whole counties have already been named after him in every Communist State, including Tito's Yugoslavia. In his native country, Bulgaria, his life story will be taught in most glorifying terms for generations to come, and thousands will march every day past his embalmed body in the Sofia Mausoleum. But if the Communist régime in Bulgaria is ever overthrown, Dimitrov's name will become the blackest of the black, and schoolchildren will read in their text-books that he had been the most cruel, ruthless and oppressive tyrant in Bulgaria's troubled history.

Dimitrov's life can be easily divided into four main periods: a Bulgarian trade union and revolutionary leader up to 1923; a Balkan and international Communist agitator up to 1933; a world-famous Communist leader for the next ten years; and, finally, Bulgarian statesman and Prime Minister for the last three years of his life. No spectacular event is connected with the first period of his life. The blowing up of the Sofia Cathedral, under the wreckage of which over a hundred innocent men and women perished, is linked with the second; the Reichstag fire trial falls within the third, and finally the trial and hanging of Nikola Petkov marks the fourth, and the last.

George Dimitrov was born exactly sixty-seven years ago in 1882 in a small village near the town of Radomir, some forty miles south of Sofia. His mother was an ardent Protestant (most Bulgarians are Greek Orthodox). She wanted her son to become a Congregationalist minister, so she sent him to a Sunday School maintained by an American mission. Young George did not like the Sunday School nor the Bible. He quit both and became a printer's apprentice at the age of twelve. He started reading Marx, became a Socialist, and at eighteen got a job as a type-setter in the Royal Printing Office in Sofia. He also became secretary of the printers' trade union. For the next ten years he established himself as an able and energetic strike leader. His official Communist biographers claim that practically every strike in Bulgaria before World War I was organised and led by Dimitrov. In 1912 he sent "a message of encouragement" to a group of English mine workers who were on strike. He also despatched a substantial sum of money to strikers in Sweden. When, in 1913, he was elected in Parlia-

ment as a Socialist M.P., he could already boast of his "international connections."

In 1915 the King of Bulgaria, "Foxy" Ferdinand, declared war on the Allies. Dimitrov was opposed to the war, and was sent to jail. Released in 1917, he backed the Russian revolution, broke away from the Socialist Party, and founded a new Communist Party. In 1920 he went to Moscow to confer with Lenin. At a trade union meeting, where Dimitrov spoke for the first time to a Russian audience, Lenin introduced him to Stalin. Before sending him back to Bulgaria, Lenin told him: "My advice is—don't let your enthusiasm affect your judgment." But Dimitrov does not seem to have followed Lenin's advice. Back in Bulgaria he organised the so-called "September Revolution." A Bulgarian Soviet Republic was proclaimed, and the Communists seized power in several villages and towns in north-western Bulgaria. The revolution, however, proved a failure. It was quickly suppressed by Government troops, and Dimitrov had to flee for his life into Yugoslavia. While passing the frontier, to conceal his identity, he shaved off his long beard—the inevitable attribute to a revolutionary leader in those days.

From Yugoslavia Dimitrov went to Moscow for a few months' training. In 1924 we see him in Vienna as head of the Balkan department of the Comintern. He made a deal with the Macedonian terrorists for joint action in favour of a Balkan federation. He remained the leader of the Bulgarian Communist Party, however, and in 1925 organised what can still be considered as the most ghastly Communist crime of the last thirty years. The chief of the Bulgarian General Staff, General Kosta Georgiev, was shot dead in Sofia church during the Orthodox Easter Holy Week. At his funeral, three days before Easter Sunday, the Cathedral of Sofia was blown up by an infernal machine set up above the altar. A hundred and fifty people were killed outright, and more than five hundred were seriously wounded. The killed included the Mayor of Sofia, fourteen generals, the police chief, over fifty high Government officials, professors, deputies, political leaders, and thirty prominent editors and journalists. King Boris and his Cabinet, who were at the funeral, escaped with injuries.

The Cathedral outrage shocked the whole civilised world. The Bulgarian police promptly arrested its organisers. They were all leading members of the Communist Party, including one Russian and one French Communist. Substantial evidence showed that the Cathedral had been blown up on direct instructions from the Comintern. The plan was to "annihilate" the Bulgarian "bourgeois leaders" in one blow, and then proclaim the Communist dictatorship. But after the failure of this plan both the Comintern and Dimitrov personally denied that the Communists were implicated in the outrage. At the Reichstag fire trial, nearly ten years later, when reminded of his part in the Cathedral outrage, Dimitrov retorted, "The blowing up of the Sofia Cathedral was not organised by the Communist party. . . . This act of provocation was organised by the Bulgarian police." It took Dimitrov another fifteen years, in a speech on December 19th, 1948, before the Fifth Communist Congress in Sofia, to state officially and most authoritatively that the Cathedral had been in fact blown up by the Communists. Dimitrov argued that it had been "a Left-Wing mistake" and "an act of despair on the part of the military leaders of the Communist party." He omitted to add, though his

audience knew it, that he had been himself the most prominent of these "military leaders."

In the late 'twenties Dimitrov spent two more years in Moscow and was then sent to Berlin on a Comintern job. The Nazis arrested him in 1933 on trumped-up charges in connection with the Reichstag fire. At his trial, in December, 1933, Dimitrov defended himself with great skill and courage, and won the admiration of world public opinion by the masterly way in which he slashed the Nazi bully, Goering, who had come to testify against him. When the presiding judge asked him to refrain from making Communist propaganda, Dimitrov snapped back, "Why don't you ask Goering to stop making Nazi propaganda?" He brushed aside his German counsel, shouting, "I would prefer to be innocently condemned to death by this court than to be acquitted by such a defence." And he henceforth conducted his defence single-handed, making fearless speeches against the Nazi régime.

After his acquittal, Dimitrov was deported to Moscow, where he was given an imposing welcome and the most important job in the Communist international movement—Secretary General of the Comintern. In 1935 he inaugurated the so-called "Popular Front" line in Communist strategy and tactics. Communists were to stop thinking and plotting to bring about the revolution single-handed. They were to disguise themselves as a "democratic force," seek allies, and try to come to power as members of Left-Wing coalitions. They were to enter Labour organisations and trade unions, and "capture them from within." For the next ten years, under Stalin's guidance and supervision, Dimitrov directed the Communist parties the world over. He lived in the lap of luxury in Moscow, where he had a palatial residence with a private swimming pool and private cinema to entertain his friends and guests:

One of his most important tasks was to organise the Communist war effort against Franco. The International Brigade movement, which became very popular throughout the world, was his idea. He sent his most trusted agent to France, to organise what Communists called "the underground railway"—the organisation that arranged the dispatch of all Red volunteers to Spain. This agent was brilliantly successful; his name was Josef Broz, who some ten years later, as Marshal Tito, was destined to defy the great Stalin himself. Franco's victory was a severe setback to the Communist International, and affected strongly the prestige of both the Comintern and Dimitrov. The great Soviet purges of the late 'thirties followed. Almost all internationally prominent Communist leaders were arrested as "reactionary agents," tried and shot. For a time Dimitrov's fate hung in the balance, but he managed to survive the purge by backing subserviently Stalin's merciless liquidation policy, though it struck down most of his best personal friends and his own wife, who was liquidated in 1937. In 1943 Stalin disbanded the Comintern itself, and demoted Dimitrov to a position of official keeper of the Comintern files and a commentator on Bulgarian affairs on Moscow radio. Yet Dimitrov published a statement praising this Stalin move against him as "a policy of genius."

In November, 1945, with the Red Army in full occupation of Bulgaria, Dimitrov returned to Sofia and took over the leadership of the Bulgarian Communist Party. He became Prime Minister the following year, and soon established the most cruel police régime in the Communist world outside Russia proper. He had grown old and fat,

but he dyed his hair and moustache and powdered his face to look younger. He lived in great luxury and pomp. All royal palaces were proclaimed his private residences, and all papers were obliged to refer to him as "the beloved and wise teacher and leader of the nation." On his sixty-fifth birthday the Bulgarian Communist Party sang its birthday wishes in the following manner: "Greetings of the whole nation to you, the recognised by all great leader and wise teacher of our glorious Communist Party, you, the darling of the whole nation, the very thought, the energy and the brains of the State." Soon Dimitrov jailed all his political opponents and suppressed ruthlessly all non-Communist parties and organisations. In January, 1948, seven Socialist deputies in Parliament decided to vote against his Budget; he angrily threatened them with hanging. They abstained from voting, but were imprisoned just the same, and given life sentences. By the middle of 1948 there was not one single prominent Bulgarian democratic leader at liberty in Bulgaria. They had all been liquidated with or without "trials," and sent to prisons, concentration camps, or exile.

If the Reichstag fire trial had marked the best period of his life, the trial of Nikola Petkov, the leader of the Bulgarian Opposition, showed Dimitrov at his lowest point of degradation. He had towered over Goering in 1933. Now he assumed the size of a pigmy in front of the courageous Petkov, who, in the Bulgarian Parliament, shouted at Dimitrov: "You're ruling the country by sheer terror, intimidation and brutal intervention in the internal affairs of the other political parties. The concentration camps are full again, the same camps against which we in the Resistance movement fought so hard. As many murders lie on your conscience as on the conscience of the greatest Fascist oppressors." Dimitrov tried several times to silence Petkov in Parliament, but the undaunted Agrarian leader was more than a match for him. When Dimitrov shouted that Petkov deserved a bullet in his head, Petkov retorted, amidst the loud cheers of his supporters, "I am not afraid of the bullet." To which the Communist dictator, wild with fury, could only reply sarcastically: "We shall not waste a bullet on you."

They did not, for Petkov was hanged on September 23rd, 1947. Before that Dimitrov's own paper had, on its front page, demanded his death because such a sentence was "to give the miners an incentive for greater work and greater achievement in the production field." Five months later Dimitrov publicly boasted that he had ordered the execution because British and American public opinion, in defending the innocent Petkov, had "tried to blackmail" the Communist court in Sofia.

In February, 1948, Dimitrov got into trouble with his own boss, Stalin. After a rather gay party in the Bucharest Royal Palace, where he had signed a treaty of alliance with Rumania's Anna Pauker, he gave an interview in which he proclaimed himself in favour of an East European Federation. Ten days later *Pravda* reprimanded him severely. Like a frightened schoolboy scolded by his master, he ate his words and announced that, of course, *Pravda* was right and he was wrong. Next he had to proclaim that, "although the Communist International does not exist, all Communist parties in the world acknowledge one leader and one teacher—Comrade Stalin." Even that was not enough for Moscow. In July, 1948, on Soviet instructions, the Executive Committee of the Bulgarian Communist Party

passed a resolution criticising Dimitrov and some of his lieutenants for committing almost every crime in the Communist calendar: "Neglecting the Party work, ignoring the collective will of the Party leadership—the Central Committee—making public statements and taking important decisions without referring them to the Politburo first," and the greatest crime of all—"individual theoretical formulations," which were "mistaken from the point of view of Marx-Lenin." The last straw came with the accusation that Dimitrov was guilty of "boastfulness, lack of modesty, megalomania and a tendency towards luxurious living." Dimitrov was henceforth forbidden to give any interviews or make any speeches without submitting their text to the Politburo in advance. He swallowed all that despite the intense humiliation which it must have caused him. Nevertheless, his position remained shaky.

The Stalin-Tito rift was a severe personal blow to Dimitrov. Contrary to what is believed in the West, Tito was one of Dimitrov's most intimate friends and collaborators. For many months he could not bring himself to brand Tito as a traitor and a reactionary agent. When he was finally obliged to do so he spoke half-heartedly and was not very convincing. Tito very shrewdly acknowledged this in his telegram of sympathy sent to the Bulgarian Communist Party after Dimitrov's death, praising his dead friend in most flattering terms, and pointing out that Dimitrov "bore no responsibility for the slanderous attack on Yugoslavia."

The final blow came last February when Dimitrov's lifelong friend and first assistant, the Bulgarian deputy Prime Minister, Traicho Kostov, was suddenly dismissed from his post, expelled from the Communist Party, and arrested for anti-Soviet activities. Kostov was, moreover, Dimitrov's acknowledged successor. Peter Gregorov, Dimitrov's principal private secretary and certainly his best personal friend, was also dismissed summarily and has since mysteriously disappeared. It is worth noting that Gregorov spent the war years in the United States. He lived in Detroit, where he edited a Bulgarian Communist paper. A week after Kostov's downfall, Dimitrov was whisked off secretly and hurriedly in a Soviet military plane. This was his last journey to Moscow. No Bulgarian doctors were allowed to see him before he left, and no announcement of his illness was made before he reached Soviet soil. His death certificate was signed by four Russian doctors. Most mysterious of all was the sudden absence, even from the funeral ceremony, of the new Bulgarian Prime Minister and former Secretary of the Comintern, Vassil Korarov. He is reported to have been "indisposed," an explanation which can hardly convince anyone and which, undoubtedly, will very soon be followed by a short *communiqué* announcing Korarov's "natural" death.

MICHAEL PADEV.

GOETHE AND MUSIC.

GOETHE'S bicentenary on August 28th offers a welcome opportunity for again broaching the subject of Goethe and Music. Ernest Walker* calls Goethe "the greatest of the few exceptions of the, as a rule, unmusical poets"; Moritz Bauer† describes him as a man of very limited musical understanding. A number of other

* "Goethe and Some Composers," *The Musical Times*, June, 1932.

† *Die Lieder Franz Schuberts*, Breitkopf und Haertel, 1915.

musicologists* are similarly contradictory in their judgments, and all have sufficient material to support their antagonistic statements. Indeed, Goethe and music is a subject not easily condensed into a formula. Moreover, the diversity of opinions is symptomatic for the method of dealing with the complex and intricate theme. Apart from the difficulty arising from the vague definition of the term "musical," the research, as far as I can see, mainly concentrated either on Goethe's life, his contact with musicians and musical activities† or his influence, through his work, on musical composition, especially song-writing.

The great importance of Goethe's poems, dramas, novels, biographical and scientific treatises, diaries and letters as sources for the valuation of his musical faculties, his receptive, his theoretical, and his productive power, seems to have been underrated. Though his often-quoted saying that all his works are fragments of one great confession has been looked at by modern philologists with occasional doubt and criticism, they are the main source for our judgment of his musical capacity and his limitations. As to his appreciation of music, his novels and short stories—in other words, his poetic prose—yield the richest harvest, though we are altogether surprised by the small part which music plays in pre-eminently emotional works such as *Werthers Leiden*, and *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*. The educated female characters (e.g. in *Werthers Leiden*, *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, *Hermann und Dorothea*, *Torquato Tasso*, etc.) sing and accompany themselves on the piano. This ability was not considered to be anything special; it was part of a girl's education and an understood accomplishment of every attractive young woman. Goethe likes to describe a musical scene; he appreciates it from a visual point of view. Music-making is picturesque, an aesthetic sight for his sensitive eye. His ear is equally subtle; he indulges in "sweet harmonic sounds" and abhors dissonances. But music in Goethe's works is not merely concerned with the senses; its emotional effects are stronger. Music is a sort of spiritual sedative, soothing, relaxing, disembroiling, and, through these properties, producing solace. A certain tune is often connected with a definite recollection, foreshadowing Wagner's motifs of reminiscence (*Faust I*, *Werthers Leiden*), its reproduction when hearing the music supports or effects a process of moral healing. The visual effect of a performance, the sensuous impact of sound, the emotional impression, are only the first stages of musical appreciation. They are outside the sphere of deeper artistic understanding, far away from grasping the essence. Apart from an occasional flash, music's third dimension—so to speak—the abstraction of musical form and the idea absorbed in it, is barred from Goethe.

In *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* all four main characters are instrumentalists. Charlotte "played the piano very well," Eduard "not quite so easily the flute," Ottilie the piano, and the Hauptmann the violin. Here music is one of the technical means of strengthening the cross-relationship of the four people. The affinity, already extant, helps the two persons belonging together to a more accomplished performance, expressing Goethe's belief in inner harmony as essential for ensemble playing. There is one preposterous paragraph in this novel throwing a bright light on Goethe's limited understanding of

* Wasielewski, Spitta, Friedlaender, Moser, Abert, etc.

† A complete enumeration is to be found in W. v. Bode, *Die Tonkunst in Goethe's Leben*, 1912.

instrumental music : " She [Ottilie] had adopted his [Eduard's] shortcomings (when accompanying his flute playing) to such a degree that a new lively performance resulted from it, which, though it did not move in time, sounded most pleasant and agreeable. The composer himself would have enjoyed it." The motif of ensemble music which is introduced here is not followed up. In nearly all his works, Goethe mainly refers to vocal music except for decorative purposes. The often-quoted sentence from *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* : " The instrument should but accompany the voice, for tunes and melodies without words and meaning seem to me like butterflies or fine birds, which hover round us in the air, whereas song is like the blessed genius that exalts us towards heaven " shows clearly Goethe's lack of appreciation of instrumental music. But what he says of Serlo in the same novel, " without himself possessing genius for music or playing any instrument, Serlo could rightly prize the value of the high art," holds good in Goethe's own case.

In spite of all his limitations in musical comprehension, he conceives intuitively the eminent virtue, the effective power of music. There are several examples of special beauty where he expresses his belief poetically. In *Claudine von Villa Bella* he says :

- Gesang und Saitenspiel, die grössten Freunde
Des Menschenlebens, schützen meinen Weg
Durch die Gefilde, die der Mond beleuchtet.
Es wagt kein Tier, es wagt kein wilder Mensch,
Den Sänger zu beleid'gen, der sich ganz
Den Göttern, der Begeistrung übergab.

The same thought forms the basic idea of the *Novelle* in which a child's flute playing and singing effect the mastering of a lion. In *Maximen und Reflexionen über Kunst*, he calls music the most dignified of all arts, and he attributes to it the power " to elevate and ennoble everything it expresses." As the logical conclusion of this valuation, he lays down his ideas on musical education. Ferdinand Hiller* calls Goethe a born educationalist, and, indeed, the amount of modern suggestions he has to make in the " Pedagogical Province " of *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* is striking. Music becomes the dominant factor in Goethe's proposed accomplishment of all human faculties. " Among all imaginable things we have selected music as the element of our teaching ; for level roads run out from music towards every side." " Song is the first step in education, all the rest are connected with it, and attained by means of it. The simplest enjoyment, as well as the simplest instruction, we enliven and impress by song." Improvisation, ear training, sight-reading are included in his elaborate scheme of musical education. Instrumental music is not neglected. Special stress is laid on ensemble playing. Here, in *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*, the novel of his old age, Goethe hits on ideas of a general musical education which are put into practice about a hundred years later.

Goethe belongs to the few people who try to take possession of all that life offers, the spiritual as well as the sensuous world. Gundolf† writes : " In his last years Goethe, talking to Wilhelm von Humboldt, once characterised himself as a man who, standing in the centre of a circle, has to work methodically through all its sectors." In this process of absorbing life in all its manifestations, some material or spiritual experiences are turned into symbols and shaped into art.

* Goethes musikalisches Leben.

† F. Gundolf, Goethe.

But not everything he takes in is transformed in this way ; a great deal rouses his intense scientific interest. His imagination, his intuition, are at work, too, when he is engaged in his studies of mineralogy, zoology, geology, physics, history of art, and languages. Again and again he tries to approach music in a scientific way perhaps even more than the other arts because, throughout his life, he has been aware of a discrepancy between the importance he attributes to music as a spiritual power and his inability to appreciate it in its entire greatness. In his lifelong striving after musical understanding, he tries to find the musical adviser, or even the congenial musician. The number of experts, starting with Theodor Breitkopf to André, Kayser, Reichardt, Zelter, and the young Mendelssohn—only to name the most important ones—of whom he expects theoretical enlightenment, is great. He asks Kayser to join him in Rome and clings to his opinions, he forgives Reichardt his sympathy with the French Revolution because he appreciates his musical gift and knowledge, he forms a friendship with Zelter of an unusual intimacy, he welcomes young Felix Mendelssohn as if he expected him finally at the end of his life, to bring him the philosopher's—or better, the musician's—stone.

Goethe's approach to the theoretical side of music comprises studies in acoustics, aesthetics, history. H. J. Moser* has published an essay on Goethe's acoustical research, which is mainly based on the discussion of the nature of "minor" in the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter, and Goethe's so-called *Tonlehre*, which was intended as a supplement to his *Farbenlehre*. Goethe's aesthetic remarks are distributed all over his works. Naturally he is mostly interested in the problems of song and opera, in other words, of those branches of vocal music for which he has written. Relationship between music and word, translation of poetic metre into rhythm—especially that of Klopstock by Gluck—the importance of the word for the quality of music, sacred and profane, vocal and instrumental music, are frequently discussed topics. He struggles with the problem of opera for more than fifty years. He reflects on all opera forms of his time, and writes libretti for all existing types : the German Singspiel, the Italian opera buffa and opera seria, the French opéra comique. The antagonism between Gluckists and Piccinists, the question of the superiority of the recitative of the Italian opera over the spoken dialogue in the Singspiel and the opéra comique rouse his criticism. He takes every opportunity to get to know operas of every type. Hiller's and Dittersdorf's Singspiele, Mozart's Italian and German operas, Pergolesi's intermezzo *La Serva Padrona*, Cimarosa's, Paesello's, Piccini's buffo operas, Hasse's operas in the Italian style, Rousseau's comic opera, are known to him.

He listens to music not only for practical reasons, so to speak *pro domo*, to shed light on a subordinate branch of his poetry. He wants to obtain a picture of musical development in general. History of music interests him as part of the history of human culture. He consults Kayser, he interrogates Zelter constantly, he, the eighty-year-old world-famous poet, urges the twenty-one-year-old Mendelssohn to play him "pieces by all the great composers in chronological order, and then to explain what each of them had done to further the art." In Rome Kayser has to introduce him to Italian church music of the sixteenth century. Palestrina, Marcelli, Allegri become familiar to him. His notes to his translation of Diderot's *Rameaus Neffe* prove

* *Goethe und die musikalische Akustik*, Lilienkron Festschrift, 1910.

his knowledge of French music of the 17th century, especially of Lully and Rameau.

Besides Goethe's appreciation of music and his scientific approach to it, we have to mention another aspect: his productive musical gift. I do not want to dwell upon his often expounded extraordinary onomatopoeic talent, his sensitiveness in the blending of sounds and vowels, the choice of words. Goethe has a unique power of creating rhythms and what one could call latent melodies. They are not existent in themselves, separated from the word, but they often are the primal cause for his poetry. He feels the rhythm, he hums the tune, he hears the sound, and to them he adds the words. In the same way as he applies the practice of the eighteenth century, the so-called "parody," the underlaying of new poems to existing tunes, he "parodies" his own melodies, though mostly unaware of their presence. In *Dichtung und Wahrheit* he speaks of his ability quickly to perceive the intonation of a language, to convert rhythm into movement, but in *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*, the process of his musical poetic production is clearly revealed: "Yet I often feel as if a secret genius were whispering some rhythmic words in my ear; so that in walking I move to musical measure: fancying at the same time that I hear low tones, accompanying some song, which in one way or another has pleasantly risen before me." Who does not recall, when reading this, his *Musensohn*:

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort.
Und nach dem Takte reget,
Und nach dem Mass beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.

There is one other fact which points to Goethe's melodic power. Nature, the Universe, are not silent to him; in dramatic works, his lyric poems, his novels, we find many examples to prove this. His inner hearings do not take the shape of musical melodies, but "his ear perceives the harmony of nature" (*Torquato Tasso*). In *Römische Elegien* he says:

Sternhell glänzet die Nacht,
Sie klingt von weichen Gesängen,

in *Faust I*:

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
In Brudersphären Wettgesang

in *Faust II*:

Horchet, horcht dem Sturm der Horen!
Tönend wird für Geistesohren
Schon der neue Tag geboren.

These quotations could easily be multiplied.

Summing up, one may say that Goethe's eminent gift for rhythm and verse-melody enable him to appreciate the kind of song-writing cultivated in the tradition of the Berlin School of the eighteenth century; but that he lacks understanding of the more complex instrumental forms and of harmony and counterpoint. The late musicologist Max Friedlaender once made the witty remark that Haydn was not aware that he had been Goethe's contemporary for sixty years. One cannot fully reverse the statement, but Goethe, without doubt, has not realised in what an extraordinarily rich and important period of

instrumental music he was living. Goethe has not over-estimated his own judgment and musical ability; he has left that to his biographers. He confesses in a letter to Mrs. Unger in 1796: "I cannot judge music, for I lack the knowledge of its means," and when he discussed with Eckermann his *Reise in die Schweiz*, he said: "You find no word on music, because that was not within my sphere." At the age of seventy-four he wrote to Zelter that he, Zelter, would gradually enable him "to absorb the whole wealth of God's most beautiful revelation." There is one point on which no divergence of opinion is possible: the part his poetry has played in musical composition, especially song-writing. Goethe's lyric has influenced many song-writers for a hundred and fifty years, from Breilkopf to the present day. Through his poetry he brings to life the modern—not strophic—form of song which he himself does not want; he breaks that which he reveres. Without knowing it, he opens the path to modern songs, to the compositions of Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms and Hugo Wolf.

LOUISE W. LEVEN.

THE CHANGING RÔLE OF THE INDIAN PRINCES.

WHEN British power was withdrawn from India in August 1947 the Rulers of the Indian States, whose sovereignty extended over ninety-three million people (twenty-four per cent. of the population) were left theoretically independent. Of the five hundred and sixty-two units whose relations with the Government of India had been defined by treaty, the vast majority fell within the sphere of influence of the Dominion of India. This brought to the surface a problem which had always lain beneath the Nationalist demand for independence. What was to be the position of the Indian States and Rulers in relation to a Nationalist Government? Was it possible for Nationalist leaders to tackle the country's vital economic and social problems on a wide scale whilst more than a quarter of the territory lying nominally within their province remained legally, except for the general application of the theory of paramountcy, outside their jurisdiction? Was it possible for the two sides to co-operate in achieving an efficient centrally controlled administration, or must there ensue a struggle, silent or otherwise, for the mastery of Hindu India?

The Instrument of Accession circulated among the Princes by the Viceroy provided for the accession of each State to the appropriate Dominion on defence, external affairs and communications only, and stated explicitly that the Central Government had no authority for encroaching on internal autonomy in any other matter. The British theory of paramountcy in the relationship of the Crown to its feudatories, first stated as such in principle by Lord Canning in 1861, and subsequently elaborated by Lord Mayo to include the responsibility of the Crown for ensuring the good government of the peoples of the States, had recognised as its counterpart the obligations of the Crown to the States, which included, in a general sense, the continuation of the rights and privileges of the Rulers. But in circulating the Instrument the Viceroy warned the Princes that although they were, theoretically free geographical considerations could not be ignored.

The acceptance of the Instrument by the Princes on August 1st, 1947, provided no conclusive evidence of their viewpoint. It would be fair to say that the majority would have preferred the basis of their relationship with the Central Government to remain unchanged; but it is equally certain that they realised the futility of hoping that it would do so. Political, economic and social developments were making it increasingly clear that they could not hope to stand alone and that British withdrawal from India would not alter the fact that their individual degrees of political independence depended on the goodwill of the Central Government. Whilst the approach of that Government to its functions was in principle judicial rather than reformist the Princes could rely on the constitutional *status quo* remaining untouched; but with the advent to power of a Nationalist Government pledged to radical constitutional reform and economic development changes in the constitutional positions of the Princes became inevitable. The basis of the situation was economic and lay in the gradual integration since the Indian Mutiny of the political divisions of the sub-continent into one economic unit. The development of communications and a customs union, and especially the tendency from subsistence towards money economy in the agriculture of the peninsula by supplying the raw products for industries established in British India, were principal factors in making the rural economy of the States more and more dependent on external markets. Within recent years several Governments of larger States, notably those of Baroda, Mysore, Hyderabad, Travancore and Bhopal, have encouraged industrial development within their borders, but the effect of this policy is towards completing the process of integration. Also, only the larger States possessed the resources necessary to finance a modern administration. An attempt to meet this problem had been made by grouping numbers of small States for specific administrative purposes, but apart from comparatively progressive States like Mysore, Travancore and Baroda, which had good records in isolated aspects of social endeavour, most States remained politically and economically backward. A complicating factor existed in the antipathy of the Princes as a body towards Congress, which they felt represented the disruptive elements in the Indian body politic. State Congress Parties were weak, and in some States had been suppressed from time to time. Nevertheless, on acceptance of the Instrument of Accession twenty-two States, including major States like Mysore, Travancore, Cochin, Baroda and Gwalior, immediately acceded to the Dominion of India. Others followed. Of the major States only Hyderabad remained aloof, the Nizam apparently being ill-advised and influenced by communal considerations.

Among Congressmen the dominating factor was, of course, the influence of Mahatma Gandhi. Few Congressmen actually supported the idea of the States system, and many were vigorously opposed to it, having long counted the Princes among the supporters of British autocracy. Pandit Nehru, in his *Autobiography*,* had remarked on the standards of personal luxury maintained by many Princes and had asked pertinently: "What do they give back for this lavish expense on them?" But Mahatma Gandhi, perhaps because he distrusted the "soullessness" of large-scale economic development on the Western pattern and the emergence of powerful centralised government, had expressed the hope that the Princes would regard themselves

* Published 1935.

as being, in effect, trustees for their subjects,* and at the height of the Civil Disobedience campaigns of the early nineteen-thirties had encouraged a policy of non-intervention in States affairs. On this Pandit Nehru had commented: "My mind travels to Thomas Paine and the phrase he used about Burke nearly a century and a half ago: 'He pities the plumage but forgets the dying bird.' Gandhiji certainly never forgets the dying bird. But why so much insistence on the plumage?"† Nevertheless, the cleavage in ideas was obscured by the paramount need for achieving independence and by the sense of reverence which Mahatma Gandhi's personality roused in the minds of even his critical colleagues, which sometimes led them to support his policies for the sake of unity when their instincts were actually opposed to them. As a result Mr. V. P. Menon, Secretary to the States Ministry, in defining his Government's policy on March 16th, 1948, was able to state that although Rulers would have to part with some privileges they would be accorded, on Gandhi's wish, Princely Order, and there was no intention of exterminating them. At the same time, in spite of the terms of the Instrument of Accession, he made it clear that the States must become integral parts of central machinery.

Following the transfer of power, State Congress Parties began to agitate for the establishment of representative political institutions. The reactions of the Princes and their councils varied, but the majority went some way without procrastination to meet popular demands, at the same time trying to retain control of key subjects like the privy purse, police and external affairs. These conditions proved acceptable to Congress leaders in some States; the Maharaja of Cochin, for example, succeeded in reserving the subjects of police, royal family, family property and Hindu religious institutions. Where they were rejected, however, Rulers differed in degrees of obstinacy in resisting popular demands for full self-government. Leaders of the Mysore State Congress were arrested on September 1st, 1947, after calling for a *satyagraha* in support of their demands. One week later the Maharaja proclaimed details of a new constitution which reserved wide powers to himself. This was refused by the State Congress Party, but a settlement was reached by mid-October. A Constituent Assembly, free to remove any subjects reserved to the Ruler under the previous proclamation, finally commenced work on April 7th, 1948. The Nawab of Bhopal was also persuaded to enlarge on his first offer of reform and finally granted full self-government to his subjects on April 29th, 1948. The Gaekwar of Baroda, however, acted similarly in September 1948, only after being interviewed by Sardar Patel, the States Minister, and Mr. V. P. Menon regarding financial matters affecting the administration of his State.

Meanwhile the States Ministry was engaged on the preparatory work towards bringing the States entirely within the administrative framework of the Central Government. During the first year of independence the five hundred and fifty States and State-groups which were either entirely or partly self-governing, and fell within the sphere of the Dominion of India, were reduced to thirty.

The reorganisation took three main forms. Firstly, two hundred and nineteen States, covering an area of almost eighty-five thousand square miles, with a population of twelve millions, were merged with existing provinces. Bombay Province was augmented by one hundred

* Letter to Mr. N. C. Kelkar, President of the States Subjects' Conference, July 1934.

† *Autobiography*, p. 534.

and seventy-four small States of the Deccan and Gujerat. The fourteen Chhatisgarh States and Makrai were merged with the Central Provinces and Berar. The provinces of Orissa, East Punjab, Bihar and Madras were similarly augmented, although to a lesser extent. It must be emphasised, however, that the groundwork only was completed. For instance, the Deccan and Gujerat States were not actually merged with Bombay Province until May 1949, although all the Rulers had ceded their powers to the Central Government by March 20th, 1948. Nevertheless, in achieving agreement the States Ministry had overcome the chief obstacle and therefrom the problem was primarily administrative.

Secondly, owing to geographical and strategic factors, two centrally administered areas were created. Himachal Pradesh, a union of the Punjab hill States adjoining the Tibetan frontier, was formed on April 15th, 1948. Cutch, on the west coast and Pakistan frontier, which is to be the site of the new port of Kandla, intended as an eventual rival to Karachi, was taken over by the Central Government, in agreement with the Maharao, on June 1st, 1948. Both provinces are now administered by High Commissioners.

Thirdly, six new unions of States were created. Saurashtra was created by the union of two hundred and seventeen Kathiawar States. The Rajput States of Alwar, Dholpur, Bharatpur and Karauli were united in the Matsya Union. The thirty-five Bündelkhand and Baghelkhand States of Central India became the Vindhya Pradesh Union. (The subsequent dissolution of this union is referred to later in this article.) The Union of Rajasthan was formed by ten Rajput States led by Udaipur and Kotah. Remnants of the Mahratta Empire in the major States of Indore and Gwalior, with twenty smaller States of Central India, became the United States of Madhya Bharat. Finally, the seven Sikh States of the East Punjab became the Patiala and East Punjab States Union. Congress Ministries were appointed pending the creation of representative institutions, and the senior Princes of each union were appointed *Rajpramukhs* or *Uparajpramukhs* (presidents or vice-presidents), in some cases for life, in others for initial terms of five years.

Of the States remaining, by May 1st, 1949, Baroda and Kolhapur had merged with Bombay Province, Mayurbhanj with Orissa, Junagadh with the Saurashtra Union, and the four premier Rajput States—Bikaner, Jaipur, Jodhpur and Jaisalmer—with the Union of Rajasthan. Cochin and Travancore are to form a new union. In June it was announced that Bhopal would be administered as a single unit and that the administration of Sikkim, on the Tibetan frontier, would also be taken over. Mysore and Hyderabad will presumably continue as individual units. Hyderabad, following its brief resistance during the autumn of 1948, has been administered by a Government directly responsible to the Government of India. For the rest, only a few small States, like Benares, Cooch-Bihar and the Khasi hill States of Assam, with which special geographical, linguistic or cultural factors are involved, remain to be dealt with. In his progress report dated March 17th, 1949, the States Minister outlined his Government's final objective as being, in effect, the complete constitutional and administrative alignment of the unions with the provinces of former British India.

Much of the legal spadework towards integrating the States within the administrative system of the Central Government has therefore been done. But the work of dividing public from the private property

of the Princes is still incomplete, and is at present being directed by Mr. V. P. Menon. The States Ministry has estimated that the fixation of privy purses of Rulers will save annually twenty million rupees, which will gradually increase for some years as privy purses exceeding one million rupees are to be tenable only for the lifetime of the present-recipients. The individual situations of Princes vary greatly. The Rulers of States still administered as single units retain constitutional positions, as do the senior Princes in the newly constituted unions. Others, including the former Rulers of States merged with provinces, are gradually forming, in effect, a pensioned aristocracy. Further, when defining his Government's policy in March 1948, Mr. V. P. Menon stated that should any Prince die childless the title would not be allowed to lapse; a relative or a citizen of the State or Dominion distinguished by public service would be "raised to the peerage." More than five hundred Princes have given up their powers and prerogatives, creating the problem of absorbing the majority into useful employment. The Government of India is reported to be compiling a list of former Rulers, showing details of their individual qualifications. Some may be absorbed in the administrative, executive and diplomatic services. The Maharaja of Bhavnagar was appointed Governor of Madras on August 13th, 1948, and the Jamsahib of Nawanagar, *Rajpramukh* of the Saurashtra Union, has represented the Dominion of India as a delegate to the United Nations General Assembly. Two Princes already hold general's rank in the Indian Army. Also, there is nothing to prevent those Princes who do not hold official positions from taking up politics as a career, and some may eventually do so.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that Nationalist leaders are deliberately aiming at transforming the Princes as a body into a class similar in outward respects to the British peerage. This may have been visualised as offering the best hope of compromise between the views of Mahatma Gandhi and those of the Congress left-wing faction. But whatever the merits and demerits of the Government's policy, there can be no doubt that it is creating a subject for political dispute of an importance reaching beyond the domestic sphere. The situation is by no means stable. One of the causes of present dissatisfaction with Congress leadership and the support being attracted by left-wing parties like the Socialist Party of India, the Socialist Republican Party and the Desh Sewak Party of the East Punjab, besides the Communist Party of India and the Revolutionary Communist Party, is the Government's failure to destroy the Princes as a class. Of equal importance is the failure to create honest and efficient administrations within the new unions. Until the practice of self-government in its full sense has encouraged the growth of a traditional sense of political and administrative responsibility, nepotism and other forms of official dishonesty will continue. In April 1949 the administration of the Vindhya Pradesh Union was taken over by the States Ministry, the charges against the union ministers including nepotism, questionable commercial deals, tampering with official records and the forcible ejectment of tenants, and the misuse of public money. Parts of the union were later merged with the Central Provinces and Berar and the rest with the United Provinces. On May 7th, 1949, speaking at Indore, Sardar Patel complained of irresponsibility and rivalries among Congress politicians in the States, and added: "Many people seem to regard their being inside the Congress not as an opportunity to do

constructive work among the people and to serve them but as a stepping-stone to power. They run after Ministries as bees do after a drop of honey." The senior Princes, filling constitutional positions in the unions, can play a valuable part in promoting the general acceptance of high standards of official conduct. But how the Princes as a class fit into the general fabric of Indian society will probably depend on political developments and upon the success or failure of Congress to retain its hold on the reins of government.

MARK FINLEY.

P.S.—Uniform relationships of the States and States Unions to the Central Government is unlikely to be determined until constitutional details have been settled by the Indian Constituent Assembly—to which several States Unions have relegated the necessary powers—and have passed into law. Meanwhile, together with other developments of comparatively minor importance, the administrative union of Cochin and Travancore proceeds apace—they were formally united on July 1st—and the States comprising the Matsya Union are being incorporated in the great Union of Rajasthan.—M.F.

THE ISLES OF SHETLAND.

ALTHOUGH comparatively little known to travellers from the south, the Isles of Shetland form an interesting link between the mainland of Scotland, the Isles of Faroe and the Arctic. The distance from London to the north of Unst is something approaching a thousand miles, but the journey via Inverness is not unduly tedious. From there, an aeroplane flies to the Shetland mainland, and Lerwick, twenty-five miles distant by road from the airport, is reached by omnibus. From Lerwick the passage to Unst, the most northerly of the islands, is, by the west route, by road and ferry; on the east coast the *Earl of Zetland* plies alternate days between Lerwick and Balta Sound. He who will may travel from London by sea to Aberdeen, and thence by the Pentland Firth to Shetland, but such an expedition is reserved for the very brave.

If the urge is strong to visit islands, the Shetlands offer a contrast to the south sufficiently varied to suggest foreign travel; a character unfamiliar enough to provide the traveller with a sense of adventure; conditions and surroundings scarcely to be found elsewhere in Great Britain. "If the Shetlands are much less known they have at all events escaped the damage of superficial and generally fake enthusiasm," writes Hugh MacDiamid in his *Islands of Scotland*. Comparatively little has been written about them. The traveller is free to form and to correct his own impressions. As has been said, in some respects they resemble a foreign country. Their Viking traditions, their Norse and Scandinavian blood, make the people more akin in thought, outlook and appearance to the northern countries, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, than to Great Britain. It is said that should the Shetlander seek union with any country other than Great Britain it would be with one of these. His speech, unintelligible if heard casually by a stranger, although not strictly a dialect, creates an impression peculiar to itself, suggestive of the north, and containing many words of Norse origin and derivation. Resembling (we are told) Lowland Scotch, it is interspersed with many *Norn* words and

phrases, with a distinctly Scandinavian accentuation and pronunciation. So wrote Dr. Jakobsen, the Faroese philologist in 1800. The people modify their speech to a stranger, and, on the whole, I noticed that it was easier to understand in the north than in the south and west, where they seemed to speak more rapidly. But their own tongue, spoken among themselves, is incomprehensible to a stranger, and at a village entertainment at Balta Sound I understood but one word of the recitation by a local artist.

The Shetlands consist of a group of islands due north of the Orkneys, Fair Isle lying between the two archipelagos. The largest of them, the mainland, possesses the only two towns upon the islands, Lerwick, the capital, on the east, Scalloway to the west. Of the other islands, Yell, Fetlar and Unst are the chief. Many of the names of the smaller islands and the waterways between them suggest a Norse derivation and affinity. Geographically, also, they resemble Scandinavia in many respects, with their irregular coastline and innumerable small islands. The Atlantic seaboard is especially wild and rugged. Some of the highest cliffs in Britain are to be found on the mainland and on Unst. The country is undulating, the highest hill, Ronas, on the west, being only 1,400 feet. The scenery is varied, with wild moors of peat and heather, grassy uplands and splendid cliffs. The absence of trees is a marked characteristic. On Unst there is a small wood but, except for occasional small groups of elder or plane, the islands, as far as I could judge, are practically treeless.

Lerwick, the capital of the Shetlands, combines the modern with the old in building as in spirit. The main street, running parallel to the sea, suggests a foreign town, with its paved roadway and medley of buildings; steep streets climbing the hillside; narrow passages running between the houses towards the sea. The harbour, protected to the east by the Isle of Bressay, is a meeting place for ships of all nations, chiefly trawlers with their cargoes of fish. In the herring season hundreds of Shetland women are employed in cleaning and packing the fish, and in due course follow the industry southwards into southern ports of Great Britain. Balta Sound in Unst, and Scalloway to the west of the mainland of Shetland, once shared the herring trade with Lerwick, which now holds the monopoly.

Lerwick is also the clearing station for the "hosiery"—the Shetland knitting industry. Women from remote corners of the isles bring their goods to the hosiery shops, where are displayed samples of what is probably the most remarkable knitting in the world, certainly the most beautiful. The typical Shetland patterns differ from those of Fair Isle in that they are usually of blended shades of natural wool; whereas the Fair Isle knitters use vegetable dyes to obtain their vivid colours. The theory that their patterns are of Spanish origin, taught to the islanders by the survivor of a wrecked galleon, is probably without foundation; the industry is likely to be of far more remote origin. Many of the designs are traditional, and I was interested to compare some used by Indian knitters in British Columbia with those of Shetland, and to be told that there is a similarity between them. The days when the earnings of the workers were meagre are past. A knitting syndicate assures that fixed and fair prices are paid for what, in design and craftsmanship, are real works of art. Spinning, unfortunately, has become almost a lost craft. On the island of Papa Stour, to the west, a woman demonstrated her art to me on her own wheel, with wool raised on the croft, but as a rule it is now spun

in local mills. The wool is pulled from the sheep, not shorn. It is longer and of a finer texture than that from southern breeds.

Hugh MacDiamid mentions as characteristic of the way of life of the Shetlanders that their dwellings tend to be isolated rather than communal. This is, in many cases, true. Usually each "croft" stands alone, the crops grown in the mediæval method of "strip" cultivation, divided by ditches, in spring gay with iris, forget-me-nots, sorrel and imported mimulus. But in some places, as for instance at Sandness on the west, many of the houses cluster together along the line of the hill down which run the cultivated strip fields. With a climate of cold winds, driving rain and mist, summer nights which are never dark, winter days when twilight begins in early afternoon, Shetland is, nevertheless, a land of vivid colour and enchanting clarity of atmosphere, splendid sunsets, with sea often as blue as the Mediterranean. The houses are not the least picturesque feature of the landscape. Within, they often retain their settles and primitive "built-in" beds, but the open hearth is frequently replaced by an ugly if efficient black stove, which unites the purposes of cooking and heating, being specially designed for burning peat, which, in the absence of coal, the islands being practically treeless, is the main fuel. Each croft has the right to cut peat on the moors; it is brought down on the backs of Shetland ponies, and in summer picturesque processions of ponies and foals may be seen plying between the peat cuttings and the crofts. In spite of simplicity the houses present a high degree of comfort. Felt roof-covers have in many cases superseded thatch, and I was interested in one or two instances to see an upturned boat used to roof a shed, possibly reminiscent of the ancient "cruck" framework which has been described as "the boat-shaped type of house."

Unfortunately, many of the traditional customs and ways of life are dying out. Only the older women wear the black dress with a shawl over the head, the last remnant of the native costume. Since the last war the introduction of good roads, motor transport, electric light, and aeroplane services between Lerwick and the south has changed life for the Shetlander, although he still retains his characteristic simplicity and self-sufficiency. Lerwick and Scalloway being the only towns on the islands, with few attractions of cinema or dance hall, the villagers perforce amuse themselves, often driving miles to whist drives, village concerts and dances, though they do not seem dependent on such diversions. Their evident contentment and cheerfulness, in spite of hard lives and an adverse climate, are marked characteristics of the Shetlanders, and although many of the younger people tend to leave in search of wider experience, the love of "home" is retained by those who have travelled far.

The Shetlander is essentially a sailor with a croft, as, in contrast, the Orcadian is a farmer with a boat. Whaling and trawling take him far from home, although few of the older men and women leave the isles. The men boast that they are as much (or more) at home in a boat than on land. And they have need of their seamanship. The storms which batter the seaboard of Shetland are fierce beyond description; for days, even weeks, such islands as Foula and Fair Isle are inaccessible; in June I had to wait for several days before crossing even the narrow straits between Sandness and Papa Stour, or Mousa and the mainland. The west coast is subject to the full force of the Atlantic gales, and even in more sheltered places tides and waves make ordinary seamanship impossible in a gale or a high wind. But on a

fine day, such as that on which I visited Foula, a crossing of some twenty-two miles, the smooth water was mottled with splashes of deep sapphire, the harsh peaks of Foula seen through a veil of blue mist were reminiscent of Etna.

A visitor to Shetland is scarcely conscious of being a "foreigner"; should his looks betray him it is but reason for the greater kindness and courtesy of his hosts. "I love strangers," said an old woman to me, only last year. A traveller is treated by the Shetlanders with a friendliness at once charming and helpful. He can never, figuratively or literally, lose his way among so friendly a people. Someone is always at hand to help. Let him show himself on coming, and the Shetlander is his friend, giving of his best, both of hospitality and conversation, always with the fine manners which are characteristic of the isles. In Unst I was entertained in the most northerly house in Great Britain, a poor croft, yet my hostess graced it with manners which would not have shamed a duchess, her daughter, meanwhile preparing tea, talking of her own and my affairs with a kindly interest but no undue curiosity. This hospitality is given always. The hosts neither expect nor would receive payment: their behaviour implies that the favour is bestowed by the guest rather than by themselves.

The natural history of Shetland is of peculiar interest. Whales and Atlantic seals are frequently to be seen close inshore, and a variety of birds make the islands a paradise for the ornithologist. Shetland boasts of no less than three "gannetries," one close by Muckle Flugga, off the most northerly point of Unst, and two to the north-west. The great skua is to be seen there as well as on Foula. I watched the lovely flight and dive of the Arctic tern at Balta Sound; puffins, oyster-catchers and many kinds of gulls are common. Once the white-tailed eagle frequented the north coast, as well as the Atlantic owl.

Mention has been made of the clearness of the atmosphere: the purity of the air, as well as the soil, may, in some measure, account for the size of the flowers. *Mimulus*, imported from North America, grows to some three or four feet in height, and the flowers are larger than in the south; the Shetland *Eyebright* is a handsome plant; I found *Grass of Parnassus* in the west, and *Silene Acaulis* on the hills at Balta Sound, although I did not see it in flower; *Pinguicula* was common in several places in the west and south, and I was told that *Saxifraga oppositifolia* grew at Fitful Head. *Primula Scotica* is absent from Shetland although growing sparsely in Orkney and profusely in the north of Scotland.

Both Orkney and Shetland possess remarkable archæological remains. In Shetland, relics of the Bronze Age are numerous; but the majority of dilapidated a condition for detailed study, although a few are in a good state of preservation and well worth inspection. I found two well-preserved *cists* on the hills above Balta Sound, but the cairns under which they had been buried were in a ruinous condition. Some chambered tombs exist, though few are sufficiently preserved to show the type. Unfortunately only meagre finds have come to light. The most outstanding samples of pre-historic architecture are the *brochs* or towers, of which numbers in varying degrees of preservation are scattered from end to end of the islands. The two most perfect examples are at Mousa in the west, and Clickhimin, near Lerwick, the first being the specimen of this form

of prehistoric tower upon which technical descriptions are usually based. No less than 197 brochs are included in the *Inventory of Monuments in Orkney and Shetland*. They are not found in any other area except Scotland, the greatest number being in Orkney and Shetland, though they extend as far south as the Scottish border. To quote from the *Inventory*: "We are probably safe in supposing that the brochs may have come into being some centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, while the outbuildings, if not necessarily the towers themselves, may have continued to be inhabited for several centuries thereafter." As to their purpose, "it is probably easiest to suppose that the towers were not designed as permanent fortified residences but rather as places of refuge to which the inhabitants could retire when danger threatened. The need for commanding look-out points in disturbed times might also help to explain the height to which the walls were evidently carried."

Space forbids a detailed description of these unique buildings. I will therefore epitomise from the account to which I have already referred in the *Inventory*. "The feature common to all (brochs) was the idea of double walls with a lintelled interspace or 'gallery,' evidently a structural device rather than an arrangement to protect the inhabitants, whereby the problem of raising the tower of dry masonry to the height of some 40 or 50 feet without scaffolding was solved at successive levels. A series of platforms binding the two walls together was introduced, and slabs were laid on the platform, between and resting on the wall-heads, until the gap round the circumference had been filled. The slabs tied the walls together. The outer wall had always a considerable barter in the lower section, but the inner wall was usually vertical. In many cases, clusters of huts belonging to different periods lie round about the brochs." Within the circular lower chamber are oval cells built in the thickness of the wall. For further details of these buildings the reader is referred to the *Inventory* already mentioned, published by the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments, Scotland.

The most famous group of prehistoric buildings in the islands is that of Yarlshof, a site comprising those of the Bronze and Iron Ages, the Viking period, mediæval and modern houses, all within a small area lying to the extreme south of the mainland of Shetland. It exemplifies the interesting fact that often successive generations of builders tend to build on or near the same inhabited site. For example, I found an *earth house* below the bank of a modern farmhouse on Bressay Island. In Yarlshof Bronze Age dwellings with walls several feet in height are grouped round a central court, out of which opens a series of chambers separated by radial walls, each chamber backed by a flat stone, set upright. Close by is a ruined broch with circular dwellings in close proximity. The Viking houses are of special interest. Foundations and the remains of a few walls serve to show the type and size of the buildings, which were oblong, with a *stofa* or living room, and a kitchen or *eldhus* separated by a partition wall. They probably belong to the 9th century A.D.

One can hardly conclude more aptly than in the words of Hugh MacDiarmid in his already mentioned *Islands of Scotland*. "The spirit of the Shetlands," he tells us, "is not easily or speedily apprehended; one must accustom oneself patiently to a different aspect of the world, a different rhythm of life, before one can fully understand how its variations from what we have been used to are counterbalanced by its

own essential qualities. The lack of ostentatious appearances, the seeming bareness and reserve, make the Shetlands insusceptible of being readily or quickly understood; one must steep oneself in them, let them grow upon one, to savour them properly. It is a splendid discipline."

EVELYN V. CLARK.

A POLISH PRINCE.

THE life of King Stanislas Leszczynski is a story of sudden, unexpected changes and fantastic adventures. When the boy, born in 1677, appeared for the first time in 1697 on the political scene, only a morbid dreamer could have foretold his future reputation in glories as well as in miseries. He belonged to a wealthy and important Polish family, but by no means one of the richest and the oldest. Besides his personal charm, his ready wit, and his ability to get along with people, he seemed to have no outstanding qualities to distinguish him from a crowd of adventurous youths of the two main political parties then about to start a contest for the heritage of King Jan Sobieski. He was well educated, had studied law, and spoke as well as wrote French, Latin and Italian. But it was about all that could be said of him. His career opened dramatically when he had the good luck of charming, by his ready wit and his ability of conciliating dissenting parties, the hero of his time. Very soon he and Charles XII became bosom friends. "*L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux. . .*" When James Sobieski was captured by the Saxons and Alexander refused both to profit by his brother's misfortune and to oppose Augustus II, the Swedish Napoleon took a sudden decision: Leszczynski will be *his* viceroy of Poland. In 1704 he had his friend duly elected the royal president of the unruly republic, for life, as was the custom.

The situation of Leszczynski was very precarious indeed: everything depended on his friend's final and decisive victory over Russia. It was perhaps prophetic that Stanislas was crowned with a diadem so hastily forged that it had to be remade immediately after the ceremony: it was already falling to pieces. He had enough ability and energy to be an excellent monarch in any well-ordered, smoothly functioning state, but the burden of the Polish crown in time of a civil war was too heavy a ballast for him; he could carry it only as long as he had the support and protection of his genius-friend. The battle of Poltava was a severe set-back for Charles, painful but not irretrievable; it proved to be a catastrophe for Stanislas. When the Turks did not fulfil their promises, Charles had to go back to Sweden, never to return: in 1714, Stanislas had to abdicate. Everybody then believed he would fall into oblivion for ever. For the next ten years he kept on wandering throughout Western Europe, chased by his Saxon rival from one place to another. Eventually he settled in France, living almost in want, harmless and forgotten; he did not expect much from life and as a sign of resignation started writing his memoirs as well as the main work of his life: that on the reform of the Government in Poland advocating re-establishment of balance between "*majestatem et libertatem*." When he was forty-eight, events proved that this was not a conclusion but only a prologue.

In 1725 a lucky coincidence in addition to a court intrigue resulted

in the marriage of his daughter, Mary, to the young Louis XV, seven years her junior. The elderly dethroned King of Poland becomes father-in-law of the most powerful monarch in Europe. He is again in the limelight, envied by all the courts, especially by that of St. Petersburg. Slowly his political ambitions revive, at the same time that the growing Louis XV becomes more and more aware that he has committed a misalliance. So when Augustus II dies, the young king decides that he would like to have for his wife a daughter of a genuine sovereign and for his father-in-law not *le roi Stanislas* but *le roi de Pologne*. Encouraged by Chauv lin, in spite of the opposition of Cardinal Fleury, he decides to set his father-in-law back on the Polish throne; Stanislas cannot resist this offer. Disguised as a coachman, the gentleman of fifty-six rushes through Germany and suddenly appears in Warsaw. His genuine popularity plus French money cause him to be elected king, virtually unanimously, not a very frequent example in the history of his country. "*Stanislas   l'instant vint, parut et fut roi . . .*" wrote Voltaire later.

The so-called War of the Polish Succession which ensued had, eventually, very little to do with the interests of Leszczynski; he was driven, meanwhile, from Warsaw to Danzig and had to flee from the besieged Danzig to Koenigsberg, where he met the young Crown Prince who was to become Frederick the Great. His Polish throne was lost for the second time. At the end of the war the French felt that, after all, their honour was involved and resolved to make no peace unless their candidate was compensated. They asked the Duchies of Bar and Lorraine for him in return for his resignation of the throne of Poland. Such an arrangement not only seemed to satisfy the honour of France but also would bring her substantial advantages: the only heir of Stanislas was his daughter Mary, and therefore after his death both Duchies must go in absolute sovereignty to France. Austria agreed to this solution in exchange for France's acknowledgment of the validity of the Pragmatic Sanction. It was also agreed that Stanislas should keep the title of King of Poland with whatever precedence that secured for him. By this means he remained king *honoris causa* and became again viceroy, this time of his son-in-law, in Lorraine.

In 1737 Stanislas took possession of his new government and immediately turned over most of the actual administration of his Duchies to a French *Intendant*. All that he reserved for himself was to supplement the activities of his *Intendant* in three fields: public works, public education and social welfare. His motto being "*Un roi n'a besoin pour sa gloire que d'etre aim  de ses peuples*," he tried to do his best to ensure the happiness of his subjects. His misfortunes matured him and revealed in him his reflective, philosophical qualities. For almost thirty years he reigned over Lorraine, one of the happiest and most prosperous eras in the history of that province. A bad soldier, he proved to be a very good administrator.

He was allowed by the French Government an income of two million *livres*; the sum was not large for one who was expected to display the state of a sovereign prince, but under his prudent care it was more than enough. In all Europe there was no court so well ordered. There was no waste, there was no plundering. He was perhaps the only monarch of his generation who was never in debt and never in need of money. His was a model court. Relatively moderate as was his income, he built extensively and in good taste and turned Nancy

into a beautiful city ; he also helped to embellish Lunéville, Bar, Pont-à-Mousson, Commercy and practically all principal localities of Lorraine. He constructed not only several splendid palaces and churches but also hospitals and schools, founded his little Académie at Nancy, and endowed richly the first public library of Lorraine. Over all the territories under his sovereignty he organised a network of hospitals and dispensaries. He set up a hospital for infirm veterans, his little *Hôtel des Invalides*, and appointed five councillors to give free legal advice to the poor. During the years 1737-66 Lorraine underwent a period of considerable economic development, and both the king and his *intendant* La Galazière, in their liberal attitude to economic matters, were the forerunners of Turgot. He founded a *Bourse de Secours* to help merchants in distress, lending them up to 10,000 francs for as long as three years at an interest of 2½ per cent. He provided Lorraine with a system of free schools, opened a Medical Academy, and endowed it with a Botanical Garden. An excellent School of Cadets was established by him in 1737 ; several brilliant French as well as Polish officers of the coming generation were graduates of that School.

With all his good deeds he always managed to maintain the splendour of his position, but for him splendour spelled simplicity. When a gentleman in the employ of the former Duke of Lorraine applied to Stanislas for a similar position, the new monarch asked him : " What was your office ? " " I was master of ceremonies," replied the gentleman. " Alas," said the king, " I never allow anyone to make a reverence before me." But there was nothing other worldly in the life of this *philosophe bienfaisant*, no undue platonism in the choice of his pleasures : besides good books and comfortable palaces, he loved fine food and wine as well as Rubens women of the type of Marquise de Boufflers. He refused to have a master of ceremonies but he always, to his last days, kept an official mistress, even at the time when he stood no more in need of one ; having an official mistress was fashionable and he was always a man of fashion. She shared his epicurean tastes and well deserved the popular epitaph which she composed for herself :

Ci git dans un paix profonde
 Cette dame de volupté
 Qui pour plus grande sureté
 Fit son paradis dans ce monde.

Although well satisfied with his new position, extremely popular with his subjects, often visited by the leading members of the European *Parnasse*, he never gave up entirely his hopes of regaining the throne of Poland. Many things he did in Lorraine he was doing *sub rosa* for his native country ; Lorraine was for him only a jumping-off place for Poland. The archives of Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Dresden, Warsaw and Constantinople are full of correspondence and reports concerning his diplomatic activities during the years 1737-66. Even if he became a *philosophe bienfaisant*, it was to a certain extent because of the urge to impress upon his far-away countrymen what a perfect king they had lost as a result of foreign interventions. His books were designed primarily for his mother country. During the twenty-nine years of his reign in Lorraine, at least three times he was ready to disguise himself again as a coachman or merchant and fly to Poland to reassert his forlorn rights, supported by France or by Prussia or both. Thus it was at the beginning of the first Silesian War in 1740 ;

thus again during the Seven Years War in 1756. Even when he was eighty-six, after the death of his second-rival, Augustus III, in 1763, he was still hoping that his son-in-law and his supposed friend, Frederick II, would accord their support to his overdue claims. "*Qui a bu, boira. . .*" For the French policy as well as for Frederick, he served always only as a scarecrow in respect to Russia, Austria, and to Saxony. They never treated his claims seriously but constantly kept him in cold storage. So he remained a permanent pretender, the prototype of a Polish *émigré*, forerunner of a long series of exiles forced to leave their country after each successive national defeat. Philosopher by temperament as well as by necessity, he vainly tried to use his writings as an instrument for reconquering power. Though he failed in this task he greatly influenced the movement for political and social reform in Poland, the movement which found eventually its climax in the Constitution of May 3rd, 1791.

Stanislas had always a scholarly leaning, which developed remarkably in later life. He loved to talk philosophy with men of learning, and wrote essays on political and economic matters and on the proper conduct of kings. From the beginning the little court of Lunéville became a favourite resort for men of letters who found in him a hospitable as well as an intelligent entertainer. Montesquieu, Hénault, and Helvétius visited him frequently, and Voltaire made long stays there. He was open minded and thirsty for knowledge; one of his frequent sayings was: "*Le moyen le plus ordinaire de se consoler de son ignorance, c'est de croire inutile tout ce qu'on ne sait pas.*" His natural eagerness to learn, in connection with constant intercourse with the best minds of contemporary Europe, gradually developed his reflective qualities, and he set to systematic writing himself.

His main work is a book written in Polish and published at Nancy in 1737. A French edition appeared in 1749 under the title *La Voix Libre du Citoyen ou Observations sur le Gouvernement de Pologne*. Here he discussed the reforms necessary to re-establish order and prosperity in his native country by strengthening the power of the crown and abolishing serfdom. Eager to eradicate anarchy he was definitely opposed to absolutism. At the same time, he proved a forerunner of the Physiocrats.

What makes our fortunes and creates our estates if not farmers? They give us our bread by ploughing the soil in order to extract from it our necessities. From their labour comes the wealth of the state and only what they sell to us can we export; from their toil comes our comfort. They bear the brunt of taxation and provide us with recruits as well as do for us all heavy work. . . . Our present attitude toward them is not only immoral but contrary to good policy. The common people are the very foundation of our Republic because they carry the burden of its maintenance. . . .

Therefore landlords should

. . . grant land to their peasants in exchange for a rent, all that in addition to full personal freedom . . . ; by this means [the landlords] would get more profit from the land than they used to get from it [under the *Corvée* system]. . . . Let us encourage agriculture: it is a truth that cannot be repeated too often because agriculture is the first source of our wealth and the foundation of prosperity of empires.

To what extent did his opinions influence the Physiocrats and especially those of Quesnay? The first of Quesnay's writings, in his contributions to the *Encyclopédie* entitled *Fermiers* and *Grains*, were

published only in 1766, i.e. twenty-three years after the appearance of the work of Leszczynski in Polish and seven years after its first publication in French. The second French edition of *La Voix Libre* . . . appeared in 1753, which means still three years before the articles of Quesnay. The year 1763 saw the appearance of the collected works of Leszczynski and the next year brought the third edition of *La Voix Libre*. . . . The books of King Stanislas were among the most popular works not only in his native country but in contemporary France. In October 1763 Grimm wrote to Diderot regarding the *Oeuvres du Philosophe Bienfaisant* :

The different works of King Stanislas of Poland have just been published in four thick volumes. . . . All the best items of this collection have been well known to the public for a long time ; others appear for the first time. The work on the Government of Poland, which has been known for over twelve years under the title *La Voix Libre du Citoyen* fills the first two volumes. . . .

As the *Tableau Economique* of Quesnay was published in 1758, there cannot be any doubt of his being, at least indirectly, influenced by the opinions of the King.

In 1750-51 the polemics between Stanislas and Rousseau created a sensation in the intellectual world. As a protector of arts and sciences he took strong exception to the sophistical essay of Rousseau, *Si l'établissement des sciences et des arts a contribué à épurer les mœurs*, which had just received a prize from the Academy of Dijon. His reply, *Réponse au discours qui a remporté le prix* . . . was widely read and commented on all over Europe. Rousseau in spite of his motto :

Moi, fier républicain que blesse arrogance,
Du riche impertinent je méprise l'appui. . . .

showed by his courtly attitude that "being criticised by a monarch is almost equal to praise." In his reply the king tried to repudiate the thesis of Rousseau by exposing his unhistorical method of thinking and his neglect of examples of the past. Arts and sciences are a blessing of humanity. Most of the great thinkers and scholars of antiquity were examples of simplicity, virtue, and modesty. Not arts and sciences but their abuses do harm to humanity. Abuse may warp anything : piety turn into hypocrisy, religion into superstition, physics into atheism. Shall we destroy all vineyards because of the intemperance of a few fools ? Thought is not a disease of the flesh but its finest product. Arts and sciences have helped men to find what is beautiful, true, and useful. By his sophistic arguments Rousseau abused his literary talents to mislead minds simpler than himself.

Rousseau replied by his *Réponse au Roi de Pologne*, which he called in his *Confessions* one of the best things he ever wrote. He was obviously flattered by these polemics with a monarch and tried to get away by a compliment and a new piece of sophistry.

There is in Europe a great prince, wrote Rousseau, more than that, a great citizen, who has made happy the country which he had adopted by establishing many institutions devoted to the arts and sciences. By this means he does things worthy of his wisdom and his virtue. . . .

To that compliment worthy of a courtier rather than of a sage, a compliment which seems to contradict his point of view, he adds another piece of sophistry : "One should destroy everything which causes more harm than good," continued Rousseau, "but this does not imply destruction of all libraries and universities in Europe. It

would plunge our civilisation into a state of crude barbarism and moral degradation. Arts and sciences have become a sort of incurable disease which can be, at best, only controlled. Let us then mellow the ferocity of men by the very thing which has corrupted them. Arts and sciences have warped human minds and souls for good, and only a gigantic revolution could remove them ; such a revolution is a peril as much to fear as the very evil itself." Despite this battle of words the relations between the King and Rousseau remained friendly, and the former often showed kindness to the philosopher of Geneva.

The relations with Frederick the Great had more of a political character. They met at Koenigsberg in 1735, when Stanislas, who had just escaped from Danzig, enjoyed the hospitality of Frederick William I. The Crown Prince charmed Leszczynski by his brilliant mind ; the Polish king pleased because he was sponsored by Versailles and, at that time, everything with a French flavour appealed to Frederick. Such was the origin of relations kept up in spite of varying circumstances during more than thirty years. Leszczynski was one of the first to salute the coming to the throne of another philosopher king and never ceased hoping for his political support. Disappointment came later after Frederick refused to introduce any changes in his *Anti-Machiavel* and to modify his severe judgment on Charles XII and Leszczynski. Their friendship was also strained by the quarrel centering around the person of Voltaire. Both monarchs were anxious to have him stay at their respective courts. Voltaire was enough of an epicurean to prefer twice, in 1748 and 1749, the gay and hospitable Lunéville to the dreary *Sans-Souci*. Refusing to remain longer at Potsdam, he used to give as a pretext the absorbing friendship of Madame du Châtelet, who never wanted to go there. Thus a woman took revenge on behalf of her sex, and helped to humiliate that women-hater in the eyes of Europe, which watched with keen interest the competition of the two crowned sages for the "*Virgil of France*." For years they eyed each other jealously, each eager to get reports of activities of the other. In spite of that rivalry and several instances of disloyalty, Stanislas kept a soft spot in his heart for Frederick whom he always inclined to remember only as a youth, refusing to see all the changes which took place in him. In his bedroom he preserved the picture of the young Crown Prince he had met in 1735.

The death of King Stanislas in 1766 was sincerely and profoundly mourned by his subjects. This cannot be said of many contemporary sovereigns. Despite his lively interest in the intellectual movement of the Enlightenment and his intimate relations with Voltaire and Helvétius, he always remained a kind of Christian stoic. His attitude to life is best reflected in two of his favourite sayings :

Le plus sûr moyen de vivre heureux est de se renfermer en soi-même, pour mieux apprendre à se connaître. . . .

Chercher à rendre heureux les autres, n'est-ce pas travailler encore à son propre bonheur ? Les bienfaits sont le seul trésor qui s'accroisse à mesure qu'on le partage.

His cynical friend, Voltaire, paid an eloquent tribute to his self-controlled, stoic attitude by writing on a copy of the *Henriade* which he dedicated to his royal host :

Le ciel, comme Henri, voulut vous éprouver,
La bonté, la valeur, à tous deux fut commune,
Mais son bonheur, enfin, fit changer la fortune,
Que votre vertu sut braver.

Leszczynski was neither a man of action, nor a leader of men. Unable to influence the fate of his native country by his doings he tried to prepare the reform of its system by his political writings and by the example of good, thrifty management of the Duchies of Lorraine and Bar. He was a striking confirmation of Bernard Shaw's saying: "He who can—acts, he who cannot—writes." A happy mixture of a rather gallant prince and an honest bourgeois he is still remembered by the people of Lorraine as "*le bon roi Stanislas*" and a *Maecenas*, a prince benevolent and enlightened without ever attempting to play the despot.

M. K. DZIEWANOWSKI.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

"PEACE, PLENTY AND FREEDOM"

THE challenge sent out to the world by President Truman when he raised the banner of "a world-wide effort for the achievement of peace, plenty and freedom" was interesting as an illustration of the uses of adversity. Had the world not been plunged in disorder, bereft in some measure of life's material necessities and menaced by encroaching tyranny, there would have been no call for such heroics. President Truman launched his slogan in the course of the Inaugural Address he delivered to Congress on January 20th last, when he formulated his "four points" in a campaign for world recovery, economic and general. Seven months later, on August 31st last, Mr. Bevin, leaving Southampton with Sir Stafford Cripps for the Washington financial talks, described what was afoot as "one of the greatest problems that has faced us since the war," defined the problem as that of "building up trust, confidence, trade, exchange and security," and observed that the solution to be sought would "give to all peoples peace and prosperity."

During the intervening seven months the situation had generally and badly deteriorated; the ideals of peace, prosperity and freedom had receded into a dim background; and many bewildered people the world over were speculating on the chance of a third world war or of a major financial and industrial slump. Nerves were showing the effects of wear. The Council of Europe had begun its adventure in Strasbourg. The Washington Conference, confined primarily to the dollar-sterling protagonists, namely to the United States, Canada and Great Britain, was in immediate prospect. Both in Strasbourg and in those political circles on both sides of the Atlantic where reference was made to the impending talks in Washington, hopes were pitched high, and an easy play was made—perhaps too easy—of the ideals and yearnings that lay so near to the heart of ordinary men and women. The hard-boiled practitioners in the business of politics, whether executive politicians or theorising students, grimly harped upon the thesis that the Atlantic shores of what we used to call the Old and the New World gave the clue, the only clue, to a solution of what Mr. Bevin, as quoted above, called one of the "greatest problems" that has faced us since the war. In other words the type of mind that is commonly regarded as realist held firmly to the principle—for which there was obviously much to be said—that if the United States and Canada on the one side of the Atlantic, and Britain (linked with the British Commonwealth), the sterling countries and the countries of Western

Europe on the other could "get together," both in the sense of a firm and organised front against communist aggression, as provided for in the Atlantic Pact, and in the sense of economic and financial co-operation and exchange: if that could be the result of the Washington talks then the great problem, so far at any rate as its immediate challenge was concerned, would indeed be in a fair way to solution.

The hopes were given an added spur by the urgent need of a solution; for the general scene contained too many of the all too familiar portents of major disorder. In the months of August and September nerves are traditionally sensitive. August 1914 and September 1939 stand as symbols to many minds of that danger point where, the harvests being gathered in, the feckless aggressor is sure of his food for the winter, and equally sure (despite all experience) that he will need only one winter for his purpose. When therefore the traditionally symptomatic "Balkans" began boiling, the said nerves began jumping. Reports of Russian troop movements on the Hungarian, Rumanian and Bulgarian borders of Yugoslavia, even if they could be talked down as routine manoeuvres timed to play their part in the war of nerves, certainly had their effect on Western nerves. On the other hand the Greek success in driving the communist forces from the Grammos area on to the Albanian border no doubt added irritation to Moscow's nerves, already strained by Tito's defiance. There was evidence, too, in the form of another savage purge of Czech rebels, that Moscow's satellites in Prague were on edge. Further afield the sense of disorder was equally inflamed. The authorities in South Korea made a sudden request for immediate American help in arms and equipment against an expected attack from Moscow's puppets in North Korea. The communists in South China advanced in a wide arc to within 100 miles of Canton; the defences of Hong Kong, according to a statement made by the commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General F. W. Festing, were almost complete by the end of August. Disorder of varying degree was still reported from Malaya and Burma.

In Germany the Russians, in the manner peculiarly theirs, celebrated a "day of peace" throughout their zone, including their sector of Berlin, in memory of the tenth anniversary of the Nazi invasion of Poland (September 1st), by allowing it to be known that they had organised a para-military force, fully armed with machine-guns, rifles and anti-tank rifles, 100,000 strong, composed entirely of Germans recruited in the Russian zone and commanded by a group of German generals who had been brought back from their captivity in Russia for the purpose. In the financial and economic field, on the western side of the bolshevik curtain, enterprise was being steadily stifled and the use of capital was being flattened out on a dead level of controlled uniformity and politically planned muddle and confusion, radiating from London, the former hub of world plenty.

Such was the general scene of disorder, penury and political tyranny over which rang the echo of President Truman's call for peace, plenty and freedom. In a sense narrowed to critical proportions, North America stands as the main remaining bastion of the three ideals propounded by President Truman, ideals which the world in general must begin again to encompass before there can be much hope of recovery from the depths of frustration into which the world has been plunged by two world wars and their resultant subjection of the human race (outside North America) to the tyranny of the political boss. There was something ironic perhaps in the high expectations with which

Mr. Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps set sail in the *Mauretania* on that last day of August, crossing the Atlantic to that free America on which the future welfare of a planned Great Britain—still potentially great, however—depended. Truly the Irish people are not the only people who are temperamentally incapable of understanding the greatness of Britain. It is in the very waywardness and muddle of the British genius, the very refusal of the British people to be indefinitely bound by political ideologies, that lies deep down (at this moment very deep) the faith that Britain has not come to the end of her tether nor abandoned her rôle in civilisation. Within twelve months of the next general election, and in a muddled way connected with that prospect, our planners are letting go some of their precious plans.

Threadneedle Street may be in thrall to Downing Street; the merchants of old repute may be bound in the toil of theories thrust at them and imposed upon them by the greenhorns of the academic schools and their fellow-travellers in political office; "free" teeth and spectacles, which have to be paid for none the less, may pave the way to the financial abyss that yawns before the bespectacled eyes; but the men and women remain the same under their chains, and in the pleasant, matter-of-fact, unblinking manner which is theirs peculiarly, they will out again one day. The rules and regulations in all their mixed comic and tragic implications are being quietly, as it were inexorably, circumvented; and Mr. Snyder and his fellows will no doubt have their moments of surprise when they meet these strange and perhaps slightly chastened specimens of British planners from across the sea. Political planning of the British type, which does not work, produces a harvest of inconvenience, hardship and even distress; but in the end it is rejected by its victims at home, and it passes. It is not to be compared with that Russian type which does work, producing hell for its helpless victims, and which will be overcome only when those victims are rescued by a crusade from the outside. Some of the implications of that crusade are considered below.

A BIAS OF REDRESS

There is a bias as well as a tide in the affairs of men. It leads on gradually, inevitably, sometimes almost imperceptibly, to the redress of major wrong or fault. It needs a long view to detect it, even when it lends itself to detection; and it is hard to take a long view when one is in a hole. Even, however, when we find ourselves in a hole of such depth as the one we now struggle in, it is possible with the mixed help of imagination and of faith to take a view long enough to penetrate the cramped horizon. It does happen—and the experience of every man confirms the fact, if only we sit up and take notice—that by the natural processes of human nature a bias of tendency in events becomes gradually weighted enough to deflect us from the worst of the catastrophes towards which we drift. The worst never happens, because in the hurly-burly something else happens first: something that is produced precisely by the vagaries of human nature. The process seems on experience to be infallible, as are all natural processes. This particular bias is due to the single fact that good weighs more in the balance than evil, as is ordained, of course, by God.

The contemporary course of what for short we call communism is worth a thought in that sense. In its general activity, it plunges ahead, and nothing seems to stop it. The observer who is experienced in affairs is, however, not thereby seriously alarmed, because he knows

from his experience that something is bound to happen, through the very circumstance of such expansion, to deflect its course. Experience, indeed, teems with instances of the truth that the headlong expansion of a cause that is bad—let the assumption of its badness pass for the moment, and for the argument—is a source not of strength but of weakness. To recall a single instance. When Hitler stood on the French shore of the Atlantic in the summer of 1940 and his panzers were careering without obstacle over Europe at large, he was at his weakest, not his strongest, because of the elements of danger he had incorporated within his lines. The spread of communism deserves to be looked at with the like factor in one's mind. Even the case of Marshal Tito, though it promptly present itself to one's mind, is not the most interesting thing that thus presents itself. It is true that Marshal Tito has cropped up as a formidable foreign body incorporated in the general body of the communist advance, intensely irritant and a source of weakness and disease to that general body; but there are more potent foreign bodies already operative and more illustrative of the eternal truth that evil tends to encompass its own undoing. The aggressor sooner or later commits a blunder, and goes on committing them.

In this particular case the main blunder so far committed by the Kremlin is due precisely to the nature of communism itself. By its ideology and intention communism is materialist and therefore atheist. It enthrones the human brain and human planning, bent upon human materialist advantage, as the *summum bonum* of existence on this earth. It ignores God. But God cannot be ignored. The God Who made the earth and all that is in it (including the communists) cannot thus be ignored. To ignore the fact is a manifestation of stupidity, even on the material plane of the human brain, which ought to function to better effect. None the less it is true that the communists do start from the false and stupid premise that God can be ignored, and the religious people liquidated. From that initial stupidity flow the incidental strategic blunders.

To follow the argument, there must be no misunderstanding about that communist "philosophy," about that initial communist premise. Marx himself laid it down in the well-known words: "Religion is the moan of the oppressed creature, the sentiment of a heartless world, as it is the spirit of spiritless conditions. It is the opium of the people. The abolition of religion, as the illusory happiness of the people, is the demand for their real happiness." Lenin reaffirmed the thesis in his programme for the Communist International: "The fight against religion occupies an important position among the tasks of the cultural revolution. This fight must be carried on persistently and systematically." To-day, one of the pledges exacted of the children in Russia who join, are forced to join, and do join in their millions (literally millions) the league of youth known as Komsomol is that all their lives they will do their best to stamp out "superstition" (which is the communist word for "religion"). There is no doubt, then, about the fact itself. But there is widespread ignorance of the fact in those countries not yet submerged in the communist flood.

There are people of good heart and poor intelligence who thoughtlessly and without caution enough to verify their assumption, imagine that "communism" (their own mistaken idea of communism) can be espoused within the framework of Christianity. It is possible, they cry, to be both a communist and a Christian. Now this is where the Kremlin

makes its first strategic blunder. Being clever, as they imagine themselves to be (wrongly imagine, for their imaginings are cut off from the original creative source of intelligence), they decide to let such misguided Christians be trapped by their misconceptions, calculating that when the trap is shut and the Christians are enrolled under an established communist régime, they, the Christians, can be liquidated at Moscow's leisure. That is what is happening in Hungary and in Czechoslovakia, and what happened in Yugoslavia, despite the resistance of the faithful under the leadership of Cardinal Mindszenty and Archbishops Beran and Stepinac.

But the chief misconception, after all, is that conceived in Moscow. The Kremlin has by deliberate strategy incorporated Christians in their atheist domains. They have incorporated bodies foreign to their own body and hostile to their own purpose. They have not only admitted, but dragged in, a Trojan Horse. They think they can deal with it at their leisure. They forget that Christianity always thrived, and always will thrive, on persecution, because its roots are the infallible grace and purpose of God. The communists, being "atheist," or, to use the English equivalent of the Greek word, "Godless," have set themselves the task of subjecting to their tyranny many thousands of people who on the contrary are sincerely religious, actively religious and unconquerably religious—because faith is more than life in its binding force. The communists themselves have thus weighted the balance against themselves. They even pursue their error, as though blinded by their own lack of intelligence—their intelligence having been destroyed by being cut off, as aforesaid, from its source.

In Great Britain, to take an instance, there are many sincere people who believe that to be a communist, far from being something opposed to Christianity, is to be a practical Christian, carrying into everyday life the ideals of Christianity. The communist leaders encourage such a misconception in their misguided strategic spirit. The blunder is a recent development. A certain volume, which was published by the Communist Party of Great Britain, and is still used as their text-book by the communist leaders in Great Britain (but now secretly so used), is no longer publicly circulated in Great Britain precisely so as to give the new technique a chance of success, and not to disillusion the innocents who are walking into the trap. In that volume occurs this passage: "Many weak-kneed communists reason as follows: 'Religion does not prevent my being a communist. I believe both in God and in communism. My faith in God does not hinder me from fighting for the cause of the proletarian revolution.' This train of thought is radically false. Religion and communism are incompatible, both theoretically and practically." There occurs also this passage: "It is essential at the present time to wage with the utmost vigour the war against religious prejudices. . . . But the campaign against the backwardness of the masses in this matter of religion must be conducted with patience and considerateness, as well as with energy and perseverance. The credulous crowd is extremely sensitive to anything which hurts its feelings. To thrust atheism upon the masses . . . would not assist but would hinder a campaign against religion."

Those extracts were quoted in a recent number of the *Catholic Herald* by a former leading member of the British Communist Party, Mr. Douglas Hyde, who took a prominent part in communist propaganda, but repented of his communism and his atheism, and became a Christian. His reparation is to expose the practices in which he, till

disillusioned, took an honest but misguided part. That is an incidental instance of the sort of danger to which the communist cause, being evil, is automatically exposed from within. The bias works in a multitude of ways. The core of the bias is the incorporation, and the attempted incorporation, of Christians within the atheist domain. The materialist mind imagines that when incorporated the Christians can be either dechristianised or liquidated. Such a mind is incapable of appreciating the invincible quality of man's spiritual nature. If he were capable of understanding such a thing, he would obviously not be a materialist nor an atheist.

There is another aspect of the communist technique that deserves to be studied in one's estimate of the decisive rôle that will be played, and has begun to be played, in the fortunes of communism by the bias aforesaid. It has been a consistent element in the communist strategy, as in the strategy of other evil intentions, to "get them young." It was emphasised from the very beginnings of the communist revolution in Russia more than a generation ago that the principle of the "cell" was of paramount importance. The argument was that from Nature's cells grew the big results. The tiny mustard seed produced the majestic mustard tree. Therefore (ran the argument) let individuals be cultivated as cells, and multiplied; let the children of the world be cultivated as the most potentially active cells of communism. Children are the *tabula rasa* on which it is still possible to make lasting impressions. The great aggressors have always tried to make their wicked impressions upon the minds of children. "Get them young!" was Hitler's slogan; it was Lenin's; it is Stalin's. It is applied in Russia through the abominable Komsomol; and the schools confirm the children, or try to confirm them, in what is thus thrust upon them. It is applied outside as well as inside the curtain of Russia's dominions. The following directive, for instance, is given in the volume above mentioned: "We must see to it that the school assumes the offensive against religious propaganda in the home so that from the very outset the children's minds shall be rendered immune to all those religious fairy tales which many grown-ups continue to regard as truth."

In this point of view it is interesting to remark that there are many professed communists, members of the Communist Party, teaching in the primary schools of our country; and, still more interesting, many more such communists are being trained as teachers in the Government's own "vocational" training scheme, being financed by the Government in their training. At any time it would be odd in a country which has its roots in Christianity, and is still Christian, however vaguely it be, in its profession, that atheist communists should be allowed, and even enabled, to commit their atrocities upon the children in the schools. At a time when the Government has so far woken up to the menace of atheist communism as to have launched a weeding-out process of communists from the Civil Service and from such other public services as are regarded as vital to the safety of the country, it almost passes belief that public money is being spent to train communists as the future teachers of the country's children. What shall we say of this refinement in the old idea of a Trojan Horse, operating, as it were, both ways? It is dangerous to both sides. It is the more dangerous when filled with innocent children, seduced in advance: those little children whom Jesus bade should be brought unto Himself, and who now instead are made to prostrate themselves before the Devil. They do not, of a truth, so prostrate themselves. They may be forced

into the posture of prostration, but the heart of a child knows not such wickedness.

These bolsheviks in some ways are clever on their own materialist level and in the immediate scope of their materialist purpose. But they do not even see beyond the end of their own noses. In effect they ideologically and professedly refuse to see farther. That is why they imagine—the depth of stupidity, this, not the height of cleverness—that they can declare war upon an omnipotent God and get away with it. What in effect they do is to stimulate lethargic Christians into active counter-measures, as is happening, for instance, in Czechoslovakia; and the Christian has the knowledge, denied to the communist, that his own “cell” is the one that in the end will fructify, because it has in it the mysterious life-force of God’s own divinity and omnipotence. The further the communists advance, the more human beings they draw or force into their net, the more children they try to warp: the more forces they are mobilising within their own ranks for their eventual undoing. That is not to excuse the lethargic Christians. It is their duty to be up and doing, to be consciously spreading their own influence upon affairs—for every individual has his mysterious effect for good or for bad upon his fellows and upon the world at large—and to be making their contribution to the upshot of what after all is one of the world’s historic struggles. By the grace of God the Trojan Horse may work in the right direction: but in the meantime it will lie heavy on the conscience of those Western “Christians” who from sheer thoughtlessness contribute to a confusing of the issue by talking nonsense about the compatibility of communism with Christianity, which thesis is no more intelligently grounded than would be that of the compatibility of fire with water.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

September 10th, 1949.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

OUR FINEST HOUR.*

The first volume of Mr. Churchill’s epic described the gathering of the storm; in the second it breaks in fury above our heads. We survived because Englishmen are always at their best in a national emergency, because we had the luck to possess an inspired leader, because Hitler’s overweening ambition gradually brought us allies with whose aid we ultimately rid the world of the Nazi pest. It is the duty of everyone who played a leading part in the mighty drama to tell his story as fully and as truthfully as he can. Now that a generation has elapsed since the First World War, the stream of autobiographies has almost ceased to flow and the historian enters into his own. In two or three decades we shall have learned as much about the Second World War as we now know about the first, and then once again the historian will take his seat on the judge’s bench. When that time arrives it is safe to prophesy that among the Anglo-Saxon witnesses no one will command such sustained attention as the pilot who weathered the storm. That in his skilful hands the thrilling story loses nothing in the telling is an added reason for predicting that his book will defy the ravages of time.

The stout volume is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the fall of France, the second with the opening phase of our solitary vigil on the

* *The Second World War*. Vol. II. *Their Finest Hour*. By Winston S. Churchill. Cassell, 25s.

ramparts of freedom. It is not Mr. Churchill's fault that the picture of our great neighbour and ally is so darkly tinted, and there can be very few Frenchmen who will not read this record of material and moral paralysis without burning cheeks. The vivid pictures of Gamelin and Weygand at zero hour make us wonder what had happened to the virile country of Clemenceau, Poincaré and Foch, who never despaired. Neither Mr. Churchill nor anyone else has explained this tragic riddle. Paul Reynaud's gallant efforts receive well-merited praise, but one swallow does not make a summer. Was it right for us to have no dealings with the Vichy Government, or was the United States better advised in preserving contact with that spectral band of defeatists? The author of this spirited indictment at any rate had no doubts, life-long friend of France though he was.

The most interesting revelation in Part I is that in the famous offer of indissoluble union and joint citizenship made when France was at her last gasp, the British Prime Minister was not the prime mover. The plan was suggested by a little group of British and French statesmen and soldiers, among them General de Gaulle. "These gentlemen had evolved the outline of a declaration for a Franco-British Union with the object, apart from its general merits, of giving M. Reynaud some new fact of a vivid and stimulating nature with which to carry a majority of his Cabinet into the move to Africa and the continuance of the war. My first reaction was unfavourable. I asked a number of questions of a critical character and was by no means convinced. However, at the end of our long Cabinet that afternoon the subject was raised. I was somewhat surprised to see the staid, solid, experienced politicians of all parties engage themselves so passionately in an immense design whose implications and consequences were not in any way thought out. I did not resist, but yielded easily to these generous surges which carried our resolves to a very high level of unselfish and undaunted action." In view of the subsequent performances of certain eminent Frenchmen during the following days and months, we can only congratulate ourselves on a lucky escape.

Book II, dealing with the air battle over Kent, the blitz, the submarine war and the sudden glint of sunshine in the Cyrenaican desert, is more arresting than any detective novel. Though the general outline is familiar to every reader, these throbbing pages bring home to us the shattering experiences and the agonising tensions of the second half of 1940 by numberless personal touches and anecdotes. All thoughts of physical weariness and personal safety were put aside by the indomitable captain on the bridge. In addition to his eloquent declarations to the nation he was continually making suggestions and asking questions on the day-to-day conduct of the war. That he enjoyed his rôle of temporary dictator is obvious on every page, and no one will grudge him the satisfaction. In the same way Liszt and Paderewski enjoyed playing the piano since they knew that no living musician could do it so well.

In addition to his all-round competence, his military training and his long administrative experience, Mr. Churchill brought to his task a very special qualification—his Anglo-American blood. Here are the opening phases of the historic partnership with Franklin Roosevelt of which we shall hear more in subsequent volumes. That the great President, like other mortals, occasionally made mistakes we are reminded by the author's recent revelation in the House of Commons that he disapproved the Casablanca formula of unconditional surrender. Even such a gigantic blunder, however, cannot outweigh his priceless services to our cause both before and after the entry of the United States into the war. "My relations with the President gradually became so close that the chief business between our two countries was virtually conducted by these personal interchanges between him and me. In this way our perfect understanding was gained. In all I sent him 950 messages and received about 800 in reply. I felt I was in contact with a very great man who was also a warm-hearted friend and the foremost champion of the high cause which we served."

The second volume ends with a passage of stately eloquence and on a note of sober triumph at the close of the most perilous year in English history. "With a gasp of astonishment and relief the smaller neutrals and the subjugated states saw that the stars still shone in the sky. Hope, and within it passion, burned anew in the hearts of hundreds of millions of men. The good cause would triumph. Rights would not be trampled down. The flag of Freedom, which in this fateful hour was the Union Jack, would still fly in all the winds that blew. But I and my faithful colleagues who brooded with accurate information at the summit of the scene had no lack of cares. The shadow of the U-boat blockade already cast its chill upon us. All our plans depended upon the defeat of this menace. The Battle of France was lost. The Battle of Britain was won. The Battle of the Atlantic had now to be fought."

G. P. G.

STALIN.*

Stalin, the ruler of all the Russias and more, is seventy this autumn. This is therefore an auspicious moment to reassess his work. Mr. Deutscher, who came to London as representative of Polish daily papers, knows all the relevant Russian sources and can draw on his own knowledge of the Ukraine and other parts of the Soviet Union. As a journalist he is quite outstanding, and it is a pity he has not allowed himself any asides on things seen and heard. Instead, he has assumed what is to him the unfamiliar rôle of an historian. The result is unsatisfactory. While an historian would frankly admit that his sources are either hopelessly coloured (since they are Stalin's own interpretation of events) or as yet unavailable (since they would be unpleasant to Stalin's mythology), Mr. Deutscher slurs over such gaps and pretends to know. He has also mistaken the historian's duty of presenting facts while omitting adverse judgment on his hero. His book, therefore, might have unfortunate effects if it should induce readers to hail it as the success story of a poor boy who made good. In fact, it is the record of a professional agitator. A shoemaker's son, Joseph Djughashvili was enabled by his mother, Ekaterina Gheladze, to attend school—a priests' seminary. Thus he never learned a trade but exchanged the bare study for the street corner and the hidden meeting places of the anti-Tsarist underground. As an organiser of Georgian "nationalists" and "socialists" he attended meetings in Finland, in Stockholm (1906), London (1907) and in Austria (1912-13). We should like to hear more about this, but our author merely tells us that Lenin, on meeting him, "certainly questioned Koba—as Stalin called himself at that time—on all sorts of things." That he had made his mark as both shrewd and ruthless is, however, beyond doubt.

The revolution of 1917-18 is not really described here, presumably because Mr. Deutscher is at work on a volume dedicated to *Lenin* (a third, on *Trotsky in Exile*, is to complete this trilogy). What glimpses we gain of those historic events are hardly reassuring. The author takes it for granted that the Assembly of 1918 which was forcibly dissolved by the Soviets no longer reflected the mood of the country. He also believes that Stalin "saved" Leningrad when the Yudenitch forces were, so he tells us, "backed to the hilt by the British and French." He thus repeats what Stalin's historiographers state. The facts are different. Lenin, Mr. Deutscher tells us, would have preferred to return from Switzerland via Britain—it is therefore wrong, he argues, to call in question his connections with Imperial Germany. Yet the fact remains that he was allowed through by the Germans while the British refused passage.

Stalin, essentially home-grown and home-spun, soon established himself as an indispensable party organiser who was able to squeeze out the men of genius and to prove that the pedestrian work of the administrator counts

* *Stalin*. A Political Biography. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 1949. 25s.

for more in modern large-scale organisation provided it can be backed, in case of need, by ruthless application of power. Of the latter the author says but little. Capitalism came in "dripping from head to foot, from every pore, with blood"—so Marx. Hence, the author seems to argue, why damn Communism for whatever slave labour it has introduced and for whatever bloodbath it has provided from time to time? The purges of the 1930s thus become a purely administrative measure for the disposal of alternative Governments. While this might strike the reader as being in line with Tsarist tradition, it runs counter to Western values. And it is a thousand pities that the author who knows all about the glories of personal liberties since he came out of the Russian-dominated sphere found no place for such appraisal.

The reader will more readily forgive Mr. Deutscher for still writing about the war-time alliance in the uncritical and not a little lyrical tone that was widespread in the years after 1941. Yalta, to him, is a "fascinating" story while to others it is repellent. The annexation of the Baltic nations, similarly, is explained away by a reference to the "comic-opera police régimes" of Kaunas, Riga and Tallinn. Stalin's system, of course, is neither comic nor is it described as a police régime; instead, in summing up, Mr. Deutscher informs us that "perhaps in no country have the young been imbued with so great a respect and love for the classical literature and art of other nations as in Russia." All of which shows that this long book, which has been hailed by most critics as an outstanding achievement, deserves to be read with a critical eye. If it is thus read, it should prove stimulating indeed.

F. W. PICK.

LE ROI TRÈS CHRÉTIEN.*

In this lucid, closely reasoned, and fully documented survey the Comte de Pange takes as focal point the problems surrounding Joan of Arc's mission to secure the consecration of the Dauphin at Rheims as Charles VII, King of France, in spite of the fact that the Treaty of Troyes had recognised Henry V of England as heir to his father-in-law, Charles VI. When both Henry and Charles died in 1422, the former's heir and namesake, still in babyhood, succeeded in theory to the thrones of both kingdoms. What motives led Joan to attack this settlement, and what was the significance of her triumph? The author aims at showing the inadequacy of the view often expressed in the modern world, that Joan's chief claim to remembrance is as the heroine of national defence. She was the child of her age, devoted to a religious ideal intelligible to her contemporaries, but needing full explanation in our own days.

It was at Rheims (or so most historians believe) that Clovis, the first Frankish ruler to accept Christianity, was baptised by Remigius, bishop of that diocese, to whom, so said tradition, the chrism used for the anointing which was a central feature of the rite had been supernaturally conveyed. Joan could see for herself, on the west front of that noble cathedral, above a line of statues of French kings, representations of the dove bringing the phial to Remigius, beside whom Clovis waited, half immersed in the baptismal vessel. Higher still were scenes from Jewish history, including the consecration of David by Samuel. These thirteenth-century sculptures epitomised, as it were, the views held as to the sanctity of the French monarchy in the days of St. Louis; and Joan of Arc, as the Comte puts it, was "in spirit the contemporary of St. Louis." To her it was supremely important that the Dauphin should be anointed and consecrated in the accepted form, so as to become identified with his nation, dedicated to his task, "l'homme de Christ." Other ceremonial also in use, such as the imposition of the crown and the exchange of oaths between king and people, was only supernumerary.

* *Le Roi Très Chrétien*. By Jean de Pange. Librairie Arthème Fayard. Paris. 1949.

In a study occupying more than 400 closely printed pages the author surveys the antecedents of the French rite, the fluctuations in its development, its parallels in east and west, the relation between episcopal, royal and baptismal unction, in the light of historical, literary, liturgical, artistic and other evidence. His treatment falls into five main sections, the first borrowing its title, "The royal religion," from a Carmelite writer of the later fourteenth century. The second is devoted to royal unction, the third to coronation and its symbolism. The fourth is a discussion under the heading "Sacrament or Contract," with a range including not only France, but also England and the Kingdom of Jerusalem. The fifth and last, entitled "The Oaths," closes with a vivid description of the ceremony at Rheims in 1429, based upon the pontifical, still surviving, which probably was used on that occasion.

Readers on this side of the Channel may have to make some mental adjustments. As minor examples, a Welshman has to recognise Henry VII's grandfather under the name of "Orven" Tudor, and an Englishman pursuing the Biblical references in footnotes must forget the Old Testament nomenclature of the Authorised Version, and recall the Vulgate succession of four Books of Kings instead of that of two of Samuel and two of Kings with which he is more familiar. As major examples, nowadays he is unlikely to accept, though Macaulay did, the idea that if the line of Edward III had reigned peaceably in both France and England, the latter would probably have been submerged by the former, and even its language degraded to a mere local dialect. Again, it is possible that English historians, especially the medievalists, are better informed, and better balanced in their estimate of Joan's work, than the Comte supposes. But in any case, no English reader will lay down the book without a warm sense of gratitude for its interest and importance.

(PROFESSOR) HILDA JOHNSTONE.

* * * * *

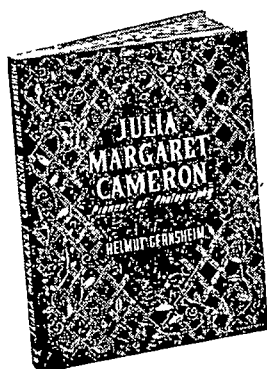
The Most Civilised People in Europe: How the Swiss do it (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d.) contains a mass of information in a hundred pages, omitting most of what is to be found in the guide books but supplying a first-hand account of the institutions, habits and outlook of the people. The verdict, as the little book leads us to expect, is highly favourable. A country without millionaires or slumps, without acute party or class antagonisms and almost without Communism, a land of widely diffused comfort, orderly and well educated, tolerant and friendly, is indeed an oasis in the Europe of to-day. The key to the riddle, as the author points out again and again, is to be found in the division of power between the Federal Government at Berne and the twenty-two Cantons which shape their life in their own way. No individual, no party, no race, no Church, no class possesses enough power to commit injustice on a large scale.

* * * * *

Family Background, by Gladys Scott Thomson (Jonathan Cape, 10s. 6d.), contains four elaborate studies of the rise of the greatest of our Whig families, on which the learned author has thrown a flood of light in her previous well-known volumes. Starting as merchant squires in Dorset, entering into the broad stream of our national life with the first Earl in the time of Henry VIII and winning the highest prize of a dukedom in the seventeenth century, the Russells have formed an inseparable part of English history for four centuries. Families so wealthy and so influential demanded palatial houses, and here is the story of their homes, Thorney Abbey, Chenies and the Woburn of to-day. The documentary material so lavishly supplied brings us very close to these virile merchants, landowners, politicians and builders whose power in the land waxed as that of the Stuarts and the Hanoverians waned.

A CHOICE OF THE MONTH

by Stephen Potter of 'The Sketch'



Julia Margaret Cameron

by

HELMUT GERNSHEIM F.R.P.S.

Introduction by Clive Bell

"Mr. Gernsheim's monograph is to be recommended from many different points of view. Not only does it include fifty-four large reproductions of Mrs. Cameron's finest photographs, accompanied by a bibliography, 'Notes on Sitters and Plates,' and a technical discussion of her methods and achievement, but in his biographical foreword the writer draws a vivid and detailed portrait of this accomplished portraitist. When Mrs. Cameron took to photography she was already forty-eight, and felt 'drowned in troubles and cares,' so depressed was she by the absence of her husband and sons, who were abroad supervising the Cingalese coffee plantations on which the family livelihood depended. A married daughter gave her a camera; and from that moment there was no looking back.

The remainder of her career belongs to photographic history; but its earlier stages certainly deserve attention, since they reveal a character that, whatever means of expression it had adopted, could never have been commonplace."

—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER 1949.

THE COMMON PERIL.

POLITICAL language is always full of surprises. Both the traditional English parties are now eclipsed. The Conservatives became ashamed of their fine name quite a long time ago. Having been "Unionists" at the time of the Home Rule question, they continued to use the name when it had ceased to have any meaning at all. Now in national politics they tend to adopt the meaningless name "Tory," in municipal matters they are "Municipal Reformers." In France the Conservatives prefer the name of Radical or Republican or Democrat. In Germany they have a great number of names about which we note that everyone insists that he is a "democrat," and no one dares to call himself a Conservative. With the Liberals there is equal confusion but on slightly different lines. In England each of the other parties likes to explain that it is the one really and truly Liberal party, while of the few Liberals in the House many found it better to be elected as Independents; in Germany and Italy they are apt to be Social Democrats. It seems that both names are unpopular; and, of course, both parties denounce each other. Yet I believe that in Europe as a whole both names at the moment are descriptions of the same ideal, and it is this for which the whole civilised world is striving in our crisis of world history—the preservation of the great Liberal civilisation of Europe, which is now close to the rocks but may still be saved. The British party leaders, Churchill, Attlee, Samuel, are all faced by a common danger, a common enemy.

Something of the sort seems to have occurred in the sphere of religion. Freethinkers and Liberal Churchmen, strict Protestants and Catholics—and one might extend the generalisation more widely—begin to feel that the points on which they differ are less important than the great domain on which they are at one. In England the three Archbishops, the Moderator and the Patriarch are on the same side in the battle as the followers of John Stuart Mill and Bertrand Russell, and similar groupings might be made in other Western countries. The moral element in the great civilisation to which they belong, call it Western, call it Christian or Hellenic, or, omitting all adjectives, call it Civilisation itself, is in extreme danger. Only by a united effort can it still be saved. We have all, in the course of political controversy, spoken hard and contemptuous words about the social order which seemed so solid and complacent in England and in Europe. I think many people now, even among the most passionate reformers, would be fain to recall the words of the greatest of nineteenth-century reformers; that "he felt in every fibre of his being the nobleness of the inheritance that had descended upon us and the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it."

It is worth recollecting the steps of the downward progress. In 1914 the German Reich, strong, prosperous and respected, was gradually moving towards a position of supremacy among all civilised nations; but its leaders could not wait; they felt that their supremacy would be more definite and secure if it were based on "blood and iron." A short decisive war would do it. The war was long and ended in defeat and

shame for Germany. But its worst effect was to establish, all over Europe, for four very influential years, the uncivilised values on which war is based. War in itself implies the rule of force and fraud in the place of law, but the whole atmosphere was made infinitely more dangerous by the Bolshevik revolution. That revolution was a claim of the most miserable and oppressed to have revenge for their wrongs and to rule. It infected Germany with the same spirit. Both Bolshevik and Nazi hated the social order under which they lived, and consequently tended to hate all social order, to mistrust all "bourgeois" law and morality. The Nazis failed; the Bolsheviks succeeded; but both parties at least got their revenge and thereby stirred up terror in every country and created the third horror of almost ubiquitous civil war. War, revolution, civil war; when we reflect that Europe has, during the last thirty years, endured all three, we need hardly be amazed at the results that have ensued. All that we regard as Christian civilisation seems grievously, perhaps mortally, wounded.

If the European nations could now be sure of a period of peace, and quiet they might recover, but instead they have a "cold" war. For Russia, though her actual sufferings and losses were probably the greatest of all, has proved, as usual, inexhaustible. She has lost men by millions, but she hardly feels the loss; land by thousands of square miles, but she has vast territories untouched. She has emerged from the war, damaged indeed, but triumphant, intoxicated with success and injured by the long wars to methods of barbarism surpassing even her own tradition.

It is possible, of course, that her real strength is not so great. To conceal weaknesses may be one of the reasons for the iron curtain. But her prestige is enormous throughout Eastern Europe. Britain and France have confessed their weakness. They tried to help Poland and failed utterly; they did not even try to help Czechoslovakia. Russia did what she liked with both. Besides, to Eastern Europe the war was simply a war between Germany and Russia. They saw nothing else, they heard almost nothing else. They knew France was beaten and England driven out of Europe. They knew nothing of the Battle of Britain, the sea war, or Egypt and Africa.

Besides, the misery of the world was in itself a help to Russia. Bolshevism itself had been created by misery, and knew how to appeal to the eternal craving of the suffering and oppressed. A dictatorship of the proletariat—the worst kind of government by the most incompetent governors—could appeal only to people in a state of despair, but the two wars had provided plenty of such people. Stalin had directed the Cominform to foster and encourage every movement, whether socialist or not, which tended to wreck the social order of the "capitalist" nations, and thus found an enormous ally in the growing revolt of the coloured races against the white, the non-Christian nations against Christendom.

The civilisation of Christendom had all through the nineteenth century been supreme in the world. The nations roughly comprehended in that mediæval phrase, centred in Western Europe, have been far the most advanced in technology, in economic strength, political experience and military power. Even more decidedly they have led the world in science and philosophy, in literature and historic knowledge, in art and music; they have had no rivals in any part of humane culture, except here and there in the old civilisations of India and China. Their religion, too, torn though it was by conflicting sects and riddled by

scepticism, was by far the most successful of the great religions in spreading over the world. Islam, indeed, had a great mission in Africa, but in general, for peoples of lower cultures in the nineteenth century, to become civilised was to become Christian, just as it was to the barbarians of the Middle Ages.

When one considers the terrible wrongs done by the Christian white man to the coloured heathen, from Red Indian to Australian black, one may for a moment wonder whether this civilisation, with all its strength, wealth and knowledge, has also a great moral superiority. But only for a moment. It is the Hellenic civilisation, opposed to barbarism, which during the last few centuries before Christ spread over the eastern Mediterranean, united with that of Jerusalem to generate Christianity, converted Rome and was preserved and solidified by the Roman Empire and Roman Law, and which still keeps as its most sacred book a small collection of Greek writings.

What sort of thing was called, broadly speaking, Hellenic as opposed to barbarous? Æschylus speaks of a barbarian world where men can be condemned by law to have their eyes gouged, to be castrated, decapitated; where one could hear in the streets the groans of men impaled or crucified. Such laws were intolerable to a Greek. Barbarians killed their prisoners of war; Greeks did not. In the Hellenistic kingdom of the Seleucidae the rule was to have Greek law in the cities but to leave the old Asiatic law in the country districts. In the country a man could be condemned without trial; his punishment might depend on the temper or imagination of his judge, and, like as not, his family would be punished with him. In the cities the accused had an open trial and a proper defence; and a judgment according to a law which he knew because it was published for all to read. In the oath of Hippocrates the Greek doctor has to swear to enter the patient's house as a friend to all those in it, and to abstain from professing or practising magic. One could multiply such examples. They show what was Hellenic, and they are what we should claim as marks of our "European" or "Western" or "Christian" civilisation. It may seem arrogant to accept the Greek equation of Asiatic with "barbaric." India is, no doubt, now under the guidance of very able and enlightened men of thorough European training. Yet one can recall very barbarous practices in older days which, if the present ruling class was overthrown, might well return in a flood. Chinese manners are in some ways a model to the West, but I remember the case of a Chinese youth, educated in America, who returned home to find his sister happily married, though her children, being all girls, had had to be drowned in the village pond.

Like the Greeks, we are surrounded by immense multitudes of peoples with different standards. Like the Greeks, for the last century and a half we have been increasingly accepted as the leaders in culture and civilisation and could, from time to time, smile at the imitations of Western behaviour and language by members of less fortunate nations. But now there is a new fact. Our empire in the East was always a government based on consent and prestige. In India we had at most one Englishman to about 4,000 Indians. But now that consent has gone. The surrounding multitudes have, in various degrees, risen against us and have found a determinedly hostile leader. The immense power of Russia, once emphatically Christian and respectfully imitative of the West, is now anti-Christian and anti-Western and may almost be said to be preaching a *Jehad* against us and all our ways. At the same

time the prestige of the white man has been terribly shaken. The masses of South-East Asia are not likely to forget the sight of their arrogant and unquestioned white masters enslaved under the coloured man's lash and subjected to every sort of humiliation. The whites won in the end, no doubt, but never recovered either their strength or their prestige. Every Asiatic nation that claimed independence seemed to be able to get it. When questions arose about the admission of Asiatics into "white" Australia or California or South Africa they were met by a new and deliberate retort: What right had the white man to be in Asia? Were not his settlements, his great trading stations with their extra-territorial privileges, his aggressive religious missions, and, above all, his armies on Asiatic soil, an insult in each case to the whole continent? Whatever the actual political issue, whether in the long run the West by its higher scientific and moral strength will recover its influence or no, it seems that a certain tentative world unity under Christian leadership has now broken down. When the League of Nations was first set up the civilised world was morally still a unity: now it is broken in two.

The Charter of the United Nations was signed by most of its members in a spirit of triumphant hope. The League of Nations had failed; chiefly because without the United States the war-weakened nations of Europe had not enough material or moral strength to be sure of one another's constancy in time of danger. Now the United States was a member and more than a member, a centre. The ideal of the new organisation was obviously right; its wealth and resources were far greater than those of the League, its promise bolder, its preparations on a vaster scale. More nations and stronger than before had declared their unity of aim. The world echoed with the triumphant applause of San Francisco. Yet, underneath, in the minds of those who knew most, there was a note of profound disquiet. Jan Masaryk spoke words of warning. Mr. Smuts spoke of the new organisation as a slight boat tossing on a boiling sea. Mr. Churchill said nothing, but he had already in 1942 foreseen and discussed in a secret paper the tragic fact. One of the four Great Allies was really an enemy, an enemy inside the walls, and possessed of power to paralyse the whole organisation. The division was deeper than an ordinary conflict of political interests, though that was perhaps the most active motive. One of the Allies was convinced of the inevitable downfall of the others, and believed that it had the necessary weapons to paralyse any effective effort at recovery. Furthermore, this Ally no longer held the fundamental beliefs that make mutual trust and co-operation possible in mankind. It no longer held that faith should be kept; that justice should be done; or that "the Law of God was above Princes."

The extraordinary expansion of Russian power since the war is perhaps chiefly due to two causes. For one thing, an immensely strong nation, flushed with victory, could easily dominate, one by one, a series of weak and distressed nations on her borders; in Europe the process might well have been continued up to Calais and Ostend. For another, the strain of war and civil war had undermined in many nations that general habit of "group amity" and good citizenship on which the peace of civilisation rests. All through Eastern Europe politicians had become too much accustomed to cutting one another's throats, peasants and workmen had suffered too much under every passing government, to retain any mutual trust or any particular belief in principle. The whole ethical structure of civilisation, the fruit

of man's highest social effort for many thousands of years, was mocked and vilified as "bourgeois morality."

It may well be that if peace is lost, all is lost. But there is something else in danger besides peace, and something of immense importance to mankind. The issue is not between Socialism and Capitalism; that is perfectly obvious. Or why are the British and American Governments so closely allied? Why are men of different parties as well as of different nations co-operating so confidently in the Council of Europe? The issue is between that order based on justice, freedom and "the good neighbour" which has been the common aim of various parties in civilised Europe, Conservative, Liberal and Socialist, and on the other side something which can be briefly described in another phrase of Mr. Gladstone's, "the negation of God erected into a system of government."

No social order, it is said, ever collapses until it has lost faith in itself. One might at one time have doubted whether our social order in Europe had not lost that faith, but now the doubt must cease. The civilised world, amid all its sufferings and perils, is determined to save itself. The road was pointed first by Mr. Churchill's famous speeches at Fulton and Zürich. It was easy enough at Fulton to see, however reluctantly, that Russia had turned from an ally into an enemy. Far more remarkable was the response of the hard-headed but war-weary nations to the Zürich appeal for "only a simple thing: that hundreds of millions of men and women should set themselves to do good instead of evil and to reap therefrom blessings instead of curses," and in particular that France should be reconciled with Germany. Then came Benelux, and presently the adhesion thereto of France and Britain. Western Europe was struggling towards co-operation when the Marshall offer altered the whole atmosphere. There followed inevitably the various organs for economic co-operation, and then, rapidly and decisively, showing that America, Britain and Free Europe are prepared henceforth to stake all upon the saving of civilisation, the North Atlantic Pact, the United Europe movement and the increasing sense of Commonwealth unity. The system is only in its first stage; we cannot quite tell how it will grow, but grow it will. It is not a political party. Political watchwords are difficult to find, and when found are often dangerous, especially when a new situation has to be described in words which are, of necessity, old and affected by old connotations. United Europe seems to be basing itself on the ideal of human rights, and perhaps it could not do better. There are human rights; there are such things as justice and truth and even freedom, and though philosophers can never quite agree in defining what they are, most of us can feel when they are violated. The free nations of the Christian or Hellenic tradition know the feel of them by very long experience.

GILBERT MURRAY.

WASHINGTON AND AFTER.

THERE was an unusual note of exaggeration in a statement made by the Foreign Secretary as he left England for the United States in September. The Washington Conference on the dollar crisis, he said, was to be perhaps the most momentous of all time. No instructed person in either England or North America was at all inclined to underrate the meeting between the Foreign and Finance

Ministers of the three Powers, but Mr. Bevin has no need to be reminded that the decisive events of the near future will be determined, not by conference resolutions, but by tremendous forces at work in Europe and Asia. As between Britain and the United States, however, there is good ground for satisfaction by reason of the atmosphere in which the negotiations were held and the noteworthy measure of agreement arrived at. Friends of Britain in America were confessedly anxious when the preparations were being made. It was being said that the Secretary of the Treasury and his advisers were in a mood of hard bargaining and that they would have the support of the President. In the Houses of Congress and the Press there were disturbing predictions without number. They were all falsified by the event. Mr. Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps were cordially received. The State Department and the Treasury were in the highest degree co-operative; every utterance by Mr. Truman at the time, whether in addressing Congress or signing the Bills for European aid and defence, was an unqualified endorsement of the policy agreed upon.

The talks were preceded and accompanied by an extraordinary display of public interest. Indeed, the Press as a whole behaved as though its directors were in full accord with Mr. Bevin's forecast of a momentous outcome. A battalion of special correspondents was mobilised. This spacious coverage may well be cited as evidence of the remarkable change that has come over the newspapers in the international news department—a change obviously related to the establishment of the United Nations Organisation in New York. And yet, in the case of the September meeting, there was one governing condition which in earlier times would have enforced a severe restriction of enterprise and expenditure. The negotiations had, of course, to be carried on behind closed doors, and this meant a daily frustration for the attendant journalists, not a few of whom had made their reputations amid the bustle and resonance of the later days of Roosevelt. Formal communiqués are of little use for such correspondents; and if, as one of their stationary rivals remarked, they were tempted to improvise "inside stories," these were not a serious danger to British-American relations.

As a matter of fact that particular newspaper peril was, in a rather striking fashion, reduced to a minimum immediately before the arrival of the British delegates. For some weeks at the end of the summer the skies were darkened by a virulent outburst of Anglo-American recrimination. If it seemed to be more than commonly ill-timed, we may remind ourselves that there are reasons, or at least partial explanations, in the world situation. The second year of Marshall Aid was carrying America, as creditor and benefactor, into a new and incalculable phase of policy, deeply disquieting to the isolationist public. Many followers of Senator Taft are survivors of the old irreconcilables who continue to echo the *Chicago Tribune*. The anti-British racial minorities never alter. The newer and variegated groups of "America-firsters," with some hitherto unknown leaders, have become extremely vocal since the intensification of the dollar crisis. It is largely from the last-named quarter that the attacks of the present year have come. The Houses of Congress are never free from representatives of what Americans call "unreconstructed" isolationism. Their outbursts, unfortunately, hit the headlines and too often find their way into the cables. News editors on our side should, for the sake of all concerned, hold on to a sense of proportion; and

they would be well advised to heed a useful warning given lately by Mr. Alistair Cooke. He urged us to bear in mind the perpetual showmanship of American politics, and to note that the fulmination of a Senator against the iniquity of British policy may be nothing more than a jet of temper before the casting of a vote for Marshall Aid.

There is not much serious difference of opinion as to the Washington discussions and their immediate results, despite the preliminary tremors. Washington correspondents called attention to the fact that Senators' mail deliveries were packed with protests from constituents urging "no more aid to Socialist Britain," but it was clear from the outset that Mr. Snyder and Mr. Dean Acheson were putting a correct valuation upon such missives. The delegates were not expecting favours and there was a quick realisation of the essential fact that the British Government and people were prepared to meet the emergency in the hard way. The tone of all the great newspapers was unmistakable. Indeed, it could be accurately stated that at no time since the end of the war had a British-American conference gone so well. At the same time it should be noted that the actual results could not be hailed as impressive, and attention was called to the fact that one clause in the long communiqué (dealing with continuous consultation) was a shocking example of departmental verbiage. This statement contained no reference to devaluation, although the U.S. Treasury had been advised of the decision before the talks began.

Sir Stafford Cripps's announcement had an effect in America hardly less stunning than in England. This was curious and contradictory. For several months the agitation had been persistent. In countless articles and speeches it was contended that the value of the pound must be reduced; that the continuing drain on the gold reserve left Britain no alternative; and that in any case the export policy was being hampered in a buyers' market by the high level of British prices. One important New York paper pointed out in July that business and political criticisms together amounted to "a regular campaign against sterling." This being so, it might have been expected that the Chancellor's declaration of September 18th would cause relatively little excitement, since it could be hailed as an inevitable fulfilment of American forecasts. The immediate reaction, however, was very different. Editorial comment in the important dailies implied a quick recognition of the fact that devaluation opened a situation far more complex than the confident analyses of the British dilemma had implied. Nor, apparently, did the Chancellor's elaborate exposition in the House go very far towards a clearer view of the winter's prospects.

Meanwhile, there is evidence enough of the general public's being awakened to the demands and obligations of a new age. American business men as a class have remained isolationist. Not long ago Mr. Walter Lippmann asserted that the average man still looked upon imports as insults. He is now being required to prepare for the overturning of a politico-economic theory that for 150 years has been accepted as all-sufficient. It is for him a painful jolt when Mr. Paul Hoffman, from his central executive position in American Aid, declares that European imports might be trebled in amount and value to the benefit and not the injury of the United States. But what of the outlook when the Hoffman doctrine is expanded, with forcible detail, in reports issued by the National Association of Manufacturers?

The conference was followed immediately by a series of important votes in Congress. The reciprocal trade treaties, made in Cordell

Hull's time, were extended for two years. In the debates on the appropriations for European Aid all the limiting amendments were defeated and the President's full demand acceded to. Further, the plans for military support to the Atlantic Treaty Powers went through without a hitch—this vote, needless to say, having been predetermined by the President's announcement as to Russia's possession of the atomic bomb. The sensation of that announcement throughout the American Press could hardly be exaggerated.

It would be impossible to discuss the America of 1949 without specific reference to the spy and treason trials and the national state of mind in relation to Russia and Communism. The fears are nationwide and the consequences very grave. The public services have undergone a systematic purge. In the colleges and universities there is a feeling of insecurity or worse. The State universities are wholly dependent upon the local legislations. Public suspicion is easily worked up, and fanatical politicians are only too ready to do their part. In New York State a determined agitation is under way for bringing school and college staffs within the grip of a loyalty test. Designed formally as a barrier against Communists and fellow-travellers, it could, as the profession has learnt by bitter experience, be used as a weapon against liberal views and all free and intelligent teaching. Nor should we, in this connection, overlook another peril, which may be described as an American counterpart of the Moscow-Lysenko tyranny. Anti-Communism is being felt even in the research institutes. It is sufficient merely to record a fact so significant.

A number of court cases this year have been given enormous publicity. Two of these are extraordinary. For nine months in New York eleven prominent Communists were on trial for attempts to overturn the Government by violence. The court scenes have often been grotesque. All the accused have been convicted and sentenced. The second case is that of Alger Hiss, on trial a second time, for perjury. Here is a man with a singular record of good fortune. As an official of the State Department he enjoyed the favour of Mr. Roosevelt, was secretary-general of the U.N. conference in San Francisco, was with the President at Yalta, and later became director of the Carnegie Peace Foundation.

In 1948 the confession of a woman spy in the State Department implicated Alger Hiss along with one Whittaker Chambers, then a senior editor of *Time*, in an alleged conspiracy for the passing of documents to the Soviet underground. Chambers, a self-confessed secret agent, denounced Hiss before the Congress Committee on un-American activities and then in a broadcast. Hiss met the attack with downright denials, and was charged with perjury. His trial in a New York court was a prolonged and baffling sensation. The jury disagreed and a retrial was ordered. The court, it is said, was expecting an acquittal. Some competent observers held that Hiss would have been safe but for a ludicrously melodramatic defence. Whatever the outcome, this affair with its mass of testimony (and lying) will stand in the record as without precedent or parallel. The political repercussions of the "Red scare" are not to be assessed; but we may find an illustrative detail in the present activity of so able and responsible a man as Senator Dulles. He is making his election campaign in New York State largely on the appeal of anti-Communism.

The year is ending for President Truman amid domestic difficulties which had not taken shape when, at the end of the summer, authorita-

tive voices were proclaiming that recent fears of a depression could be positively dismissed. Unemployment figures were falling; there was no valid evidence of even a moderate subsidence in the amazing flood of American prosperity. Mr. Truman, after a few moderate successes in Congress, continued his pressure for an amplified social policy. These signs were illusory. An industrial crisis of unexampled gravity was precipitated in the allied regions of coal and steel. The word of John L. Lewis called 400,000 miners out of the pits. His astonishing dictatorship has been supplemented, for the first time, by a kindred strike of 500,000 steelworkers. No estimate of the tragedy and its significance is possible, but for the British student of industrial phenomena one feature is of special interest. Although, as always, wage claims are involved, the governing issue of both conflicts is welfare, and particularly pensions.

At the time of writing more than a million men are on strike. A delayed settlement would mean, obviously, the stoppage of all the industries directly dependent upon steel. In view of the continued advance of organised Labour since Roosevelt's death, and the known attitude of President Truman, it may seem strange that the workers in the mass-production industries should be in a more explosive temper than for many years past; yet the fact is undoubtedly so. John L. Lewis, calling for solidarity in support of the steelworkers, declares that the dominant interests have entered upon war to the finish against the unions. Mr. Philip Murray, head of the steelworkers, has become no less uncompromising than the miners' leader. The principle of the pension is accepted by the great corporations, but they hold that there must be a contribution from the employee. Mr. Murray found it impossible to agree, and the great strike was declared on this issue alone. Social security has become an integral part of the American economy; but a single point in dispute may become a *casus belli*.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

GERMANY'S FIRST PRESIDENT.

A FEW days before his election as the first German Federal President I visited Professor Theodor Heuss at the Kurhaus Bühlerhöhe near Baden-Baden. Mentally and physically alert, he had completely recovered from the strain of the Bonn debates and the election campaign. Whether or not he would become President was of little concern to him. Accustomed to act as mediator, to close gaps and to subordinate his own ego, he has accepted the highest post in the German Federal Republic as a call which could not be declined. In the course of many meetings—even while I was abroad I maintained the contact and renewed it immediately after the war—I learned to know and like not only the politician, scholar and writer but the man. I will attempt to draw the portrait of the humanitarian democrat or the democratic humanitarian.

Theodor Heuss was born on January 31st, 1884, in Württemberg. The family originated from Hasmersheim, a townlet between Heidelberg and Heilbronn, where they lived for generations as Neckar shippers. The decisive influence in his upbringing was less his soft-hearted mother than his father, whose progressive principles allowed his children a degree of freedom hardly known at that time. They

were even permitted an unlimited use of his big library. Theodor soon became a bookworm, but he did not turn his back on the world. The profession of his father—the later State councillor was a builder and sanitary inspector—offered many attractions to the sensitive mind of the child. He and his brothers (the eldest practised as a doctor in Heilbronn until his death and the second is now a professor and architect) felt like masters of the world. Like his well-read father, who was an active democrat, Theodor liked to draw and some of his drawings were published much later. They were illustrations in his wife's book *Ausblick vom Munsterturm* (Views from the Tower), one of the many signs of an ideal partnership.

Heuss regards as vital for his life the influence of Friedrich Naumann on himself and his eldest brother. While still in the upper forms he devoured already *Die Hilfe* (Help), Naumann's organ, which was to become his own during the hardest years of his life. This journal also published his first article, an essay on Wilhelm Busch on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. The year 1902 brought him into contact with his idol. A trip through Thuringia and the Harz ended in Hanover, where he attended the National-Social party conference. It was a democratic and humanitarian movement, not identical with the later National Socialists. He was the youngest present, but in spite of, perhaps because of, this, Naumann regarded him with special interest and benevolence. The years 1902-3 he spent partly with Naumann and partly in Munich, where he studied Economics and Art History. In 1904 he went to Berlin to be nearer to Naumann, whose evenings with their high political, literary and artistic standard he attended regularly. He accepted an invitation to edit *Die Hilfe* on condition that he could simultaneously write his thesis on methods of wine-growing in Heilbronn for his doctor's degree.

Heuss started the literary supplement of *Die Hilfe* in 1905, and from 1907 to 1911 he also acted as political editor. His personal fate was also determined in the Naumann circle. He met Elly Knapp, whose enthusiasm was no less than his own. She was the daughter of the famous professor and writer Georg Friedrich Knapp, who was summoned to Strassburg in 1874 from Leipzig. In 1906 Heuss married his contributor and they collaborated very closely. She read him her books, including the successful work *Bürgerkunde und Volkswirtschaftslehre* (Civics and Economics), which went through nine editions and became a standard work in most domestic science schools.

Heuss is a rapid worker and finds time for writing even during strenuous political activities. He gained his first political success a year before his marriage. At his suggestion Naumann was nominated as Heilbronn's candidate in the Reichstag, and Heuss felt doubly responsible for this election. Evening after evening he made speeches throughout Württemberg. Naumann's ultimate triumph was equally his triumph. Yet he likes discussions and friendly contact with men and women of other political views. Thus he counted amongst his best friends members of the Zentrum, of the German National and Social Democratic Party, above all Paul Löbe who in a sense invented him as Federal President. When Naumann failed at his second candidature in Heilbronn in 1912, Heuss stuck to the place and became editor of the *Neckar Zeitung*. "All my life I have been a journalist and my books are written in my spare time."

As early as 1917 his researches in international law, particularly his book *Das Reich und die Bundesstaaten* (The Reich and the Federal

States) which advocated the strengthening of the power of the Reichstag, were regarded as highly instructive. A very different work *Schwaben und der deutsche Geist* (Swabia and the German spirit) described the great sons of Swabia and their attitude to their homeland and to greater Germany.

During the first world war Frau Heuss devoted herself to other tasks. A thousand women worked under her in the Red Cross, and later she taught economics at colleges for domestic and social science. Like her husband she has many and varied interests, and frequently lectures in public and on the radio. Before the end of the war Heuss was called to Berlin, which has remained his second home and which he has always regarded as Germany's real capital, on temporary leave. Under his direction the journal *Deutsche Politik* gained widespread recognition. Only a year later he accepted a chair at the Deutsche Hochschule für Politik (German College for Political Science), lecturing on comparative constitutional law, party history, party sociology, history of the nineteenth century and the present. Many Germans and foreigners who to-day play a part in political life or in the Press heard his lectures and still venerate him. He was held in similar reverence by the members of the Democratic Youth. Various journeys took him to Italy, the Balkans, France, Scandinavia and England, "where I received particularly kind treatment from the journalists." More progressive-minded in cultural questions than many leftist politicians, he adhered strictly to liberal principles in his economic policy and is to-day a supporter of Professor Ludwig Erhard with his free trade theories. Heuss would only like to accentuate the word social in the "social market economy": lower prices and higher wages.

Between 1924 and 1928 and again from 1930 to 1933 Heuss was the German Democratic Party's member for Württemberg in the Reichstag. Goebbels' hatred was directed not so much against the politician as against the writer. Two of his books were burned in the flames of barbarism in 1933: *Führer aus deutscher Not* and the warning book about Hitler, written one year previously. The German School of Political Science was compelled to dismiss him with the first batch. When it was re-opened in Berlin last winter Heuss, needless to say, was among the invited guests.

He was permitted to take over *Die Hilfe*, an exacting but unprofitable task. The rest of the German press was forbidden to print articles from his pen. A manufacturer offered him a small position, partly out of friendship, partly from pity. In this situation his wife proved her character and mental capacity. Eight days after their silver wedding this imaginative and resolute woman took up an entirely new profession. She occupied herself with broadcasting advertising and invented new methods. Instead of inserting propaganda talks between music, she combined the music with the text. Then came twenty-six propaganda films, partly acted, partly with cartoons. The purpose was to enable her husband to continue his literary work. With pride she points to his Naumann biography, which, apart from other books, was written in that period and dedicated to her.

The Federal President had never resigned politically. Even after the ban on his party he held small meetings. He then made the daring attempt to justify Naumann's tradition and to carry on *Die Hilfe* as a journal not conforming to the party line. Until 1936, when he ceased to be editor, I never failed to buy my copy of *Die Hilfe* even

abroad. It seemed almost as if this journal ignored the Thousand Years' Reich, because it defended all those things which were otherwise cursed and condemned. Towards the Jews he always shows loyalty. He was frequently summoned to the Ministry of Propaganda, where one high official spoke the classical words: "We are wondering every week how Heuss will dodge the issue this time." Subsequently he received spiritual asylum in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* from 1941 until the last issue, even as regular contributor. Since he could not write under his own name, he shortened the name of his birthplace Brackenheim to Brackheim and became popular under this pen-name. He was in close contact with the men of July 20th, and in December 1943 he met Gördelier in Stuttgart, who offered him the post of Reichs-pressechef in his prospective government. Hidden in Heidelberg in the home of his sister-in-law, he escaped the tragic fate of Gördelier and other friends.

In 1945 Heuss resumed active political work. He is one of the founders of the new democratic party, which appeared on the scene first as Liberal Democratic Party, subsequently as Free Democratic Party and German People's Party. After long preparations it was put on a trizonal basis and he was elected chairman of this united party. In 1947 I met him as one of the four German delegates at the Oxford Liberal International Conference. Germany's poverty was then at its worst, but Heuss bore it with the dignity so typical of the British in times of austerity.

Heuss is one of the three proprietors of the Heidelberg *Rhein-Neckar-Zeitung* and still writes the leader every Saturday as well as many of the feuilletons. The old journalist pursues ambitious plans with this paper. However, a fortnight after taking over, the Americans appointed him Minister of Culture in Württemberg. He resigned from this post in order to safeguard the position of his party friend, the Prime Minister Dr. Reinhold Maier, but remained in Stuttgart. His booklet *Werk und Erbe* (Work and Heritage) appeared in 1948. His wife had meanwhile scored a big success with *Schmale Wege* (Narrow Ways), short stories from the Third Reich, shortly to be published in America. Both are deputies in the Württemberg Diet, but Frau Heuss, who agreed only very reluctantly, will not stand a second time. "Young people must now take over."

His professorship at the Stuttgart Technical College was interrupted by Bonn, where he exerted a helpful influence as mediator. A C.D.U. representative called him the "Father of the Constitution." Heuss modestly waves this aside: "I am no more than perhaps an *accoucheur* of the Constitution." In the elections to the first Bundestag his party won great successes, although he eschewed the popular nationalistic slogans: "Under Hitler's barbarism one had almost to be ashamed of being a German. A relapse into the other extreme would be too dangerous. What we need in the present situation is a good unpretentious nationalism, a real feeling of dignity." Germany's representatives were well advised in electing this man as their first President. His election conforms to the traditions of the Goethe anniversary and will thus be understood by the world.

A. J. FISCHER.

Hamburg.

1 AUSTRALIA NEEDS PEOPLE.

AUSTRALIA'S most urgent need to-day is of population ; and she wants that population to remain white. The major body of Australian opinion supports the traditional policy in this respect. There are dissentients, nevertheless, their opinion having been expressed well and in timely style by the Moderator-General of the Adelaide Scots Church (the Rt. Rev. J. R. Blanchard), when he declared that the White Australia policy had better be abandoned if the nation was to fit into the pattern of world community.

Nowadays world considerations sometimes colour Australian comment on the policy so much that anxiety, if not fear, can be detected in that comment. But perhaps there is not really anything new in this. "Populate or Perish" has been preached here during most of this century ; and as a national slogan many public men and women have from time to time urged a general recognition of it. They continue to do so more insistently since the war and as a consequence of the wartime invasion threat. Professor G. S. Browne, Melbourne University Professor of Education, has said that the immigration intake will have to be raised to 200,000 a year, rising to 500,000 a year by 1960, to ensure the safety of Australia. And Sir Earle Page, a prominent Federal M.P., who has consistently advocated the establishment of more States in this country, has said that if the east coast area were given its own governments in new States the area would develop rapidly and carry a population of 10,000,000 ; and that only if this happened could Australians look with some complacency at its crowded northern neighbours.

It is because Australia becomes increasingly aware of her great need that she is likely to pursue her immigration policy without much regard for the cost. She is certainly pursuing it with interest : seeking and obtaining migrants from Britain and from European countries, including Displaced Persons by agreement with the International Refugee Organisation. (The search has also been extended recently to the Philippines, where the Australian Government is sending representatives to select European evacuees from Shanghai.) At the end of 1947 the agreement with I.R.O. provided for the emigration to Australia of 1,200 D.P. immigrants yearly. In mid-1948 more shipping was promised and the quota increased to 20,000. It was also then announced that Australia intended to match the U.S.A. plan to settle in the States 200,000 displaced persons. And in August 1948, the Director of Resettlement to I.R.O. (Wing-Commander R. Innes) announced that Australia would take 40,000 D.P. migrants yearly, and that in 1949 they would arrive at a rate of 3,500 per month. Since then estimates have risen from time to time, and the latest announcement, made this April by the Prime Minister (Mr. B. Chifley), declares that Australia will receive 140,000 immigrants this year. British, D.P. and all other migrants are included in that figure.

At present, immigration figures are better than they ever were during the gold-boom period of last century. Australians are beginning to believe, along with their Director of Immigration (Mr. Calwell), that the population of the country can be increased to 20,000,000 within the next thirty years. This optimism (it is of course largely that) may well prevail, despite the fact that the supply of D.P. migrants is clearly limited, I.R.O. preparing, it is reported, to close down at the end of the year. For Europe has never been the major source of supply of

migrants, the ratio of British to non-British migrants having varied between two to one and three to one. Australia will continue to look to Britain for the chief accretion to her population, which she has always envisaged as predominantly British. Nevertheless, since agreements between Australia and I.R.O. have been extended to include migrant fiancées and friends of settlers, and as former displaced persons now in Australia are applying for the immigration of relatives and friends, including German and Austrian settlers, it is likely that the immigration of non-British people will continue indefinitely, and doubtless increasingly. There has lately been a marked increase in migrant shipping from Italian ports; and in this there may be some reflection of Italy's desire to move some 400,000 of her people overseas.

In its D.P. migrants Australia is getting a good type. These people are chosen with regard to the special work they will be required to do. Selection, by Australian immigration officers in Europe, is conditional on the migrants agreeing to a period of directed service. Shipping is provided by I.R.O., which remains the controlling body until the migrants are disembarked in Australia. Here they spend a short time at training centres, established by the Immigration Department, where they are given a course founded on Basic English and instructed in Australian history, geography, climate, government, law as affecting immigrants, hygiene, currency, weights and measures and bushfire prevention. This teaching is supplemented by films and strip films, books and periodicals, bearing on the Australian way of life. On completion of this training they are interviewed by employment officers and assigned to suitable jobs—usually on rural or major developmental works, as in the examples that now follow. Australia arranged to accept a proportion of the Polish ex-servicemen who, having served with the British Armed Forces during the war, had remained in Britain. Two parties of these Poles, totalling 447, are now employed on a new hydro-electric project in Tasmania. They agreed to work on this project for at least two years.

A thousand D.P. migrants have been placed in the sugar industry and are expected to cut cane each season worth more than £3,000,000. In addition, some hundreds of Polish ex-servicemen have been sent to the canefields; and cane-growers have been granted landing permits for the introduction of many hundreds of Italians. Balt women domestics have helped to relieve labour shortages in town and country hospitals in all States—at one hospital making it possible for a new tuberculosis ward to be opened. Other D.P. migrants are now helping berry-growers, orchardists, saw-mills, brickworks, cement, coal, flax, zinc, salt and quarrying industries, and are clearing land for settlement. Some, more highly skilled than their fellows—artists, scientists and professional persons—have been placed where their special abilities can best be utilised.

These people soon settle down and adapt themselves to their new conditions. They are encouraged to do so, as exemplified by Mr. Calwell's recent announcement that, although D.P. migrants had contracted to labour as directed by the Government for a period of two years, they might be released from their two-year contracts if they showed that they were fitting smoothly into the Australian way of life. And what they do is done well enough to earn commendation by those who take notice. One Press tribute read: "Here are people who, with their skills and artistry, their will to work and proved fortitude, have a specific and important contribution to make to Australian

life." But the use of the word "specific" in that particular comment is rather specious: just what the contribution may prove to be cannot easily be foretold. Yet from a brief study of the general position of aliens in Australia, it appears that they conform to Australian ways, very definitely so with respect to the laws of the State. (Here it might be noted that Australian immigration plans have been described as "non-political, non-sectarian and non-sectional," by the Chairman of the Commonwealth Immigration Advisory Council, Mr. O. D. A. Oberg.) Disruption on the waterfront or in any other field of industry is not necessarily originated by him whom we loosely call "foreigner." The agitator, the urger, the man with a grievance and even the communist so-called, is only too often Australian-born. Balts, Italians, Greeks, Slavs—all are law-abiding, industrious people who contribute a goodly share to Australian progress. Sometimes they do it by themselves; by that I mean that they tend to operate certain industries bodily. It is an odd fact that, though Australia is an island with a population fundamentally British, the fishing industry all around the coast is in the hands of southern Europeans; and there are Europeans largely operating other industries, both primary and secondary, notably sugar, tobacco and certain food and clothing trades.

It is natural for nationals to associate, wherever in the world they may be. In Australia this association leads to community formations, to which naturalised as well as unnaturalised persons belong; and these formations have the appearance of minority groups within the Australian community as a whole. Some people to-day are unable to read into the word "minority" its true innocence. It may be that for some time yet the word will be one to arouse suspicion. So perhaps we should use and use the word again to restore its innocence; and it is in this spirit that one says here there are many minorities in Australia—adding that their members are quite good Australians. The formations seldom make news: the interests of their members are so cared for that those members appear to be of no more and no less note than any other private citizens. These minorities will increase. Their contribution to Australian life may ultimately influence the nation's voice in the international sphere. So it could become a contribution noticed not only in Australia but also abroad.

No forecast is intended; but it will interest anyone to reflect that the growth of the Australian population tends to follow, within the limits of its own design, the pattern originated by the United States. The likely destiny of this population, this people, is a great democracy in the Pacific, a democracy of Europeans become Australian in spirit and outlook. We all live much more in the world these days than we have done before; and because this is so the Australian progress will be observed and remarked on abroad, come what may. The insularities of nations lose face before the prospect which has been called before in this article "world-community." Countries belong much less to themselves than they do to the world. In spite of the barriers nations put up, or the curtains they let down, all nations approach, if with the pace of crippled snails, that community goal. All humankind has a stake in what happens in any country, what progress it makes. A white Australia?—or Australia, anyhow? Does it really matter, so long as it be a sound, a democratic Australia? This last question is left begging when it is considered again that the foundation stock of the Australian population is British, that immigration from Britain will continue, no doubt increasingly, and that the European migrants

now reaching the country are likely to be firm, many of them fervent, supporters of the democratic way of life. Australia looks like staying white. But a British Empire conference, or an international one, might one day influence a modification of what is an Australian traditional policy. And yet, perhaps not—for the world may be wise enough, and interested enough, to decide: "Let well be." Whether it be wishful or not, one thinks humanity would have reason to be grateful for the rise of a nation likely to be a power for good, for peace on earth. The world will be a better place to live in if in the southern Pacific a great experiment by the white races does succeed.

JAMES POLLARD.

Western Australia.

THOMAS MANN ON PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

IT is always awkward to talk of an artist's philosophy and religion as of something conveniently and unmistakably separable from the aesthetic form of his works, the ambiguous beauty of his imagery. In Thomas Mann's case this is doubly dangerous considering his statement: "An artist never takes the intellectual domain wholly seriously," his task "does not allow him to settle in a particular truth." On another occasion he said: "To the artist, new experiences of 'truth' are new incentives to the game, new possibilities of expression, no more. He believes in them, he takes them seriously just as far as he needs to in order to give them the fullest and profoundest expression." If we look at the work, his greatest, which he was writing when he formulated that statement—*Joseph and His Brethren*—we fully realise that he practised what he taught. He practised it also in *The Magic Mountain*, where he gave the fullest and profoundest expression to the dualistic philosophy of medieval scholasticism and the monistic or materialistic philosophy of modern science, and to the ideologies of capitalistic democracy and terroristic Communism respectively. Therefore one has to be cautious when dealing with Thomas Mann as a thinker.

When he was twenty-five Ernst Haeckel's philosophy or pseudo-philosophy was very much in vogue in Germany. But the young Thomas Mann never followed that ridiculous fashion—thrice ridiculous in a country which, a century before, had experienced Kant's profound critique of human knowledge. In later years he only spoke contemptuously of that "monistic presumption of solving the world-mystery," of that "Philistinian monistic enlightenment" and called it "extremely shallow," as he also called the French enlightenment of the eighteenth century, "the most shallow philosophy that ever was." What had made him immune to it was his early experience of Schopenhauer's romantic and pessimistic metaphysics which he, being a melancholic youth, had drunk in with passionate satisfaction, and he was very glad, he tells us, that he could let the main character of his first novel, Thomas Buddenbrook, share in his intoxicating experience. Schopenhauer gave to both, the author and his hero, "the gratification of the sufferer who has always had a bad conscience about his sufferings and concealed them from the gaze of a harsh, unsympathetic world, until suddenly, from the hand of an authority, he receives, as it were, justification and licence for his suffering—justification before the world,

this best of all possible worlds which the master-mind scornfully demonstrates to be the worst of all possible ones!" That pessimism we also find in all the early short stories of Thomas Mann. Four decades later he paid homage to his favourite philosopher in a lengthy and extolling essay, but when confronted with the direct question whether Schopenhauer's metaphysics were "true," he answers somewhat evasively: "Yes, in the sense of the highest and most compelling sincerity." He confesses that he was not impressed so much, if at all, by the philosopher's teaching of the denial of the metaphysical "will" as by his erotic mysticism, and most of all by his pessimism.

It was probably Schopenhauer who drew his early attention to Kant. Space, time and causality which, according to Kant and his follower Schopenhauer, determine and limit all our knowledge, recur as an ever-varied leitmotiv in several books of Thomas Mann. In *The Magic Mountain* we read: "As finite time and limited space cannot be imagined even with the most desperate effort, people have decided to 'think' time and space to be eternal and infinite—believing apparently that this might be, if not quite easy, at least a little easier." In *Joseph and His Brethren* we find the same idea expressed in other words and in another style, another key, as it were. In the former novel, a very clever thinker criticises modern science from the Kantian point of view and says sarcastically: "Was not the idea of a material world existing by and for itself the most laughable of all self-contradictions? But the modern natural sciences, as dogma, rested upon the metaphysical postulate that time, space and causality, the forms of cognition, in which all phenomena are enacted, are actual conditions, existing independently of our knowledge of them." Also of the idea of freedom, Thomas Mann makes that thinker speak in the Kantian and Schopenhauerian, i.e. the transcendental sense: "In doing, in acting necessity and determination reigned, here there was no freedom: there was, however, in being." That metaphysical meaning of the notion of freedom was one of the reasons why Thomas Mann could, for a long time, not get accustomed to using the term in its Western political meaning.

Whether he clearly realised the enormous difference between Schopenhauer's formula "The World is my idea" and Kant's transcendental statement that the reality of reason is a world of phenomena, that the world of experience is merely phenomenal, we do not know. But he states, as others have stated before him, that Schopenhauer did with Kant's "Thing-in-itself," the famous central notion of the latter's epistemology, "something very bold, even scarcely permissible, though at the same time with deeply felt, almost compulsive conviction: he defined the Ding an sich, he called it by name, he asserted—though from Kant himself you would never have known—that he knew what it was. It was the will." Actually, Thomas Mann says, Schopenhauer does the very same thing that Fichte, Hegel and Schelling did whom Schopenhauer derided as impostors and betrayers of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*; he introduced a new kind of metaphysics after Kant had shown all metaphysical claims to be a presumption of philosophers and theologians. Consequently, Thomas Mann says that phrases of those Romantic philosophers like "intellectual intuition" or "absolute reason" are nothing but "hybris and pompous folly." If some philosophers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have reproached Kant for having re-introduced into his *Critique of Practical Reason* the metaphysics and speculative theology

which he had explicitly destroyed in his first *Critique*, Thomas Mann knows this, of course, but looks at the facts from another angle. Already in his twenties he was deeply troubled by the problem of whether "a man can still be capable of moral resolution even after he had plumbed the depth of knowledge," i.e. the knowledge that metaphysics is impossible (Kant) and that existence is a "horrible invention" (Schopenhauer). The novel on Frederick II which he once intended to write would not have been simply a glorification of the Prussian king but would have dealt with the problem of relativism, pessimism, nihilism, as he saw it, as Nietzsche saw it (and especially so with regard to Frederick) when he spoke of a kind of scepticism that frees the spirit to a dangerous degree, but keeps the heart strictly disciplined, and called it the German kind of scepticism. In the *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*, written during the first world war, Thomas Mann speaks of Kant on several occasions. Alluding to Hume, he says that Kant has answered the question whether truth was more than an impression and experience of a transitory moment, "by a militaristic command—for what else is his categorical imperative than the establishment of truth as duty, duty as truth?" When he mentions Kant again at the end of the same book, he reminds us of Heine's joke that Kant had in his second *Critique* revoked his first because "Old Lampe must have a God." Thomas Mann approves of the deed of Kant's for practical reasons, and in his *Magic Mountain*, which takes up many problems of the *Reflections*, he says in allusion to him: "Law-giving wisdom, in marking off the limits of reason, planted precisely at those limits the banner of life, and proclaimed it man's soldierly duty to serve under that banner." This, exactly, became Thomas Mann's way of conquering nihilism. (It is necessary to mention here that he had derided the German misuse of Kant's philosophical solution already in his first novel. There, we meet with the Prussian headmaster Wulicke whose favourite words are "authority, duty, power, service, the career." The categorical imperative of our philosopher Kant was inscribed upon the banner which Dr. Wulicke threateningly unfurled to the breeze in every official speech.")

Thus, with the reservations mentioned at the beginning of this article, Thomas Mann may be called a Kantian as well as a Schopenhauerian. But there is another point that wants to be cleared up. Mann often uses the terms "spirit" and "nature" in his books, and we have to examine whether he uses them in a pre-Kantian, dogmatic sense, as they are used in the Christian dogma, or in a psychological, humanistic sense. When the hero of *The Magic Mountain*, who is Thomas Mann's alter ego, summarises the biological problem and asks: "What was life?" he answers that "no one knew. . . . It was not matter and it was not spirit, but something between the two." On another occasion Thomas Mann calls man a creature "connected with nature, indebted to the spirit," or "a mystery, for nature transcends itself in him and issues in the spiritual." Or he says: "A lofty encounter of nature and spirit as they mutually yearn toward each other—that is man." Is this metaphysics? We should think that it is not, that it is empirical psychology because only an adherent of the theory of evolution could have made the statement: "Since man is man he is more than nature." Or, speaking in the biblical imagery of his Joseph novels, Thomas Mann says: "Man is the Fall of Nature. This, however, is no Fall but as surely an elevation as conscience is higher than innocence. . . . Is this unfaithfulness to

nature? Not at all. It is in accordance with her deepest wish. For she has produced man that he might spiritualise her." Certainly, this is empirical evolution and psychology. Thomas Mann confessed more than once that he has always identified truth with psychology.

Let us now investigate what he says about religion, indirectly and directly. In *Buddenbrooks* we find rationalists, sceptics and genuine as well as hypocritical Christians. The hero of his autobiographical early short story, the writer, Tonio Kroeger, although "being sick of knowledge" and calling himself a sort of Hamlet, never contemplates returning to religion and accepting its consolations, as many writers have done before him and as Thomas Buddenbrook does, returning to that "a little confused and a little absurd story which required no intelligence, only obedient credulity." In *Fiorenza* we see medieval Christianity and the humanism of the renaissance contrasted with each other, deriding each other. The humanists are "subtle, sceptical, tolerant" and all for the "cult of beauty and life," but against "the dim, hollow-eyed spectres, the cruel and hateful prejudices which have haunted men for so long a night" and against the "dismal indiscriminate condemnation of unbelief, immorality, blasphemy, vice, luxury, and the lusts of the flesh." Savonarola, the medieval monk, on the other hand, condemns "the whole insolent world of the flesh" and hates "this contemptible justice, this lewd understanding, this vicious toleration of the opposites." Thomas Mann here hides behind dialectics—but not wholly. For we feel that Lorenzo Magnifico's words to Savonarola: "It is death whom you proclaim as spirit, and all the life of life is art" (the German original is in blank verse) express Thomas Mann's own opinion, as they express Nietzsche's who chiefly fought Christianity because of its nihilism, as he saw it. A few years after *Fiorenza*, when Thomas Mann grappled with the problem of politics, he professed that he disliked politics because of the intolerance of politicians, and he did it in words similar to those in *Fiorenza*. He characterised, in his *Reflections*, the politician as a "Gothic" man, "the man of the new intolerance, of the new anti-humanism, the fanatical man." The politician, he said scornfully, puts "between himself and everybody who is opposed to his 'creed,' the whole gulf which divides virtue from depravity," he calls "tolerance and politeness of the heart" a betrayal of the "dogma," and "excludes everybody who doubts and contradicts." Thomas Mann expressed in that book also his deep antipathy against those "presumptuous bigots who think they are better than their neighbour because they have the true faith," against "the self-righteousness of missionaries and pharisees who behave aggressively towards those wretches, who do not 'believe'." In *The Magic Mountain* we meet a fanatic Catholic who is also a fanatic Communist and all for "the Absolute, the godly terror of which the time has need"—not incidentally, because Catholicism behaved much in the same way against "unbelievers" as Communism does. In *Joseph* we meet with an (Egyptian) high priest who combines Catholicism and National-Socialism in his person, not, of course as concerns the dogma but as regards fanaticism. In *Doctor Faustus* we find a statement to the same effect: under National-Socialism "thinkers were free to justify terrorism, as seven centuries earlier reason was free to discuss faith, to prove the dogma." In *Fiorenza* a truly unfanatical man says: "Must our free-thinking become a religion and lack of morals a kind of fanaticism? I would repudiate the idea." In his *Reflections* Thomas Mann pays homage to

scepticism on several occasions, and emphatically so. "Doubt has not fattened me; I am even inclined to think that it is faith (and not doubt) that makes one fat." Or: "Doubt and sin are more fertile and more liberating than virtue, the dignity of reason, the Philistine pride of the proprietor of truth."

Thomas Mann's fourth novel, on the biblical Joseph, deals with almost all the religions around the Mediterranean, and he treats them with perfect freedom and irony, although not without human sympathy. He is of the opinion that man has always created gods in his own image: the more civilised he became the more civilised he pictured his gods; on the other hand, the refined images of the gods or of one god helped to civilise men still further. Thomas Mann based his novel on the theories of Frazer's *Golden Bough* and similar theories of German orientalisks. In a short article, written in 1932, he states that the history of religion contains "only few motives. What was in the beginning returns over and over again," namely the belief in a primeval "Mother"—like Swinburne's Hertha, we might say—and her "Saviour Child." We find that creed with the old Sumerians, Babylonians and Egyptians, and in Christianity we find it again.

As to the Christian religion, Thomas Mann calls it and the humanism of the ancient Greeks "the two pillars on which Western civilisation rests," and he was disgusted with Hitler's fight against Christianity. Without believing in any of its dogmas, he always felt a certain sympathy with its pessimism, because also art has always been pessimistic criticism of life to him. In three very different books of his we find the following only slightly varied words: "Art is the godly fire that should be laid to all the world that it might blaze up and perish, together with all its shame and martyrdom, in redeeming pity." In *Gladius Dei* and in *Fiorenza* it is a Christian priest who utters them but in his *Reflections* Thomas Mann repeats them in his own name. As for the rest, however, he uses Christian notions only in a metaphorical sense, God, Spirit, Soul, the Fall, etc. Of hell he says in *Joseph*: "Hell is for the pure; that is the law of the moral world. . . . Thus it is arranged and hell is quite certainly inhabited only by the better sort; which is not just—but then, what is our justice?" In *Doctor Faustus*, the Devil says something to the same effect, and when he describes hell we realise shudderingly that he means Hitler's concentration camps. About sin Thomas Mann says: "There is sin in the sense of the Christian and sin in the sense of humanism. . . . In any case, sin is doubt, the inclination towards adventure, losing oneself, abandoning oneself. . . . Only Philistines will hasten to call such an inclination immoral."

In a very outspoken article, Thomas Mann asks: "What do people want me to believe in? A God who has created Einstein's universe and expects, therefore, prostration, worship, unconditional submission? Indeed. A 'work,' a highly complicated, self-contained mechanism with traces of irrationality I can create myself. . . . This is just art, and there is no reason to touch the ground with one's forehead." Many years before that statement, in his *Reflections*, he had said: "I cannot say that I believe in God. . . . I do not give myself airs of possessing religion. . . . No, I possess none." He added, and this we must regard as his deepest and most characteristic confession: "But if one is allowed to understand by religiousness that freedom which is a way, not a goal; which is open-mindedness, gentleness, willingness to life, humility; searching, trying, doubting and erring; a way to

God or to the Devil for all I care, but, for heaven's sake, not the doctrinaire pride and philistinism of the proprietors of the faith—well, perhaps I may be allowed to call a little of such freedom and religiousness my own.” This goes as far as he himself is concerned. As for the masses, his pessimism makes him say: “It is absolutely certain that most people will never have the slightest reason for being good without belief in God, without religion. . . . The great majority of men needs the bondage through awe to make their appearance bearable and even beautiful.” In this, too, he follows his favourite philosopher, Schopenhauer, who, although being an atheist, declared religions to be necessary for the masses; but, he added, to require a great mind, a Shakespeare, a Goethe, “should make the dogmas of any religion implicitly, *bona fide et sensu proprio*, his conviction is to require that a giant should put on the shoe of a dwarf.”

If Thomas Mann has called himself a sceptic, this does not mean that scepticism has not troubled him a good deal all through his life. In *The Magic Mountain* we find a remark that if life and the age are “opposing only a hollow silence to all the questions man puts as to the final, super-personal, absolute meaning of all his efforts and activities, a certain laming of the personality is bound to occur. . . .” Under such circumstances, Thomas Mann adds, to be able to do something important a man must be “equipped either with a moral remoteness and single-mindedness which is rare and of heroic mould”—this reminds us again of his unfinished Frederick novel—or else with an exceptionally robust vitality.” In *Doctor Faustus* somebody says that since the belief in a “revealed truth” has been shaken, “there is nothing left but problems and uncertainty, so that the design for truth threatens to end in resignation and despair.” Already in *Death in Venice* (1911) we read of a writer’s decision “to turn his back on the realm of knowledge”—the knowledge that truth is impossible and that life is a terrible thing—to pass it with averted face lest it lame his will or power of action, paralyse his feelings or his passions.” That artist, we are told, has written a novel on Frederick, and we hear further that he “could hold out for years under the strain of the same piece of work, with an endurance and a tenacity of purpose like that which had conquered his native province of Silesia.” We are not told that that artist reverted to this or that form of “revealed truth.” He fails utterly in realising his intention—and Thomas Mann said years later that it had seemed to him honest to let that artist fail. And more recently he said: “Belief? Disbelief? I hardly know what the one is and what the other. I could not say, indeed, whether I consider myself a believing or an unbelieving man. Deepest scepticism with regard to both, to so-called belief and so-called disbelief—this is my whole testimonial, if I am catechised.” He sees himself surrounded by an “insoluble mystery,” and if we understand him right, his innermost feeling is a sort of subdued awe.

Already very early we find in his books a vague longing for something new that he cannot call by name. One of the main conclusions in his *Magic Mountain* is the statement: “Spirit, nature! Are those contradictions? . . . Man is the lord of counterpositions, they can be only through him.” On another occasion he said: “Strong is my belief that the humanity of the future will not exhaust itself in the spirituality of the Christian faith, in the Christian dualism of soul and body, spirit and life.” In *Doctor Faustus* he says: “Surely a religious sense, which I protest is in no way lacking in me, is something

other than positive and formally professed religion. Would it not have been better to hand over the fact of human feeling for the infinite to the sense of piety, the fine arts, free contemplation, yes, even to exact research which as cosmology, astronomy, theoretical physics can serve this feeling with entirely religious devotion to the mystery of creation." And in his essay on Nietzsche he says: "The super-denominational religiousness of which he spoke I can only conceive as being connected with the idea of man, as a humanism with a religious flavour, which highly experienced as it is, integrates all its knowledge of the below and demonic into its veneration of the human mystery."

J. LESSER.

THE SOVIET CULTURAL MISSION IN CENTRAL ASIA.

NEITHER the atmosphere of oppression which surrounds the Soviet theatre nor the liquidation of actors, producers or playwrights is sufficient proof that the Bolsheviks have given up their efforts to create a new theatre. The spasmodic turmoil within the Soviet theatre, this convulsive struggle of the theatre torn between truly creative attempts and relentless political pressure, is not to be identified with the creative unrest which is characteristic of the *avant-garde* of Western theatrical art, with its laboratory work of hammering out novel forms of stage expression, with its proclamation of new theatre reforms, with its introduction of successive æsthetical revolutions. The dramatic struggle which one can observe in the Soviet theatre, the sudden destruction of a principle or achievement which only yesterday was at its climax, the inexorable uprooting of what was deemed to be the acme of art not so long ago—all this does not testify purely and simply to ideological and artistic chaos and disorientation. Maybe they are indeed the throes accompanying the birth of a new theatre, the creation of a novel force which will definitely turn its back on Europe and seek the support of a non-European Asiatic culture. And so, whether we like it or not, a new culture would be brought into being. Russian culture would then become the vanguard of the cultural renaissance of Asia.

As we see it, that Euro-Asiatic culture can only mean the destruction of Western civilisation. It is not intrinsically evil but is simply a *different* culture which some people want to transform into the *anti-European* culture. For a long time the Soviet theatre has displayed an interest in the sources of Eastern—Chinese, Malayan and Hindu—theatrical art, though the greatest stress has been laid, naturally enough, on theatrical manifestations appearing within the boundaries of the Soviet-dominated republics of Central Asia. This great interest in the theatrical problems of the Asiatic republics has been indicated by the Kirghiz, Kazakh, Azerbaijan, Uzbek, Turkmen and other theatrical and musical festivals organised in Moscow, as well as in the great "Theatre of Eastern Nations" Exhibition, organised by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the inauguration of the State Institute of the History of Arts. When delivering his inaugural speech, Professor A. M. Mervart, the organiser of the exhibition, stressed that "To-day, when Russian theatrical life is being reconstructed on new foundations, knowledge of the culture of another theatre will be very useful and *pregnant with*

many novel ideas" (author's italics). In the preface to his book *The Theatre of the East*, Professor Mervart proudly writes: "The development of the culture of mankind has so resulted that nowadays the idea of 'Eastern culture' is practically equivalent to that of 'non-European culture'." Having destroyed the ancient American culture in her victorious progress, European culture was now warring against the still more ancient culture of the Asiatic nations who, one by one, come under the influence of the European or, strictly speaking, the Anglo-Saxon culture and lose their original character.

The Soviet régime tries to check and limit as much as possible the influence of European culture on the nations of Asia. Hence its slogan: "To protect the art of the brotherly nations of Asia." Hence, too, the reason for Soviet cultural missions among those nations. One must admit that the Soviet Government has indeed carried out sound pioneer work in those countries. Grand theatre buildings have been erected in Central Asia; for example, the gorgeous theatre of opera and ballet at Alma-Ata. The Government encourages local art by using methods which scarcely tally with our own ideas on the subject. This is not to be wondered at, since propaganda is the sole aim. The authorities want to reach the minds of the nations through the medium of art in order to win them for the Soviet world. Be that as it may, neither effort nor money is spared in this connection. Others again, rightly estimating the importance of gaining the sympathies of the East for Soviet politics, overdo their servile enthusiasm and create theories to prove the common background of the two cultures. The result is often exaggerated and this wooing of the Asiatic world by the Russians sometimes assumes grotesque forms; for example, Professor E. Bartels, when lecturing on the Persian theatre in the "Leningrad Institute of the History of Arts," affirmed: "Of all the nations of the East the Iranians are spiritually the most akin to us . . . the same indomitable fantasy . . . the tendency to solve the most profound problems." The ultimate aims are to yoke the nations of Central Asia as firmly as possible to the designs of Russian imperialism, to subordinate them in cultural respects rather than foster their culture genuinely, and to control them politically. Let us not forget that these Asiatic republics border on India and Afghanistan, countries in the British sphere of interest. For instance, the Kirghiz Republic has a short common frontier with India.

Soviet cultural tutelage does not consist merely in encouraging the original production of the respective nations, nor in fostering and preserving their native folk-lore; more often ready-made Russian, or rather Soviet, moulds are forced upon them and their art manifestations. The result is a species of artificial Russo-Asiatic mixture. The incontestable riches of this folk art are not always exploited or worked out by folk-lore experts and honest artists. Very often they fall into the hands of various bunglers and pseudo-artists who flock into Central Asia for the purpose of "helping the backward local art." They prey upon that art and re-make the original rudiments in accordance with their own understanding, taste and æsthetic ideas. Among the Kazakh and Kirghiz people live itinerant actors, narrating actors, called *akyns* (in Azerbaijan they are called *asugs*). Whenever an *akyn* arrives at an *ail* (settlement), he at once becomes the focus of a crowd of his fellow-countrymen who, with eager eyes, beg the "bard of the steppe" to start his recital. To the accompaniment of

the *kumuz*, a guitarlike instrument, the *akyn* recites fragments from the epic of Kirghiz hero-king Manas, his wonderful and interminable adventures and feats of valour and love affairs. The rhythmical, melodious recitation lasts for hours on end and nobody leaves before the *akyn* has finished the tale. Kirghiz people are very fond of this kind of performance.

The talented Kirghiz composer, Abdyllas Maldybaeyev, collects and arranges the songs of mountaineers and shepherds. However, the Kirghiz operas and ballets, such as *Ay-Churek*—The Moonlight Beauty, and *Altyn-Kyz*—The Golden Maiden, have been written in collaboration with Russians, who have made use of the native motives. Tamara Khanum, the highly talented and charming Uzbek artist, presents the combination of two elements: Asiatic subject and Western execution. She is a superb singer and dancer, and when singing Kazakh, Uzbek, Kirghiz, Turkmen or Tartar songs she is the personification of the folk-lore of those nations. With the same mastery she sings Russian, Ukrainian and Jewish songs, reproducing the characteristic style of each nation. Lately Tamara Khanum has found a rival in the young and gifted Farchia Dzalilova. In the Kirghiz country there is no such thing as decorative art in the full sense of the word. On the other hand, one sometimes finds very interesting and original motifs which are exploited by Russian artists for costume design and stage *décor*. Camza-Cakim-Zade, playwright, director and theatrical organiser in one person, is regarded as the father of the modern Uzbek theatre. He has raised the Uzbek theatre from amateur status to professional level. His whole work is strongly influenced by Soviet theatrical and political ideas which he zealously introduces on to the Uzbek stage. A similar part is played in Azerbaijan by Dzafar Dzabarly, author of many plays which are repeatedly staged.

Dancing is the most interesting feature of culture of Central Asia. The line of its development can easily be traced from folk-lore through character dances to the modern ballet. Even in the comparatively recent past there was little more than a series of folk dances held together by a libretto. To-day, thanks to Soviet influence, there are complete ballet features. *Maliakva* is regarded as the first national ballet of Georgia, its name being derived from the name of a river in the malaria-infested regions of Western Georgia. The ancient Adzaro-Gurian dance *Horumi* forms the finale of this ballet. Aram Khatchaturian has great merits in the development of the Armenian ballet. The very popular Armenian dances from the valley of Ararat, *Ashtarak* and *Uzundara*, have their origin in the beginning of the last century. The first attempt at the creation of a classical Armenian ballet was the production of *Khandud*, with choreography by Arbatov-Yugubian. This was performed in the Armenian theatre of opera and ballet in Erivan. The development of these dances has been influenced by the Russian ballet with both positive and negative results. Positive, since its high level and technique make the Russian ballet an example worthy of following, but negative as "revolutionary" motives introduced with violence and zeal are often alien to the natural line of development of Oriental dancing. And so, for instance, one of the precepts set by the Communists is that in many ballets the taking off of the veil from the heroine's face "must be" the climax of the show. Furthermore, the Russian ballet introduces classical elements into these folk dances, thus creating an artificial dualism of a classic

form and local folk-lore. The Russians, however, point to these frequently mechanical and artificial attempts at synthesis of Russian and Asiatic ballets as yet another proof of an amalgamation of two cultures and the artistic expression of Stalin's friendship of nations. "Culture-national in form, socialist in contents" is still the slogan in force.

Just before the last war the Latin alphabet, used till then by the Uzbek, Kirghiz and other nations, was replaced by Russian characters, for the primary task is to tie the two cultures together and, by their mutual interaction, to stress the Euro-Asiatic character of Soviet Russia. This is a conscious relapse from the tradition of pre-Bolshevik Russia, by which Russian bourgeois townspeople gravitated towards Western culture. Who knows? Maybe the continuous and really genuine interest with which Soviet Russia's political and intellectual leaders regard the theatre culture of the Asiatic republics is part of a most significant endeavour to *de-Europeanise Russian culture* in general as well as the Russian theatre in particular. Maybe this very attempt will become the starting-point for a new Russian art. Maybe this, not the inept botching of the pseudo-proletarian art of to-day, based on the so-called "socialist realism," a meaningless name for which a definition has not yet been found, will be the true art expression of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. Such, at least, is the belief of some Russian intellectuals. Some of them are even satisfied that the new culture has already come into being. It is in this light, then, that one should consider the extract from Professor Mervart's address referred to at the beginning of this article, viz., that knowledge of the theatre culture of Asiatic nations will prove to be extremely useful and pregnant with novel ideas. Said Lenin: "Let us go back to Asia; with the aid of the East we will reach the boundaries of the West." Lenin's injunction not only fixes the signpost for Soviet culture; it also indicates the source from which to draw life-blood and energy for the future fight against the West. It brings to mind the conquests of Jenghiz-Khan and Tamerlane, releases the slumbering powers of Asia, and is ready to stir up and mobilise the Asiatic steppes against Europe.

S. TONE.

DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE AND CHRISTIAN MYSTICAL TRADITION.

IT would be difficult to name a figure more important in the history of religion and philosophy than Dionysius the Areopagite. From the early sixth century to the present day his influence has been incalculable. It undoubtedly moulded the mystical theology of Christendom. In the east St. John of Damascus drew largely upon his works, and the writings of St. John of Damascus helped to fashion the dogmas of the eastern Church. In the western Church St. Thomas Aquinas quotes Dionysius as his authority more than seventeen hundred times in his *Summa Theologica*, that systematic elaboration and synthesis of Christian thought still accepted by the western branch of the Catholic Church. A great number of European mystics—among them St. Bonaventura, Eckhart, Tauler, St. John of the Cross—have

deliberately followed Dionysian guidance in their contemplative prayer. Great poets such as Dante and Milton have come under his influence. Great scholars of fifteen centuries have commented upon his writings. Dionysius has been the central figure in one of the greatest and longest controversies in history, which began at the Council of Constantinople in 533 and died down only in the late nineteenth century. And there is still dissidence.

Who was this Dionysius who has thus influenced the history of thought as perhaps no other single writer in the Christian era since St. Paul? He has been acclaimed and venerated as saint, denounced and exposed as plagiarist, forger, heretic, even pagan. We have no sure external evidence to give the place and date of his birth, his education, his calling, the full and exact canon of his writings. Herein we have one of the most baffling problems of identity. A small corpus of Greek works still extant is generally attributed to him. This comprises four treatises—*Of Divine Names*, *Mystical Theology*, *Of Celestial Hierarchy*, *Of Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*—and ten letters. These writings offer some details professedly autobiographical. In them Dionysius claims to be St. Paul's Athenian convert of the first century, of whom we read in Act xvii, 34. When he was twenty-five years of age he tells us that he observed a strange eclipse of the sun at Heliopolis in Egypt, which coincided with the death of Christ, and the true significance of this St. Paul later showed him. Dionysius further informs us that his spiritual father and guide was Hierotheus, a wise and saintly man, who, tradition says, later became bishop of Athens. In company with the Apostles, Dionysius describes how he was present at the death of the Blessed Virgin. His letters are addressed to well-known personages of apostolic times—to St. John in exile on Patmos, Timothy, Titus, Polycarp. He refers to the apostle Bartholomew, and to Elymas the magician, of whom we read in Acts xiii, 8.

If these writings were the genuine works of St. Paul's convert of the first century then they would indeed have tremendous authority. According to Eusebius, this Athenian Dionysius became the first bishop of Athens, and some traditions identify him with the St. Denis of France, though sober historians place the martyrdom of that St. Denis in the third century. The great theologians of the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries did believe Dionysius's claim, and regarded his works as the authentic exposition and development of the teaching of St. Paul. Hence the preponderant influence of Dionysius in the elaboration of medieval thought. Most of the thinkers from the ninth century to the Renaissance, one might say almost all who tried to resolve the problems of the divine attributes, of the angels, of evil, turned to Dionysius as their chief guide. After the Scriptures his writings had the greatest authority. Only Abelard and John Scotus Erigena appear to have been a little sceptical.

If the works of Dionysius were not a genuine expression of apostolic times then we have one of the most momentous plagiarisms in history. Doubts were first seriously raised by Laurentius Valla—one of the Pope's secretaries in the fifteenth century. In the early sixteenth century the question was taken up by Luther, Erasmus and the early Humanists. The controversy soon assumed great dimensions and was continued vehemently for three centuries. It was not a question of Catholic opinion versus Protestant. There were learned adversaries in each camp, Catholics and Protestants on either side, and among them some of the most renowned theologians of their age.

This controversy is still not quite dead, though the conclusions of two eminent nineteenth-century German scholars, Hugh Koch and Father Stiglmayr, a Jesuit priest, are very nearly convincing. These German scholars deduced that the Dionysian writings were the work of a Syrian monk of the fifth century. They limited them to the thirty years between 485 and 515. They based their arguments on a number of anachronisms, such as the mention of the Creed in the Liturgy of the Mass in the *Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*—the introduction of this has been dated c. 476. They showed a close resemblance in subject-matter between the *Divine Names* and the works of the neo-Platonists—particularly of Proclus, who was lecturing at Athens in A.D. 430 and who died in 485. They connected Dionysian teaching with the Monophysite heresy, rife in the fifth century. This heresy professed one nature in Jesus Christ, and that divine, a profession still made by the Coptic, Armenian and Abyssinian churches—whereas orthodoxy declares one nature, divine and human fused in indissoluble unity. Dionysius, in treating the subject of the nature of the second Person of the Trinity, appears to follow the terminology of the Council of Chalcedon, which met in 451 in an attempt to counteract the heresy. These German scholars gave Dionysius's master, Hierotheus, a fifth-century setting too. A *Book of Hierotheus* is known to have existed in early Syrian literature, the author of which has been identified with the fifth-century Syrian mystic, Stephen bar Sudaili.

All doubters of the authenticity of Dionysius have laid great stress upon the fact that he first came into full prominence as late as the Council of Constantinople in 533. This was during a most important debate wherein seven orthodox bishops faced seven heretical Monophysite bishops. The Monophysites under Severus, formerly Patriarch of Antioch, quoted Dionysius among the Fathers to disprove the findings of the Council of Chalcedon. Hypatius, bishop of Ephesus, the spokesman for the orthodox bishops, won the day for orthodoxy by attacking the genuineness of the Dionysian writings. If they were authentic, he said, and the exact expression of apostolic teaching, why had they not been cited by Cyril and Athanasius at the fourth-century Council of Nicaea in 325? Before the sixth century, evidence about Dionysius is obscure—at the beginning of the sixth century Dionysius was brought for ever from his obscurity. His works were translated into Syrian, commentaries were written on them by John and George of Scythopolis. Faith in his authority grew. Leontius of Byzantium, a great theologian of the sixth century, used Dionysius to confute the Monophysites. At the Lateran Council of 649 Pope Martin I proclaimed his orthodoxy and genuineness as a disciple of St. Paul. St. Maximus in the seventh century wrote a commentary on all four treatises, and from then onwards to the Renaissance Dionysian ascendancy was assured.

The strength of the arguments exposing the Dionysian imposture cannot be denied. But the problem of identity is not so easily settled as has been assumed. Dionysius may have borrowed from the sources discovered for him—but it is obvious that, if the Dionysian writings go back to an earlier date, then the so-called sources may be derived from them. And there is more than one acceptable explanation for the obscurity of Dionysius in the centuries before his sudden blaze of notoriety in the sixth century. In the early days of Christianity only the authority of the scriptures was customarily quoted. And if St. Athanasius did not cite Dionysius at the Council of Nicaea neither

did he mention other patristic writers, whose existence in the second and third centuries is irrefutable. The disturbing fact is that there is not complete silence about Dionysius before the end of the fifth century. There is, on the contrary, abundant cause for suspicion that the Dionysian writings may have been known earlier. The web of evidence is very frail and tenuous—liable to break at any point if closely scrutinised—references to pseudepigrapha, 'spurious letters and treatises of uncertain date, but still this web is sufficiently close woven and intricate, and there is so much of it, that, before it is wholly swept away, it will be impossible to rest with complete satisfaction on the conclusions of the German repudiators.

If the approximate dating of the Dionysian writings is correct when it limits them to the thirty years between 485 and 515, then it is hard to explain Dionysius's far-spread fame at the very beginning of the sixth century. The commentaries of George and John of Scythopolis cannot have been much later than the year 500. Before the middle of the century Leontius of Byzantium accepted Dionysius's authority without hesitation. Somewhere about the year 500 another Dionysius of repute took the title *Exiguus*, "the Little," out of respect for the Areopagite, Dionysius the Great. And there are many other strands of similar evidence which suggest an earlier date. An apochryphal letter of St. Clement of Rome written not later than the early fourth century was addressed to Dionysius. A third-century scholar, Dionysius of Alexandria, is credited with some annotations to the Areopagite's writings which St. Maximus summarises in his *Scholia* (Commentary). An Arabic edition of the eighty canons of the Council of Nicaea (No. 31) quotes from the *Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*. And there are many such references which point back, if not to St. Paul's Athenian convert of the first century, certainly to some writer anterior to Proclus.

There the problem must be left. It seems that, as with so many early works of doubtful authorship, the original matter has been worked over and rewritten. But it is folly to pronounce definitely on the identity of the author of the *Areopagitica* until all MSS. have been unearthed and a critical text published. At present one feels that the solution lies buried in scores of MSS. ignored or neglected, scattered throughout the world—particularly the Syrian versions, which have never been exhaustively listed and critically examined.

We are on more certain ground when we try to trace the entrance of Dionysian thought into the intellectual life of the west. We do not know the details of how the Greek text came to Rome, but it would appear undoubtedly to be through Greek monks. There was oppression and persecution in Islam during the sixth and seventh centuries, and many Greek and Eastern monks were compelled to abandon their monasteries and settle in Italy. We know that a monastery for Greek monks was built in Rome under Stephen II and Paul I. In 757 Paul I sent the writings of Dionysius in their Greek version to the Frankish Emperor, Pepin. In 814 and 827 the Emperor of Constantinople, anxious to maintain peace, sent legates to the court of Louis the Pious, and in 1827 the legates bore with them another Greek copy of the works of Dionysius. This was placed in the Abbey of St. Denis on the very eve of the Patronal Festival, and the abbot of that time, Hilduin, tells us that during the night nineteen miraculous cures took place. The importance of the writings was thus demonstrated and recognised. Hilduin himself wrote the life of St. Denis, identifying him with St. Paul's convert and the first bishop of Athens. An Irish

scholar, John Scotus Erigena, was soon summoned to translate the Dionysian writings into Latin, and his Latin translation was the basis of later Dionysian studies. By the end of the medieval period European theology and mysticism had been shaped according to the Dionysian pattern.

PHYLLIS HODGSON.

THE ENDOCRINE GLANDS.

SCATTERED about in the human body are several small organs, usually in pairs, which are known as the endocrine or ductless glands. They manufacture chemicals, termed hormones, which are secreted into the blood-stream. These hormones have a great influence upon the state of mind and body of the individual. The endocrine or ductless glands seem to have a controlling or master gland whose hormones affect the secretions of the various other organs of the endocrine system. This master gland, or "leader of the endocrine orchestra," as it has been called, is the pituitary body, situated at the base of a small stalk projecting from the underside of the brain towards the mouth cavity.

The pituitary body is about the size of a medium-sized marble. It produces many chemicals that have a widely different effect on various organs of the body. The pituitary body is composed of two fairly distinct parts, the anterior lobe and the posterior. The latter in embryonic days was formed mainly from brain tissue; it produces three distinct hormones. One is vaso-pressin which has an effect on blood-pressure, any excess of it raises the pressure; it also has an effect on renal activity. Another hormone produced by the posterior lobe of the pituitary is intermedin, which, in humans has an effect on the release of energy from various types of foodstuffs. Excess of intermedin causes fats to be broken down to release energy instead of carbohydrates. In lower animals, such as the frog, intermedin influences the colour of the skin; the frog on a dark background will appear darker than when on a background of a light hue. This colour change is due to intermedin. The third hormone of the posterior lobe is oxytocin which causes contractions of the uterus and is produced in large quantities at childbirth. The anterior lobe of the pituitary body, formed mainly from an outgrowth of the mouth cavity in embryonic days, produces a large number of hormones. In the female this part of the pituitary produces the luteinising hormone, which has an effect on the corpus luteum of the ovary, and the lactogenic hormone which produces mammary gland secretion and has a strong influence on maternal behaviour. In both sexes the anterior lobe produces hormones which stimulate other endocrine organs to secrete their hormones. The thyrotropic stimulates the thyroids, the adrenotropic the adrenals, and the gonadotropic hormone stimulates the gonads to produce sex hormones. Giants are the cause of an excess production of pituitary hormones; thus it was once thought that the anterior pituitary produced a specific growth hormone. This hormone has not been isolated and abnormalities of growth have often been found to be associated with tumours of the anterior lobe affecting many hormones.

The thyroid gland in the neck region was the first endocrine gland to be intensively investigated. The thyroid produces a hormone,

thyroxine, which has an effect on growth, metabolism and the nervous system. The production of thyroxine is closely allied to the iodine content of the blood; hypothyroidism is caused by lack of iodine. In humans the symptoms of this state are a gross enlargement of the thyroid gland, shortness of stature, mental dullness, an enlargement of the heart; and in infants the dwarf, mental defective state of cretinism. In England hypothyroidism is often spoken of as Derbyshire neck because the drinking water of the Peak District is very low in iodine. Some years ago parts of Switzerland had a practically mentally defective population due to lack of iodine in the drinking water producing numerous cases of hypothyroidism. In the Swiss schools chocolate is supplied which contains iodine and the table salt sold there is iodised. When the thyroid secretes into the blood-stream too much hormone, the hyperthyroid state or Graves' disease is produced. The person suffering from this endocrine disorder is very energetic, thin, highly strung and develops protruding eyes. Treatment usually necessitates removal of part of the thyroid.

Adjacent to the thyroid gland are four small endocrine glands known as the parathyroids. The parathyroid hormone seems to be associated with vitamin D and bone formation. Under-production of the parathyroid hormone leads to a lowering of the calcium content of the blood and eventually produces tetany, a peculiar contracting condition of the muscles. Rickets in young children may be associated with the parathyroid hormone. Excess of parathyroid hormone is extremely rare and causes decalcification and deformation of the bones. In the region of the kidneys are two small endocrine glands which produce very important hormones; these glands are the adrenals. Each adrenal is composed of two distinct regions, an outer cortex and an inner medulla. Death soon follows removal of the adrenals. The medullary region of the adrenals manufactures a hormone, first discovered by Vincent (1924), known as adrenalin. This hormone is linked with emotional states of fear and anger. Should one encounter a charging bull, after a momentary rooting to the spot, one dashes away at great speed; the energy for this rapid movement has come from the stored glycogen of the liver being rapidly converted by adrenalin into soluble glucose for the blood-stream to take to the muscles. Under the stimulus of fear, in this case the bull, adrenalin is poured forth from the medullas of the adrenals in excessive quantity. Adrenalin, therefore, causes constriction of the arterioles leading to increased blood-pressure and changes glycogen to glucose. The adrenal cortex produces a whole variety of hormones—Reiss claims to have isolated twenty-one hormones from this region. The hormones of the adrenal cortex are linked with vitamins B and C. The latter is important in the manufacture of anti-bodies against bacterial attack; changes are noticed in the adrenal cortex after an infectious disease.

As the hormone of the parathyroids controls the amount of calcium in the blood-stream, so a hormone of the adrenal cortex controls the amount of sodium. A disturbance of this hormone results in a disease known as Addison's disease in which the patient has a great craving for salt because of its sodium content. One stimulating hormone to the gonads is produced by the pituitary and the adrenal cortex produces another. Tumours in the adrenal cortex region result in abnormal sex development, e.g., growth of hair on the chins of females. The gonads, ovaries in the female and testes in the male, besides being glands with ducts and giving sexual products, are also endocrine organs

producing hormones. The ovaries manufacture a group of hormones known collectively as oestrogens and first investigated by Allen and Doisey (1925). These hormones have an effect on the development of the secondary sexual characteristics. The testes, or male gonads, produce testosterone which develops the secondary sexual characteristics of males: the "breaking" of the voice and beard development. In the region of the heart is an endocrine organ, the thymus, about which little is known. It is well developed in children but decreases in size at the approach of puberty. Should the thymus fail to decrease at this time sexual development is retarded; therefore it is concluded that the thymus produces an inhibitor to sex development until puberty.

Since the earliest days of human anatomy, investigators have speculated upon which organ of the body housed the soul. For a considerable time the vitalist believed that the seat of the soul was the pineal body situated just beneath the skull bones on a stalk projecting from the dorsal region of the brain. In frogs and toads it is believed that the pineal body is a remnant of a third eye. In humans it has been found that the pineal body is an endocrine organ which has an effect on sex development. Little, however, is known about the pineal body as an endocrine organ and research is being carried out upon it. The endocrine system as a whole is very important both as regards the mental and physical health of Man. Hormones control growth—dwarfs and giants are the result of abnormal secretions of certain hormones. Bone formation is influenced by hormones; it has been found that X-ray studies of wrist, shoulder, ankle, elbow and knee can be used for the purpose of endocrine disorder diagnosis. Under-secretions of the thyroid and pituitary and various tumours of the pituitary, adrenal and ovary give characteristic bone formation. Obesity is often the result of under-secretions of the pituitary and thyroid; this is especially seen in pre-adolescent boys where there is a lack of sex development. Extreme thinness, especially in adolescents, may be due to an abnormality in the production of gonadotropic hormone of the pituitary.

Illnesses such as asthma, hay fever, kidney and gall-bladder complaints are linked with the endocrine system. Such complaints as those mentioned are due to an allergic state: certain external things, like pollen grains and certain foods, cause the illness to appear. Everyone comes in contact with pollen grains, etc., but in only a few individuals do allergic symptoms, such as hay fever, appear. In these individuals it has been found that there is an endocrine disorder. For example men treated with female sex hormones are cured of hay fever. Bacterial attacks are indirectly linked with the endocrine system; adrenal cortex secretions plus vitamin C control the formation of anti-bodies to help fight bacteria. Hormones have an effect on the mentality of the individual. Many nervous symptoms once regarded as being purely psychological are now found to be connected with secretions of the endocrine organs. Dr. Erwin Pulay states that the temperament and character of a person is linked with hereditary traits, the endocrines and food. The tall, slim, large boned, haggard looking person who is intelligent, active and determined, has a very active pituitary body. A pituitary body producing below the normal amount of hormones is found in individuals who are obese, slow in movement, retarded mentally, depressed and two-minded. They are slow in reaching decisions but quickly change them. A hypothyroid individual is a very placid person who lacks all enthusiasm and is mentally

retarded. On the other hand the person producing excess thyroxine is very enthusiastic, nervous, active mentally and physically, and usually possesses a fiery temperament. He is very determined to the point of being obstinate and is often inconstant in his relationships with others.

The nervous system is closely linked with the mentality of the individual, and hormones exert a great influence upon this system. Besides the hormones secreted from the endocrine glands, hormones are secreted from nerve-endings. These hormones conduct stimuli from one nerve to another and the hormone is either acetyl choline or adrenalin—the latter is the same substance as that produced by the adrenal medulla. Thus the endocrine system, the glands that comprise it and their secretions, the hormones, have a great effect on the structure of the body and the mental and physical health of the individual.

MERVYN D. COLES.

TRILUSSA, POET OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

A FEW months ago something unusual happened in many of Rome's *osterias*, those modest inns where the simple workers, artisans and shopkeepers sit together behind a bottle of yellow Frascati wine. It was among these clients that signatures on a petition to the President of the Republic were collected, and thousands gladly put their names on the circulating sheets, although quite a few did it with the clumsy handwriting of the near-illiterate. It was not a question of politics this time, nor one of salaries and taxes. In that petition President Einaudi was requested to honour a poet, and to honour in his person the entire population of Rome that loves this man and considers him the truest representative of its spirit. Trilussa is the name of the writer who enjoys a unique popularity far beyond the boundaries of the Eternal City. His poems are read and admired not by a handful of intellectuals but by the simple *popolino*, and even the lowliest Roman bricklayer or porter is familiar with his name and work. Nothing else could, therefore, have been a truer expression of Roman popular sentiment than the request made in that petition to the President that Trilussa be named a Senator *honoris causa*, as provided for by the new Constitution in the case of a small number of particularly meritorious Italian artists and scientists.

Carlo Alberto Sallustri, who has chosen an anagram of his name as *nom de plume*, is about seventy-five years old. He belongs to that generation of Italian intelligentsia that had been educated in the spirit of French culture, had felt and lived like French Bohemians, and around whose personalities and homes there still is a certain flavour of the Montparnasse. The white-haired, elegant gentleman of the *bon vivant* type who lives in a quaint studio near Piazza del Popolo, full of innumerable strange objects, photographs and bric-à-brac, writes in a French manner, but by no means does he follow the styles of Baudelaire, of Mallarmé, of Gide or Valéry. His model is none of the *décadents fin de siècle*, none of the contemporary innovators, but good old Lafontaine. Fables and satires constitute the main bulk of the many volumes he has published, and this voluntary limitation of

a lifetime's production to such a narrow field—and such an “outdated” one at that—shows his exact knowledge of the natural boundaries of his own talent. His language is the vigorous Roman vernacular, the so-called *romanesco*, his preferred form that of the sonnet.

As a satirist and as a Roman vernacular poet Trilussa is the heir and continuator of a noble local tradition that reaches far down into the past. As far as satire is concerned, the name of Juvenal suffices to show Trilussa's spiritual ancestry; nor did that ancient satirical tradition break off during the centuries of the Papal reign. It was then embodied in the legendary figure of “Pasquino,” an ancient marble torso near Piazza Navona where on every occasion anonymous writers used to attach their satirical verses dealing with the spiritual and worldly state of affairs in the Eternal City. One of the most famous among these *pasquinade*s was the Latin hexameter that read: *Quod non fecerunt barbari faciunt Barberini*—an incomparably laconic and mordacious condemnation of the spoliation of the Pantheon ordered by Pope Urban VIII, of the House of Barberini. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Roman satire and Roman vernacular poetry were fused in the work of Giovacchino Belli. His achievement was as original as it was admirable; in more than two thousand sonnets he turned the *romanesco* dialect into a medium for his poetical creation that reflects the primitive life of the popular Trastevere district with all its human, tragic and comic aspects, and thus becomes a kind of “human comedy” of the Eternal City's populace.

Trilussa is rightly considered heir and successor of Belli, but at the same time he is perfectly original in his work. Like Lafontaine, he mostly writes moralising fables, always giving them an unsuspected satirical and humorous turn. Thus he has written a new version of the story of Androcles and the Lion. *El leone ariconoscente*, his fable is called, and the picturesque *romanesco* dialect, applied to the traditional subject, in itself produces a charming and funny effect. The tale starts along the usual line: a ferocious lion, suffering from a thorn in its paw, happens to encounter a man who draws the thorn from the wound. The casual remark that the man in question is a lieutenant at first seems to serve the purpose of rhyme only; but all of a sudden this remark leads to a completely surprising point. “I am willing to fulfil any of your wishes,” says the grateful lion, whereupon the man utters the typical wish of the military—the craving for promotion. The next morning already the lion appears in front of the lieutenant's tent and tells him that it has provided for the desired promotion:

I thought of your wish, so don't treat me with scorn—
I've eaten your captain just before dawn.

Frequently, Trilussa's pen turns fable into political satire, and it is therefore by no means surprising that quite a few of his poems could not be published during Fascism. The charming little fable called “Play of Colours,” for instance, in an approximate English translation should run about as follows:

A mouse—a tiny one at that
Was fleeing from a big red cat.
Alas!—the day was not a bright one:
It met another cat, a white one.
And when the mouse thought it had done it
A black cat swiftly pounced upon it.
“Red, white or black,” the mouse sighed dying,
“The end is never edifying!”

Also forbidden by Fascist censorship, but nevertheless known and recited all through Fascist Italy, was Trilussa's masterly poem, "The Shadow," that renders with unsurpassable conciseness the atmosphere of the totalitarian State :

At night my shadow follows me around,
Wandering with me, curious and prying,
As if another man, cautiously spying,
Were on my heels without a single sound.
I met a friend, we stop, we talk.
The shadow listens, flat against the wall,
Pricks up its ears to get the gist of all
And then continues with my nightly walk.
No matter ! Long since have I learnt to think
My true thoughts not in any public places,
But in those private inner rooms and spaces
Where darkness covers everything like ink.

We have already mentioned Pasquino, the marble torso, symbol of the indomitable satirical spirit and intellectual liberty of the Roman people. Trilussa has written a fable on Pasquino, too, and his lines dedicated to that ancient fragment seem an appropriate conclusion to this article :

A little dog that happened to stroll by
Addressed Pasquino's marble mass one day :
" Fate seems to treat you in an ugly way,"
It said, " and, frankly, I just wonder why.
I guess they threw too many stones at you.
All has been smashed—your nose, your ears, your eyes,
Your arms and legs, and even otherwise
There's little left, poor chap, you still can do.
The mouth alone survives your battered head."
Pasquino smiled and murmured : " Listen friend,
This clearly signifies that in the end
My last word is still far from being said."

PERCY ECKSTEIN.

Anacapri.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, CORN LAW RHYMER.

DUE public honour was paid in 1946 to the persuasion of Richard Cobden and the eloquence of John Bright on the centenary of Peel's first steps in the abolition of the Corn Laws. Honour is also due this year on the anniversary of his death in 1849 to Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield iron merchant, who ripened the popular clamour for repeal by his savage and poignant Corn Law Rhymes, published in 1831. This was when he was fifty and Bright was only twenty and Cobden twenty-seven, and seven years before the formation of the Anti-Corn Law League. These rhymes were described by Thomas Carlyle, in a long notice in the *Edinburgh Review* (1832), as " some little fraction of a rainbow, painted out of troublous tears." Their vivid realism was such that, in the great fiscal controversy in the early part of this century, Lord Rosebery recommended a reprint of them ; and Fisher Unwin, who was married to Cobden's daughter Jane, re-issued the rhymes as a twopenny pamphlet in 1914, which sold in thousands. They had a deep political influence by recalling the bitter poverty

of taxed bread which still lingered in the memory of many village and industrial families. The mechanised tricks of modern propaganda seem trivial compared with the stirring effect of these Corn Law Rhymes.

It is one of the most ironic paradoxes of changing statesmanship that Joseph Chamberlain, now chiefly remembered as the protagonist of full-blooded Protection, including taxes on food, made trenchant use of the following passage from Elliott in his Free Trade, Radical and Republican days :

They taxed your corn, they fettered trade,
And clouds to blood, the sun to shade,
And every good that God had made
They turned to bane and mockery.
They knew no interest but their own,
They shook the State, they shook the Throne.
Oh, years of crime ! The great and true,
The nobly wise,—now, not a few—
Bid freedom grow where Corn Laws grew,
And plant it for eternity.

His more stark and simple songs, like one set to the tune of *Robert Adair*, counted most in voicing the misery of the half-starved workmen in town and village :

Child, is thy father dead ?
Father is gone !
Why did they tax his bread ?
God's will be done !
Mother has sold her bed ;
Better to die than wed !
Where shall she lay her head ?
Home we have none !

If, as Dr. G. M. Trevelyan says, " Cobden was argument, Bright was passion, and Fox was rhetoric " in the anti-Corn Law crusade, Elliott was the poor man's laureate. Dr. Trevelyan says in his biography of John Bright that " it was in such language and from such people that Bright at Rochdale first heard of the Corn Laws," and so " from the beginning to the end of his life he always regarded it as a working men's question, and as a question of simple humanity. Ebenezer's lines were always in his heart and often on his lips."

Elliott's success in advancing the agitation for Corn Law Repeal is another illustration of the value of direct concentration on a single burning human cause. Although he was a Sheffield delegate to the demonstration for the Charter held in Palace Yard in 1835, he left the Movement when its wilder leaders, like Stephens and Feargus O'Connor, refused to include the repeal of the Corn Laws in the six-point programme. " I am for your Charter," he said, " but I am not for being starved to death first." As a lover of nature from childhood, he saw the philosophical principle of Free Trade in

The thankful clouds that beautify the skies,
Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Elliott was no Socialist, and among many apt epigrams, he wrote the familiar one on Communism :

What is a Communist ? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Idler or bungler or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny, and pocket your shilling.

His ideal of welfare was brotherhood :

Companionship in toil and sorrow
Makes every man a brother
Till we have worked or wept together
We do not know each other.

His democratic anthem "When wilt Thou save the people?" has a settled place in political and religious hymnology.

Carlyle also liked Elliott for his rugged individualism. In the same essay in the *Edinburgh Review* he found in him "Not a Rhymer and Speaker only, but in some genuine sense, something of a Poet . . . a sweet singer wearing the likeness of a Man." He praised the rhymer for his "sturdy, defiant, almost menacing" forthrightness. Elliott had had a hard rather than harsh upbringing to make him Carlyle's "sturdy" fellow. One of thirteen children, he was born in 1781 near Rotherham in South Yorkshire; his father was a remarkable character known as "Devil Elliott" on account of his ultra-Calvinism and violent Radicalism. His mother, who was, he said, "born with a sigh," gave him a deep deposit of melancholy. He worked for his father, who was a little iron founder, from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year without wages. Yet, unlike Edmond Gosse, Elliott had more admiration than fear of his father, of whom he has a vivid recollection in a striking chapter of autobiography published in the *Athenaeum* after his death: "There, at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlour like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to persons who came from distances of twelve and fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism . . . and hell hung round with span-long children! On other days, pointing to the aquatint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell, and of Washington the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of 'the glorious victory of His Majesty's forces over the rebels at Bunker's Hill.' Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics. . . . I am the son of my mother; yet on emergencies, and in the hour of calamity, the single drop of Northern blood which my father put into my heart has more than once befriended me."

At school he had shown a constitutional incapacity for the rules of grammar and arithmetic, and he often played truant to ramble in the woods and fields. Yet those early truant days developed an intense love of Nature which was further fostered by the plates of Sowerby's *English Botany*; and he was fortunate in the gift of some classics from a poor curate. These influences, he said, encouraged him "to desert both the alehouse and chapel." According to his own account he was nourished only on strong meats. "I never could read a feeble book through: it followed that I read masterpieces only, the best thoughts of the highest minds—after Milton, Shakespeare; then Ossian; then Junius, with my father's Jacobinism for a commentary; Paine's *Common Sense*; Swift's *Tale of a Tub*; *Joan of Arc*; Schiller's *Robbers*; Burger's *Leonora*; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*; and, long afterwards, Tasso, Dante, de Stael, Schlegel, Hazlitt and the *Westminster Review*." He may have lacked grammar at school, but he had a marvellous memory; at twelve he almost knew the Bible by heart and at sixteen could recite three books of *Paradise Lost*.

Such were the elements which contributed to make Elliott the strong-willed, passionate, self-centred man that he was. He went to Sheffield and set up as an iron merchant. He failed once; and in 1821, when he was forty, commenced again, with a slender sum of £150, borrowed capital. From his second start he prospered. He could sit up in his chair surrounded by casts of Shakespeare, Napoleon and Achilles and make £20 a day without even seeing the goods invoiced. In 1837 the operations of the Corn Laws swept away much of his fortune. "When the commercial convulsion began," he wrote in a letter, "I ought to have retired from all business, as I then intended. But my unwillingness to lead an idle life (which, being interpreted, means my unwillingness to resign the profits of business) tempted me to wait for the crash—a crash unlike all other crashes in my experience. I lost fully one-third of all my earnings, and after enabling my six boys to quit the nest, got out of the fracas with about £6,000, which I will try to keep." So he retired.

Elliott had wanted to be a poet before he was driven to write the Corn Law Rhymes, and his first models were Thomson and Ossian. *The Vernal Tide*, written when only seventeen, was dedicated to Jane Austen. In longer poems, like *The Ranter*, *The Village Patriarch* and *The Splendid Village*, there is often a hyperbolical note mixed up with what Carlyle called some "tolerably spelled" vignettes of local scenery, and of rough characters like the Sheffield grinder and the village poacher. Landor wrote a generous memorial poem for a statue to him erected in Sheffield. It is a pity that so vital a personality has been reburied so deep in the over-voluminous Memoirs by his son-in-law Watkins, and by Searle. A selection of his country poems, with his fragment of autobiography and the Corn Law Rhymes, would make a suitable anthology in memory of a democratic singer, who was gentle enough at heart for a bird to have perched on his hand as he wrote his blistering rhymes. There was the true lyric impulse when, as he lay stricken in 1849, on the wedding day of his daughter, he heard a robin singing in the garden and dictated a little poem to it. "I feel so weak," he had said, that "an infant could fell me with a primrose." The extremes of gentleness and anger in such a man, and also in Thomas Cooper, another self-tutored poet who left the Chartist, may seem out of focus with some of the leaders of trade unionism and parliamentary action to-day. But Elliott and Cooper had a callous landlordism and semi-starvation to fight against in the grim days between Waterloo and Peterloo; in personal character and in social contribution they matched the circumstances of their particular generation.

J. B. HOBMAN.

GHOST SHIPS OF THE SEVEN SEAS.

The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay. . . .

AMONG apparitions the phantom ship will always hold the palm of poetry. It "suffers a sea-change into something rich and strange," and, although mere land-lubbers may scoff, even in a mechanistic twentieth century there are many things at sea which cannot be judged by ordinary standards. This is the story of strange happenings in the Bay of Casco, on which stands the city of Portland, Maine, U.S.A. In the days of sail a wooden ship built in one of the

yards on the shores of the bay set off on the China run. The onlookers, wishing her God-speed, watched the sails break one by one, and then she vanished behind the wooded headland. Months passed, but she never docked again at Maine. Then one misty evening in late autumn she drove into the harbour, with stained and tattered sails, red port, and green starboard lights aglow, and then out again. She has been seen since, from time to time, although sceptics scorned the tale.

Yet only a short time back occurred inexplicable things which have shaken their superciliousness. One late afternoon, in the half dark, a coastguard look-out of a schooner patrolling the heavily mined and closely guarded bay cried out in hasty alarm to the man at the wheel. He swung it hard over and as the schooner bore away a full-rigged ship swished by and vanished into the mist. She was heading straight for the mine barrier. A shot was fired after her to draw attention to the danger and to call her to. The crew of the coast-guard schooner, getting no reply, waited for the roar of the explosion as she piled herself on to the mines. None came. The schooner reported what she had seen, and the port authorities asked a radar station why her presence had not been broadcast. The radar men said that their instruments had not detected anything. At that moment a second patrol craft reported the ship in a different position. Planes went up, flares were dropped, but the mystery vessel was not discovered. That same night a man in a motor boat heard the creak of line and looked up to see the phantom glide towards the harbour. He even waved after her. And a naval ensign told how he had seen a full-rigged ship a few nights earlier and had sent tracer bullets after her. His ship scoured the bay; in fact, the crew stood alert at the gun stations for a week; day and night; but she could not be found. That, in brief, is the story of the phantom ship of Maine which no twentieth-century scientific device is capable of detecting, but which apparently is evident to the senses of man. Can such a ghost ship exist? This is a question which, in the present state of knowledge, cannot be definitely answered. Yet it is difficult to dismiss as mere delusion the many stories which have been handed down for centuries in some cases.

By coincidence, besides the ghost ship of Casco Bay, there is another tale referring to the spectre ship that haunted the east coast of the United States. The tale has been handed down since 1647 of a supernatural happening at Newhaven, Connecticut. In the January of that year the vessel left the harbour and for five months nothing more was heard of her. She was long overdue and it was feared that she had been lost with all hands. At the end of that period, after a severe storm, she was sighted coming up-river. The news passed from mouth to mouth and the inhabitants gathered to greet her as she docked. Yet soon comments began to pass. The vessel was sailing dead into the wind. No earthly ship could do that. Suddenly, to their horror, the weird visitor faded away and disappeared completely from view.

Another celebrated disappearing ghost ship is the one which haunts the waters off Cape d'Espoir, Quebec. Its story is recorded by Le Maine in the *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*. The ship appears once a year; its decks are crowded with men, while in the bows stands a man with a woman clinging to his arm. Then the lights die out and the vessel gradually sinks. The legend is that the spectre is the phantom of a British flagship that was sent to attack the French forts on Canada's eastern seaboard but which went down with all hands.

Perhaps the most celebrated ghost ship is the so-called *Flying Dutchman*. The following is one of the most remarkable pieces of evidence extant regarding it, and it is particularly interesting as indirectly his late Majesty King George V was concerned in the affair. As a young prince he accompanied his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, on an extended voyage in H.M.S. *Bacchante*, one of the largest ships in the Royal Navy at the time, under the command of Captain Lord Charles Scott. In her log the astonishing incident, which occurred at about 4 a.m. on July 11th, 1881, is recorded in these exciting words, "The *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows," and goes on: "The lookout man of the fore-castle reported her as close on the port bow . . . the night being clear and the sea calm." A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars and sails of a brig 200 yards distant, stood up in strong relief. Thirteen persons altogether saw her. . . . The *Tourmaline* and *Cleopatra* (the accompanying ships), which were on our starboard bow, flashed to ask us whether we had seen the strange red light."

In his story of the *Flying Dutchman* Captain Marryat makes Cornelius Vanderdecken, a sea captain of Amsterdam on his way home from Batavia, meet contrary winds when trying to round the Cape. Day after day, week after week, his vessel fought in vain against the gales. In a passion Vanderdecken dropped on his knees and cursed God, swearing that he would weather the Cape if he had to "beat" it until the Day of Judgment. As a punishment for his impiety he was left to carry out his dreadful oath, and so he sails the stormy seas, east of Cape Agulhas, until the last trumpet shall sound. The actual Dutch story is different, for in this the eternal wanderer's name is Falkenberg, and his crime was the murder of his brother and his brother's wife. He endeavours to sail north in a spectral barque, while two demons, his companions, play dice for his soul. The weird ship is nearly always met between latitudes 40 and 50 south, and steam has not killed the tradition, for a year rarely passes without the apparition being sighted.

There is a strange story about the *Flying Dutchman* in the records of the Royal Navy. In the eighteenth century the crew of a British warship mutinied, and in order to scare off any too inquisitive vessels they rigged out their ship to resemble the famous phantom of the South Atlantic. They had a second object, which was to terrify the crews of the ships they pursued, for they turned pirates. Unluckily for their plans, the first craft they themselves fell in with was the *Flying Dutchman*. Fearing it was sent through the vengeance of God, they made all haste to port and gave themselves up to justice. The *Flying Dutchman*, it is said, hails any passing vessel, but no seaman would ever reply to it. Disaster would ensue. The sighting of the ghost ship, in any case, bodes no good. The log of the *Bacchante* contains the following significant report, entered a few hours after she had been seen: "At 10.15 a.m. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the *Flying Dutchman* fell from the fore-topmast cross-trees and was smashed to atoms. . . . At the next port the admiral also was smitten down."

Several ghost ships appear as portents, usually of bad luck. One, which terrorises the fishermen of Chiloe Island, Chile, is known as the *Caleuche*. Last time it was sighted by a fishing boat returning from a nocturnal expedition. The crew were caught in bad weather offshore when suddenly they saw the ghostly craft scudding by. It was

blazing luridly and the sails were outlined against a black sky. This phantom ship has been a *bête noire* to the fishermen from time immemorial, and is a constant source of income to the wizards, or "brujos" of the island. They sell charms to protect the fishermen from the doom that follows the appearance of the craft. Another ship of evil portent is the famous junk of the Yangtze River of China. An English lady, Miss Joan Conquest, reported how she saw this a year or two back although she was not aware at the time of what its appearance presaged. A British and a Japanese gunboat were at anchor off the Bund at Hankow and they were lit up from stem to stern, while the river was crowded with all kinds of native craft. Suddenly the observer saw an enormous pale grey Chinese junk come in at tremendous speed from the sea. She was carrying full sail, and the wash from such a junk meant that the native sampans would all be swamped. The amazing thing was, however, there was not a breath of air stirring, although her sails were billowing. She swept clean through the gunboats, and their lights went out, to show again, one after the other, as she cleared the craft and vanished, leaving not a ripple. When he heard of the incident, a Yangtze pilot said, "You saw the Yangtze ghost, the phantom of the famous medieval pirate junk. It came from the China Sea, raiding and looting right up the river to Ichang. It means trouble for China—the country can't miss it." He was right, for sure enough only a month later civil war broke out, drenching the countryside with blood.

A year or two back fishermen of the Chatham Islands, a lonely outpost lying some 400 miles south-east of New Zealand, were fearful of a phantom launch which appeared several times and whose coming seemed to forebode disaster. It has been seen over a period of several years. A short time after it was first seen a boat containing eleven fishermen foundered with all hands. Then, a fisherman who reported seeing the boat was carried overboard and drowned. The islanders look on the apparition with fear and apprehension, more especially as it seems to travel at high speed in thick and misty weather. One of the impressive reports of the phantom ships in modern times came from Iceland in 1927. In the April of that year a port official at Reykjavik, the capital, saw an Icelandic trawler enter the harbour. Sailing alongside was a Faroe fishing cutter with two boats in tow, and in one of them were two men in oilskins. It anchored alongside five other Faroe cutters. The harbour pilot boarded the trawler, and he and the crew of the pilot boat all declared they saw the cutter, but no one was on board. It carried the letters of identification F.D. signifying Fugleljord. The official, Kristjan Jonasson, saw the cutter anchor, and signalled the port doctor, requesting him to board her and make the usual examination. When the police boat with the doctor, the official and an engineer neared the spot, to their amazement the cutter was nowhere to be seen. Yet only fifteen minutes had elapsed since the time she was seen to anchor and the arrival of the police boat. In that short period she could not have got as far as the islands shielding the harbour and hid behind them. Nobody could give any natural explanation of the occurrence. The vessel was declared to be a phantom.

Several ghost ships haunt the coasts of Britain. On May 17th every year people look out from the cliffs close to Brighton hoping to catch a glimpse of the phantom galley which legend says appears and sinks off the coast annually on that date. The story goes back many

centuries. It says that to celebrate a Sussex battle between the great houses of the Lord of Pevensey and Earl de Warren, Lord of Lewes, Lady Pevensey made a vow the fulfilment of which would keep her victorious husband's name alive. This was that her infant son should not marry until he had made a pilgrimage and laid the Belt of St. Nicholas on the tomb of the Virgin at Constantinople. Twenty years later, when the son, Lord Manfred, came of age he set sail from Brighton in the Nicholas Galley to fulfil his mother's vow. His ship was lost for a year but was sighted again in the Channel off Brighton on the spring night of May 17th. Then, in view of the crowd gathered to welcome his homecoming, the ship was seen to sink with all hands. Equally well known in Scotland is the story of the spectral longships of the Solway Firth. In the days of the old Norse pirates two Danish sea-rovers, their longships laden with spoils from a foray, put into the firth for shelter. A furious squall swept in from the sea and sank the over-burdened ships with their crews. Ever since, on the anniversary of the happening, the ghosts of these two vessels, high-prowed and with rows of shields lining the gunwales, glide soundlessly up the firth.

No fishermen could ever be dared to hail them or put out when they were about. But some years back two young men, half-drunk, declared they would go out and challenge the spectres. Spectators watched them row out, saw them approach the longships and hail them. Instantly the fishing craft sank and was drawn down in the swirling eddy, and the two men were never seen again. Countless wrecks have occurred off the rock-bound coast of Cornwall, some brought about by the nefarious actions of wreckers who lured the ships to their doom with false signals. One bay, known as Priest's Cove, is haunted by the ghost of one of these criminals. Now, he is no longer on shore, but is seen clinging to a spar, in a desperate attempt to reach land. But his efforts are unavailing; and his agonised face is seen as he is swept to his death amid the pitiless breakers. In another bay can be heard the clatter of falling spars, the booming of guns and all the clatter of a naval engagement. Strangest of all is the ghost ship of Porthcurno. It is well able to sail on land as on sea. It is a black, square-rigged, single-masted vessel, and sometimes it tows a small boat. No crew is ever seen.

E. R. YARHAM.

THE FOX.

IT has been written of foxes "These animals unite such ignorance with apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are likely to rate their wit either too high or too low." Be this as it may, foxes have exercised the wit of man and the endurance of his horse and hounds through the long rides of history: The sleek hard-muscled British fox that can outrun the fastest packs of hounds with a maximum speed of 45 m.p.h. should not be classed with the fat, grape-eating foxes of Biblical times, or the species that still prowls round the vineyards of France. In the British Isles we have several localised varieties. The Welsh mountain fox, a beast that has called down such wrath on its head in recent years as a lamb killer, is generally greyer than its ruddy-coated Anglo-Saxon relative of the lowlands. Quite literally it is as fast as a March hare, and as nimble footed as a Himalayan goat. It also possesses

such staying power that it thinks little of a thirty-mile hunt occupying seven hours over rough and rugged country. In Cumberland and Westmorland Reynard is known locally as the "greyhound fox"—this beast that John Peel hunted on foot and pony-back is much higher on the leg and more lanky than the fox of the shires. But all the British foxes are endowed with a cunning and courage that cannot be outmatched in the animal world.

To get a true "view" of the largest wild animal in the country it is necessary to "cast back" into the past, when foxes were but small fry in the fauna of the forest and wolves were the chief menace to domestic stock. The early Britons hunted only for the pot, and no doubt considered it hard work, but very soon men were hunting solely for pleasure and without regard to the replenishment of the larder. Canute was the first English king to set aside large areas of forest for sporting purposes. A few years later William the Conqueror and the sport-loving Norman barons greatly increased the forest preserves, and established chases for their private sport, enclosing in them "game" animals such as deer and wild boar. But the fox, the wolf, polecat, marten and badger were classed arbitrarily as vermin—they were outside the strictly enforced poaching laws and could be killed by anyone. The fox was undoubtedly kept in place by its stronger enemy the wolf, and did little more than skulk in the darkest forests. In the fourteenth century foxes were listed together with otters as the lowest forms of vermin, and were smoked out of their holes and netted unceremoniously.

As wolves diminished and finally became extinct in England in the seventeenth century, foxes flourished and greatly increased in numbers. Church parish records show regular entries of sums paid out to both men and women for digging out and killing foxes, the average sum being 5s. per head, and in some cases a small addition was made for beer. The last entry of this kind for a fox's destruction was in 1800. It is rather strange that these most decried beasts should gradually come to be hunted in formal fashion by the upper classes, and thus gather some of the exclusive tone of game animals. The fox, having outwitted the wolf and survived in spite of man's persecution, now found itself for the first time with the mixed blessing of an organised hunt's protection. Whereas before there had only been harrier hounds, a new breed of foxhounds was specially bred with which to hunt the sporting fox.

The fox of to-day no longer lives entirely in woods but ranges far and wide over the countryside, often sleeping out in open ditches, though it still keeps up the hereditary habit of breeding in an earth. As a rule several earths are excavated and trails laid to all of them, but unless imminent danger threatens only one is utilised in rearing the litter. In the suckling stage the vixen takes the greatest care of her cubs, but after they have tasted flesh she takes little notice of the approach of watchers. One of the most delightful country sights is that of a mother fox watching over her cubs in the sunshine near to their home, as they practise the predatory art by pouncing on feathers and odd pieces of rabbit skin. While foxes will eat almost anything, it is a mistaken idea, but a very universal one, that they live mainly on a ration of fat lambs, rabbits and farm poultry. More often than not the fox's daily diet is a rat, meadow vole or nest of destructive field mice. A fox is also able to negotiate the prickly hedgehog. In the hunting field foxes are well aware of their tell-tale pungent scent,

and employ many techniques to break the trail and thus slow up the hunt. They will roll in dung, leap from one heap of manure to another right across a field, run through flocks of sheep, and even start up hares from their forms to make confusing lines of scent. Even so, if time permits, a fox will dally to kill during a hunt, and cover its prey so that it may return for a good feed at the end of a hard day.

In captivity foxes lose nothing of their inherent cunning, though the ability to repress mischievous instincts and wait till the time is ripe may lead the owner of these vulpine pets to believe that he has completely domesticated a wild animal. As an example of a fox asserting its will and attaining its wily ends there is an authentic account of a fox in Scotland which was fed entirely on a diet of oatmeal porridge. One day the fox, chained to a kennel, grew tired of its meatless menu. Seeing that the poultry in the yard were eagerly eyeing its dinner, Reynard proceeded to scatter it with his brush. Presently the cock came along clucking to his harem to feed, and in the absence of his master the fox made a safe and speedy kill.

As a rule there comes a time in the life of any fox kept in captivity when the call of the wild—the nomadic impulse, the latent passion for freedom—becomes strong, and it shows a restless urge to be away over green fields and brown furrows. One of the most pleasing stories of a liberated fox is to be read in *Harmsworth's Natural History*. A master of foxhounds reared and housed a fox in his kennels, but eventually liberated it. He soon had cause, however, to repent—the beast raided his master's poultry with an audacity and assiduity such as no wild fox had previously displayed. Indignant at such base ingratitude, the huntsman took a few couples of hounds to a covert in which he had reason to think the animal was concealed, and soon had them on a line in full cry. Suddenly, however, the music ceased, and the owner, who was on foot, plodded on expecting to find the sport finished. To his intense surprise things had taken quite a different turn. Instead of finding the fox torn to fragments he discovered it in the midst of hounds swishing its brush and evidently on the best of terms with its pursuers.

During the war years the fox population rose enormously, so that the problem of fox menace has become acute. As to how best to keep down their numbers has still to be solved—clearly a total extermination, as put forward by some irate but short-sighted farmers, might well lead to a great increase in rodents, a costly menace in themselves. Without firearms the farmers of old believed in prevention and keeping foxes at a safe distance, and their technique, as far as smallholders are concerned, is not without interest to-day. Foxes have an instinctive suspicion of all things steel and sharp-toothed iron contraptions, gins, etc., and consequently are very hard to trap. Even a hungry and comparatively inexperienced cub will hesitate for half an hour before trying to steal a bait. Acting on this, it was the custom to hang a loose plough chain near the door of hen-houses out on the stubbles, the clink and clank of the metal links in the wind being sufficient to keep off a prowling vixen. Another effective dodge was to collar the stock cock bird with a band of fox fur; birds thus adorned were never attacked, and it was said that hens mated with the cock were also left unmolested.

In 1948 no less than 10,000 foxes were shot in Wales alone, and big fox-shooting drives are being organised in Cornwall and elsewhere throughout the country. But shooting at the fox is not so humane

as might be supposed by those who uphold the abolition of hunting. Obviously it is not easy to get to close range with this cunning animal, and a beast even slightly peppered with shot drags itself away to die a slow and agonising death, for the hairs of the fox are highly impregnated with toxic viruses which driven into the flesh set up blood poisoning. Death by hounds on the other hand is almost instantaneous. Old foxes are better killed off in almost any manner rather than allowed to linger on till they can catch and feed on little else than beetles. Flesh eating appears to keep foxes healthy; they turn to fruit only to rid themselves of mange in their old age. Though there are more than 200 hunts in the country only approximately 30 per cent. of foxes are killed by hounds. Now, however, that hunts have a strictly utilitarian purpose and are the necessity of farmers, rather than the "sport of kings" as stated by Mr. Jorrocks, it is to be hoped that this figure will rise appreciably.

It serves no good purpose to sentimentalise over the fox, but lovers of wild animals take a pessimistic view of the beast's future under a régime of intensive agriculture and in a planned countryside of National Parks. Even in the animal "reserves" envisaged and under consideration the predatory fox would appear to have little place, and "protection" inside defined boundaries may only spell doom for this lover of freedom and gipsy roamer with a propensity to pilfer. Will the beast become soft, less speedy and lose its cunning when it is no longer hunted? But those countrymen who really know the fox—those who have seen the grin that splits a fox's mask from ear to ear, or those who have watched a fox the day after the hunt padding along the skirt of a coppice with a swagger of brush and a careless lounge of body—have no doubt that foxes will continue to rise from their lairs in the morning even though John Peel's horn no longer awakens the dead.

R. H. FERRY.

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

LONDON in the year of our Lord 1666 is a maze of contradictions. On the one hand a city of historic grandeur and unrivalled beauty, a city of domes and spires and Gothic architecture, a city distinguished by one of the most dazzling courts in Europe, whose monarch, Charles II, by the most divine right of kings, has restored graciousness of living, culture and the fine arts; on the other hand, lying in the very shadow of this fine world is a city of dark, narrow streets and festering gutters, a warren of crumbling, rat-riddled houses where the poor live forty and fifty to a four-roomed hovel, a court that is corrupt and licentious, an aristocracy to whom truth, sobriety and clean living are forgotten, and if remembered, merely the jests of the profligate rich. This is London during the glorious summer of 1666. She has shaken off the infection of the Plague. The court and society, which had taken refuge in the country during the terrible scourge, have now returned to their town houses. The great doors of the wealthy open once more and beribboned flunkies bow ceremoniously to the grand lords and ladies who attend their nightly revels. The dark waters of the Thames are jewelled again with the lights of London's gaiety. The elegance of the men in their high-heeled shoes is equalled only by the silken splendour of their ladies' brilliance.

But London is also a doomed city. To the Puritans she has departed from the paths of righteousness. To them the great plague of last year was a retribution and the chastening hand of the Almighty is already upon her. The air is heavy with suspense, and the evil-smelling streets are close and stifling. The city has experienced one of the hottest and driest summers known for years; and the people suffer from an uneasy feeling of expectation. Queer men stride through the streets uttering strange and horrible prophecies, and signs and omens of disaster are on every hand. On the evening of Saturday, September 1st, there is an atmosphere of exhaustion. The week's work is at last over and to-morrow is the Sabbath, when men may rest. Mercifully, a slight wind has sprung up which has slightly eased the feeling of foreboding. In Pudding Lane Farynor the baker has retired to bed with his family, having first carefully drawn the oven and left the faggots piled up in the bakehouse ready for an early start on Monday morning. But fate has required an earlier rising than that for Master Farynor. By two o'clock in the morning he is awakened by his lad to say that the bakehouse is afire; already the dry timbers of the house have caught and with the help of the wind, which has freshened during the night, the whole house is rapidly becoming ablaze. It is only with great presence of mind that he is able to rouse his wife and daughter quickly enough to enable them to escape through a window on to the roof. The little serving maid, who loses her head, is caught during her fatal hesitation and the crashing roof drowns her screams.

Pudding Lane is quickly lit by the glow of the fire and, close and narrow though it is, it is already flocked by spectators. Every minute the wind is spreading the flames, which lick up the dry timbers of the old houses like matchwood. People stand about apathetically watching things being removed from the Star Inn opposite. It is obvious that the straw in the stable yard is a menace, and the wind is blowing the fire straight across in that direction. The situation is becoming each moment more serious and my Lord Mayor, with a party of men, has arrived. Called from his bed at this early hour he looks none too pleased, and he is petulant at the general attitude of the householders. Why do they not attempt to check the spread of the fire, he demands, instead of merely trying to save their personal possessions? It is explained to him that there are not enough of them to cope with the situation with such a wind blowing. His honour is begged to call for more hand-carts and barrows. His honour is furious and helpless. The Star Inn is on fire, the galleries have caught. There is a cry of: "Save the horses!" "Oh, Holy Mary," sobs the Mayor. "What shall we do? Oh! Lord, the people will not obey me. I am undone—I am undone!"

By three o'clock the fire is still raging. Master Pepys at Seething Lane is roused by his maid. He slips on his nightshirt and goes to the window from where he can see the blaze, but judging it sufficiently far off not to worry him slips back into bed. He is up again early on Sunday morning, however, and finds the sun high in the sky and a glorious breeze blowing. Dressed in his best embroidered jacket he strolls forth to view the fire. Coming to the river, he hires a boat and is rowed quickly up the Thames. Already there are a mass of hurrying little craft, all laden with the possessions of those rendered homeless during the night; 300 houses are already burnt to the ground, they say, and the fire is still rapidly gaining strength. Master Pepys

is convinced that the situation is serious and betakes himself to Whitehall. There he desires audience of the King. Charles, the Merry Monarch, the wit of society, is now in no mood for joking. He is worried and inquires sharply what is being done. He is told of the Mayor's incompetence, the apathy of the people and the growing seriousness of the situation. The whole of Pudding Lane and Fish Street are burnt out, Thames Street is alight and the flames have caught London Bridge. Charles orders the houses ahead of the fire to be pulled down in order to check its path. He sees that the poor are mad with despair at losing their homes. The streets are crowded with refugees who are beginning to stack churches with their possessions. Pepys hurries away with his orders. At the same time he is annoyed. He had a dinner party fixed for the evening, and this fire is a relish not likely to please his guests. The Lord Mayor, moreover, is more futile than ever. He wrings his hands and speaks like a fainting woman. He is distracted by the clash of interests. The rich and influential are threatening him with reprisals if private property is tampered with, and if not, the disaster of the people is becoming more real. His Majesty's orders to pull down the big houses increased his agitation, and Pepys leaves him in disgust.

That night, September 2nd, the moon rises on an apparently doomed city. The fire is now a mile long and the leaping flames are reflected in the firelit waters of the Thames. All night long the people trudge with their laden barrows; their children, their old, their sick dragging wearily along. The animals are lost and desperate, panicking amongst the crowd's confusion. The following day, September 3rd, the sun glows blood-red in the sky. The high wind continues and the city is a flaming hell. A great pall of smoke measuring fifty miles in length stretches over fields and villages, alarming the countryside. Throughout London fire parties have been formed, and amongst them every sort of rumour and gossip is rife. All night long the flames are fought but there is still no diminution of their fury. Tuesday, September 4th, dawns, and London is a raging inferno. Ten thousand houses are alight, one hundred thousand people are homeless, and the horrible destruction sweeps on in a great arc of fire measuring two miles in length and a mile in breadth. The Guildhall, St. Paul's Cathedral, most of the City churches, Lombard Street, Fleet Street, Paternoster Row, Cheapside, Newgate, Ludgate Hill to Old Bailey and Watling Street, all flaming. The molten lead from the roof of the great Cathedral of St. Paul's is running down the streets, and the pavements glowing red hot so that neither man nor beast may move along them. Two-thirds of London's historical buildings, some of them dating back to Saxon times, lie in ashes. The craftsmanship of centuries, the records of the ages, the greatest of England's heritages are being destroyed. Much that was gone told of cruelty and oppression, but there was more of beauty and kindness. How much can ever be restored? "'Tis a horrid, bloody malicious flame," writes Pepys, and in his heart he is afraid of utter destruction as the night draws on.

By Wednesday the 5th, the wind, which has been like a devouring flame, suddenly drops, and the seamen whom the King has ordered to blow up certain portions of the city are thus enabled to cut off the path of the fire. No sooner has the wind dropped than the work of stamping out the remaining portions ablaze becomes comparatively simple, and by nightfall thousands of weary workers are able to lie down and sleep. In the morning the terrible devastation is plainly

visible. Hundreds of streets are utterly destroyed and a great mass of people without roofs over their heads, although already they are crowding in from the outlying country to see what is left. The fire which began at Pudding Lane has ended at Pie Corner. Everyone is working with a will and marvels are being accomplished in a single day. Booths and stalls are erected, food is distributed to the poor, and great carts of *débris* are ceaselessly trundling away. Soon the streets will be clear and the work of reconstruction will be begun. Already Wren has a plan to rebuild this portion of the city; he will make it one of the cleanest and fairest in Europe. The streets will be broadened, the houses will be better built, the old Cathedral will be replaced by one of even greater beauty. Its massive dome will dominate the destruction of the past.

IDA FOULIS.

DEMOCRACY'S PROBLEMS IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Swiss system of government is so often cited as the model democracy that no excuse is necessary on the part of others for taking a close interest in the internal affairs of the Confederation. It is only thus that we can see how the Swiss do it and only thus does it become clear that their type of democracy is no easy task. It may be regarded as a delicate and complex adjustment between the Confederation, the twenty-two cantons and the 3,000 communes, and like all complicated machinery it needs periodical overhauls to ensure smooth running. One such overhaul is now in progress.

On September 11th last the Swiss people were called upon to vote on an "initiative" which was presented to them under the title of "Return to Direct Democracy." The fact that such a question could be posed implies that at least a section of the Swiss people considers that there has been a move away from their ideal of democratic government. The initiative was carried by 281,961 votes to 272,359. The resulting narrow margin between yes and no did not, however, mean that the very large minority were opposed to direct democracy as a principle; the disagreement was mainly due to the form and method of the appeal. The immediate cause that had inspired the promoters of the initiative was the avowed intention of the Federal Government to impose new direct taxation. As taxation is normally the function of the several Swiss cantons it had all the appearance of an encroachment upon their sovereign powers. Not the taxes but the method of imposing them was therefore at issue. The popular view seemed to be that a vote in favour of a return to direct democracy meant a censure upon attempts

- (1) to impose new federal taxes by decree over the heads of the citizens and cantons. It was further regarded as an expression of popular discontent with what was felt to be the growing exclusion of the people
- (2) from the processes of federal legislation. On the positive side a good many seem to have cast their votes as a step towards promoting a type of federation which would prevent inroads upon the rights of the individual.
- (3) The promoters of the initiative were able to remind them of a number of former initiatives that had been duly voted but on which no subsequent action had been taken. The opposition based its adverse vote on the fact that the needs of the revenue were urgent and imperative.

So complex an organisation as the Swiss democracy has to be gently steered ; it cannot be driven, and mere logic will not solve its problems. The true purpose of the Confederation in the eyes of most Swiss people is to effect unity by reconciling their diversity, not by crude centralisation. In the delicate balance between this type of particularism and a centralised bureaucracy there is always a tendency on the part of the latter to tip the scales in its own direction. The people on the other hand, conscious of the racial, religious and linguistic differences within cantons, between cantons and between groups of cantons, are aware of the danger of creating minorities governed by majorities. The brakes on legislation that might tend in this direction are the initiative, the referendum, and, to a less degree, the Swiss Parliament.

Misgivings and anxieties had been evident in Swiss political life for some time past. What brought them to the surface was the above-mentioned motion of the Federal Council on July 22nd to extend certain war-time financial emergency powers for a further period of five years. These powers are due to expire at the end of 1949 and it was sought to renew them by a resolution which would not be subject to a referendum, on the understanding that this would be without prejudice to a more far-reaching amendment of the financial articles of the Swiss constitution, which is generally agreed to be overdue. The powers are based on "a state of emergency" and on this the two chambers of the Swiss Parliament became hopelessly divided. Here again the jealousy of the cantons for their sovereign rights was once more made manifest. There was a marked reaction against any further centralisation. The cantons, or at least some of them, seemed to fear that they might become the mere executive of a central authority. Yet another aspect of centralisation was disturbing the mind of the ordinary citizen. Centralisation, he had noticed, did not merely strengthen the federal power ; it strengthened also self-interested economic groups and led to direct relationships between them and the federal bureaucracy over the heads of the cantonal authorities, these groups in turn exercising pressure in favour of centralisation as being the most favourable for their interests. He could not be unmindful of the experience of Germany, where over-centralisation had first destroyed the civic spirit and then individual liberty, to end in the totalitarian State—not that there was any danger of this arising in Switzerland, but only that the parallel suggested unpleasant possibilities.

The romantic notion that the Swiss Confederation is founded on an oath taken by the men of the Four Forest Cantons is a symbol only. The Confederation is really founded on the cantons as states in alliance for securing and maintaining their independence and their liberties. It is a constitutional federation and does not imply unification. It is true that this interpretation is not accepted by all Swiss constitutional authorities, some of whom evidently see the country as a single State decentralised to a very high degree. As opposed to this it is noticeable that the French-speaking cantons tend more and more to insist on their political sovereignty and upon the exclusive right of each canton to tax its own population on the basis of laws and regulations properly voted. On the other hand it has been said that one of the disadvantages of the cantonal system is that it has prevented, or at least retarded, important social reforms which, because of their magnitude, could not be undertaken on a small local scale. This applies to social reforms and to the larger financial measures.

Federal power lies in the hands of the seven Federal Councillors. It

is necessary to bear in mind that the Swiss Federal Council is not a cabinet and that its members are not ministers. Unlike the ministries of a cabinet the number of federal departments cannot be increased at will or to meet the needs of the hour. The Federal Council cannot be defeated as a ministry by an adverse vote in Parliament, nor can it "go to the country" for a general election on some particular issue. There is no "Führer," since the Council elects its president anew every year and he becomes for that year the titular president of the Confederation. As there are natural limits to the ability of the cantons to deal with certain matters of common interest—foreign affairs, the higher courts of justice, national defence, customs, the wider aspects of economic affairs, posts and railways—these are placed directly under the Confederation. For each there is a federal department placed in charge of a Federal Councillor, and each councillor has a deputy who is, of course, also head of some other department. In addition there are delegations, one for foreign affairs and one for financial and economic affairs, each consisting of three councillors. The councillors can express a wish to change to another office, but this is unusual. The need for stability, unity and continuity within it and within the departments renders change undesirable and only to be undertaken when the highest interests of the State are involved.

The powers of the Federal Council are fairly clearly defined, both by the letter of the constitution and the spirit of experience and tradition. Provision is made in the constitution for meeting an extraordinary situation, such as the outbreak of war, and there can be no doubt that Switzerland would never have come so successfully through the war years had the Federal Council not been thus fortified. Most of the decrees and measures then instituted have been rescinded, but a legacy of financial problems was left behind. These are still far from solution. They are of a purely federal character and could not be dealt with under any form of devolution, and the Federal Council has taken the view that as long as this is the case the special powers granted for war-time purposes should not be relinquished. The alternative might easily be a crisis in economic affairs as well as a crisis of régime.

Any central body burdened with the tasks described above would almost naturally tend to conservatism, and the Swiss Federal Council can hardly be considered an exception. Although the Social Democrats have long been one of the powerful elements of the State—at least, as far as numbers are concerned—they were for a long time without representation on the Council. To remedy this they promoted in May 1942 an initiative for the "reform of the Federal Council," but it was defeated by nearly two to one. The Socialist claim for two seats on the Council, based on their numerical strength, has never been accepted, but in 1943, when a vacancy occurred, they were at last accorded one seat, and the Socialist mayor of Zürich, Herr Ernest Nobs, was elected. With their demand went a campaign to increase the membership of the Council from seven to nine. To this there has always been strong opposition, but lately the grounds for objection have shifted. The Council itself is divided on the subject, and one of its members has prepared a memorandum setting forth the arguments for and against an increase, together with suggestions for a different assignment of its tasks.

It is common ground that the Federal Councillors are greatly overworked, and also that if the work were reorganised this would probably afford some relief. The Swiss people like to feel that in principle they

can have access to the head of a Department of State, and they avail themselves of the privilege to such an extent that the individual councillor has often to delve into masses of detail that would normally be tackled by subordinates. It is all in keeping with the broad view taken of the people's rights in a direct democracy. If two extra councillorships were created might this not afford the necessary relief? Apparently the answer is in the negative, on the ground that the more councillors, the more citizens are likely to claim the right and practice of personal touch. Another argument advanced in favour of an increase is that at least two new departments are called for. Switzerland has lately adopted a centralised Old Age and Insurance scheme and it is thought that social welfare should be made into a separate department. And it seems strange to many that a country that is mainly agricultural should have no separate department for agriculture but should group it with industry and commerce under the single head of the Department for Economic Affairs. Further reasons are that an increase might afford better representation of the French and Italian Swiss and a wider range of party opinion.

Against this is the fear that a larger Federal Council might mean further inroads on the sovereignty of the cantons, and that new offices would mean an expansion of the bureaucracy at a moment when both the Federal Council and the Finance Commissions of Parliament are pledged to reduce departmental expenditure. When a motion to increase the number of Federal Councillors came before the Swiss Parliament on September 21st of this year it was defeated by 69 votes to 59, mainly on the ground that whatever might be the merits of the question the moment was inopportune.

These are some of the considerations that have prompted a large section of Swiss public opinion to conclude that there is real need for a thorough revision of the Federal constitution. It is at present being done piecemeal as occasion demands, and this method is likely to continue for the present because urgent financial reforms cannot wait. At the same time any temporary solution will of necessity have to be spread over a term of years because time and care will be needed for devising a new system that will enable an effective democratic fresh start to be made. But the course of events so far clearly indicates that whatever may be the extent of the revision it will not be allowed to modify the fundamental liberties or their constitutional guarantees.

Geneva.

H. G. DANIELS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

QUICKSANDS

IT was announced from Berlin on September 28th last that the British, American and French Commandants, on the instructions of their High Commissioners, had decided to discontinue the four-Power conversations about the normalisation of life in the capital. The reason given was that such conversations had become "futile" as the result of the Russian authorities' failure to ensure that the agreement which brought this summer's railway strike to an end was observed. The western Commandants informed General Kotikov that they were not prepared to continue the talks about normalisation "so long as they have no assurance that obligations entered into freely by the Soviet authorities will be respected." Now the interesting thing

is that there was no evidence of any resentment on the part of the Russian authorities against the virtual accusation of dishonourable conduct. No Russian diplomat, it seems, takes offence when he is called, in effect, a liar, because he sees no offence in it. Why should he not lie, if it suits his purpose? The only thing that would disturb him would be a failure to achieve that purpose. We have had too much experience of modern Russian practice to be under any misconception about the Kremlin's attitude to the abstract truth; a prominent example of it being the attachment of the word "democratic," illustrated for the nth time in the case of the government set up in eastern Germany, to its tyrannies. It is part, apparently, of the materialist philosophy that not only God but all decent principle should be rejected, and that the accident of a particular diplomatic statement being true or false is of no matter. The truth, in short, is not regarded by the men and henchmen of the Kremlin as a necessary factor in affairs. If the truth serves the prevailing purpose, there is no objection to its use; if not, then a lie should take its place. There is no moral element in the matter, according to the communist way of life. The only practical consideration is expediency. The instances of that technique afforded during the past four years, typified in the fantastic assertions of the recent Russian note to the Yugoslav Government denouncing the Soviet-Yugoslav treaty of friendship and collaboration signed in 1945, are too many and too well known to need mention.

The result is that the general field of diplomatic contact with the U.S.S.R. is a sort of quicksand. If we try to walk over it the ground gives way beneath our feet. There is no solid basis for any degree of understanding with the Soviet Union. In the matter, for instance, of the atomic bomb, it may be the case that American scientists have convinced themselves that Russia does possess it; but no statement from Moscow is of any value as evidence. When the Kremlin announces that Russia has possessed the bomb for some few years, that there is no need for alarm abroad about her possible use of it, that Russia's only concern is for an international agreement outlawing its use and destroying all present supplies everywhere, the only interesting fact resulting from that announcement is that the Kremlin is making another propagandist attempt to confirm its dupes in their belief that Russia is all that she should be. To all except such dupes it is well known beyond the possibility of doubt that Russia would have no intention of honouring such an agreement if it suited her purpose not to honour it, and if she could thereby steal a march; and in any case it is impossible even to examine the proposal so long as Russia sticks to her refusal to allow international inspection of what is taking place in her domains. Where there is no truth, no respect for the truth, no pretension that the truth is of any practical concern, there obviously is no possibility of profitable diplomatic contact. You cannot build on quicksands.

It happens to be the case that throughout modern diplomatic history the truth has never been firmly embedded in the practice; indeed the relegation of the truth to a position of minor importance in the diplomatic technique has in large measure accounted for the horrible content of that history. But at any rate the truth used to be normally recognised as an ideal, lip-service was paid to it, and a limit was set beyond which its violation was seldom pushed. It is something new in modern history that we have to face a situation in which one of

the Great Powers ideologically and in principle outlaws the truth and thus destroys the ground for even an attempt at an understanding. The bolsheviks will pass, and times will change ; but in the meantime such is the situation we must face.

This elementary question of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but, goes to the root of things. A challenge in this sense was given the other day on the floor of the House of Commons in Westminster itself. No suggestion is here made that there is an analogy, or a full analogy, between London and Moscow in this matter, or that the personal honesty of any member of the Government is in question. Far from it. But on the different level the like principle of the political conventions demands attention. On September 27th last Sir Stafford Cripps declared in the House of Commons (*Times* report, September 28th) that "when in July he stated in the House that the Government had not the slightest intention of devaluing the pound, that was a completely accurate and deliberate statement, made after consultation with and in full agreement with his colleagues. I might perhaps add the rather obvious comment (he continued) that even if we had then had some future intention of altering the exchange rate, and in fact we had not, no responsible Minister could have done otherwise than deny such intention. To admit it would have been to have invited the speculators and profiteers to destroy our reserves." During the subsequent debate there was recurrent reference to the Government's "deception," but no suggestion that anyone disagreed with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's precept that deception was justified if political expediency demanded it. Mr. Churchill congratulated the Chancellor and the Foreign Secretary "on the high art which they had displayed in the necessary process of deception."

The principle involved is of some interest. While it is undoubtedly the case in good morality that all things cannot be revealed at all times, and that secrets, properly conceived, such as those of the budget, must be held till the proper and generally agreed time for disclosure, it is a quite different case when a member of the Government in a special and specific matter goes to the length, not merely of withholding information (which can be justified) but of making a positive statement which is the opposite of the truth and is intended to mislead. The Government spokesman, not once but "nine times" (according to the painstaking calculation of one member), stated that the Government had no intention of devaluing the pound ; and then the Government did devalue the pound. This is not a question of changed intention, imposed by an honestly unforeseen change in the situation ; for the Chancellor went out of his way to defend the principle of deception (as distinct from the withholding of information), observing that "no responsible Minister could have done otherwise." His argument, quite crudely, was that unless he had deliberately misled them, the "speculators" might have "destroyed" our reserves. One must assume that he honestly believed the danger to be so great ; but his purpose could have legitimately been achieved by not making any statement at all. By making a statement which was the opposite of the truth and was intended to mislead he, or his department, did something that was morally indefensible. It produced two bad results (for causes do produce results alike in kind). In the first place it induced honest merchants to make contracts on the assumption that his statement was true : and involved them in losses when it proved to be untrue. In the second place it discredited in advance any

future statement he might make on the same, or indeed, on any other, subject.

He went on to state, for example, in the same speech, that "this (the devaluation of the pound) was not a step that could be repeated." Who is now, on the exclusive evidence of that statement, to believe that the Government will not in fact repeat the step? "Oh what a tangled web we weave. . . ." In Moscow the only interest that was excited over this particular matter was no doubt some mild surprise that such a fuss could be made over a simple lie—if one may be permitted to use the word "lie" instead of the parliamentary word "deception," which means the same thing?

Part of the difficulty arises from this modern craze for planning. International exchanges normally find their level by the play of supply and demand. If everybody wants dollars and nobody wants sterling, sterling goes down in its dollar exchange value, if it be left free of control. But nowadays everything is controlled and subject to political planning. The pound was pegged artificially above its intrinsic value by the said planning. Facts hit back, and the planners had to conform by devaluing the pound: but they devalued it at a level decided not by the facts but by their own continuing plans. The facts will hit back again. The artificially stolen march will spend itself, and we shall be where the facts of international commerce inexorably decide that we shall be. Freedom, the giving of abstract facts and the abstract truth their head, is not only an intrinsically valuable thing (which the planner-mentality cannot apparently yet appreciate), but in the long run saves a lot of time and unnecessary confusion. In the political field, domestic as well as international, the violation habitually done to the majesty of the abstract truth is largely responsible for our misfortunes. Russia merely carries the evil to its extreme practice. We are all involved in it in the greater or the lesser degree.

It cannot be denied that freedom has its attendant evils; but they are the product not of the freedom itself but of its abuse. The corrective is the sterling quality—perhaps the word "sterling" is no longer permissible in that sense, so shall we say simply the good quality?—of the human heart. It is the function of charity to obviate the evils of a free system. The imposition of political directives and plans, in their turn devoid of the motive of charity, and deriving from the exclusively material calculations of the human brain, merely make a bad situation worse. But in this, as in all fields of human activity, the facts, or the working of the natural law, will in the end have their way. It can be confidently assumed that, just as the present wave of bolshevism, atheism, materialism, political planning and the whole gamut of reducing all men to the same low level, is the natural result of the former shortcomings and evils of a tory-capitalist world, so the present shortcomings and evils will naturally and sooner or later produce their own corrective result. In other words the bolshevism will pass. What the precise alternative will be can be guessed with some confidence if the eternal principle of things be kept in mind. Human freedom and dignity, kept on the lines by human charity, is the only solution of our problems, both domestic and foreign. The good and right motive may be lacking; indeed it has been woefully lacking in our affairs. But it is the only hope. The attempt to correct one state of affairs, vitiated by the lack of charity, by the planned imposition of another state of affairs, in its turn devoid

of the right motive, is a form of folly of which the outcome is terribly manifest in the surrounding scene.

DEVALUATION AND THE INTERNATIONAL PROSPECT

Though gloom be fashionable, it is not the end of the story. There are factors at work which, as always, justify the optimist. It is an odd thing that the optimist is normally disapproved of by the high-brows on the ground that he is impervious to the facts, the hard, cold facts, whereas in truth it is the pessimist, whether his brow be high or low, who is impervious to the only facts that matter. By a fair dispensation of the needs and penalties the pessimist gets the worst, and the optimist the best, of what is going ; and the optimist is proved objectively as well as subjectively right in the end.

In the present instance, we are passing through an uncomfortable phase of the international trade war ; that is to say, that what ought to be a means of mutual comfort and service is vitiated by human folly into a means of mutual discomfort and disservice. In the matter of international trade, outside the concentration camps of the countries held down by the bolshevics, the main problem takes form in an apparent cleavage of interest between the dollar countries on the one side and the sterling countries on the other. The dollar countries are prosperous, the sterling countries struggle against encroaching distress and impoverishment. In part the discrepancies are due to the fortunes of war, of those physical wars that have blighted human welfare during the first half of the century ; but only in part. It happens that there is also a cleavage of what may be called moral principle (which may, however, with some reason be argued to be a secondary or indirect result of the said wars) which resolves itself into the profession and practice of individual freedom, dignity, enterprise and responsibility on the one side and political overlordship and planning on the other ; an incidental motive of the latter being that of the class-war. Now the domains of "planned economy" have sunk deep into adversity, have illogically sought the help of the free peoples across the ocean, and in addition—this is the sting in the piece—have resorted, under British leadership, to the stratagem of stealing a march, or of clutching at a shadow, by the expedient of devaluing currency in the exchange market : an artificial and therefore a dangerous stratagem, a form indeed of self-deception poised as a policy.

For the reality of the situation—the hard, cold fact—is the intrinsic international value of currencies as established, and as only established, by the state of international trade and the balances. You may put a label on the pound sterling, for example, declaring it to be what for tactical purposes you wish it to be, but the label does not alter the facts on which it is pinned. The artificiality and danger of the expedient are promptly manifested in immediate disturbances and jockeyings in all the countries concerned, from France to Argentina, and in a competitive process of devaluation among the countries who are battling for dollars. Soon or late, and invariably soon, we are all back at the point where we started, for the simple natural truth is that you cannot bamboozle yourself and get away with it. When you try to interfere with natural levels, the levels react in one way or another. The pessimist is right when he talks about the hard, cold facts. It is the facts that are strong and shall prevail. Where the pessimist goes wrong is in his assumption that the facts, though they be hard, are necessarily cold. It is the essential quality of nature that

its end is good, not bad ; that the good prevails and the bad passes. In this matter of international trade, the process is illustrated throughout our experience. The *malaise* at present is concentrated in the sterling countries. The centre of those countries, once the centre of the world, is London. London is dominated, and shackled, by socialist planning, which binds the free and thwarts the enterprise that were once the basis (despite the incidental evils) of British prosperity in the economic field.

But behold the two sides to the medal. There are always two sides, and the good side contrives in our experience—a consistent experience—to come out on top. Prosperity tends to be dangerous, adversity tends to be salutary. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Moreover, causes invariably produce the relevant results. In the days of prosperity—radiating over the world, as it did, from London—we had our periodic catastrophes resulting from the prosperity itself. To-day, in our experience of adversity, we find ourselves safeguarded from some of the worst misfortunes, the safeguards emanating from the very adversity itself. Consider, for instance, this matter of "inflation," which at this time is a subject of general international concern, whether intelligently conceived or not, though the degree of its incidence varies in different countries. As the financial and industrial aspect at the moment dominates every other aspect of international relations (being more pressing and more practical than the distant spectre of atomic bombing), it is well to be clear in one's mind about what we mean by the word inflation. The word tends to be loosely used.

Literally and rightly it means the blowing up of a bubble by air. The industrial process of wages and costs chasing each other, though it may fairly be called a spiral, cannot fairly be called an inflation. Wages go up, and therefore costs go up, because the manufacturer cannot produce his goods as cheaply as before, and therefore "real" wages remain as they were before, the new paper wages not being able to buy more goods than the former wages. Wages go up again through the instrumentality of strikes or their equivalent and costs are thereby pushed up again, and so on. That is not an inflation. It is a bulge on the surface of economic life. The distinction is important. The South Sea "Bubble," for instance, was fairly so called. The main crises of the present century (1920 and 1929) were in large measure true inflations. Prosperity induced an easy, incautious and unsubstantial expectation of endlessly expanding prosperity. It became a bubble inflated by an idle wind of expectation. In 1929, for instance, there was outstanding something like £6,000 million of such wind, that is, of bogus money invested in the London Stock Exchange: money borrowed from the banks for the purpose of investment on the expectation of capital gains—gains which were in essence equally bogus because unsubstantiated by real prosperity. The like bubbles were inflated on other stock exchanges throughout the world. In those days the bubbles were pricked and duly deflated by the operation of the rediscount rate of the Bank of England, which thereby ruled the financial situation throughout the world. To-day the bank rate is robbed of that function by being nationalised, but its function has become unnecessary, so far as our own country is concerned, because bogus investment is forbidden by law. Only real money to-day can be invested. True inflation is therefore made impossible.

Moreover, as the result of our adversity, even real money in vast quantity lies uninvested in the banks, accumulating on deposit, because

there is a state, not of over-confidence, but of under-confidence. The socialists, who are in power, are carrying on a vendetta against what we call the capitalist, and progressively robbing him. The Government first confiscates about a quarter, now raised to nearly a third, of industrial profits, then takes nearly half of the profits that are distributed as dividends. The investor, far from inflating a balloon, is refraining even from solid investment. We call it a crisis of confidence, a *crise de confiance* as the French call it. But thereby the technical position happens to be safeguarded: the apparently good result, this, of bad socialist practice—though it is neither illogical nor opposed to the natural law of cause and effect. It may sound paradoxical to argue that adversity is “sweet” because it discourages over-confidence and its attendant dangers. But it is the simple truth. This is an example of the way the optimist is proved right in his calculation, and the pessimist wrong. The socialist spread of adversity, the natural result of preceding tory injustice, in its turn will produce, by the inexorable working of the natural law, its own penalty. It will be swept aside, or so modified as to amount to the same thing, and a healthy substratum will be left for the renewed process of prosperity—a prosperity which, we may hope, will avoid its former pitfalls. The transient scene, therefore, may be taken in its due setting, and not transformed by pessimist jaundice into something that it is not.

The Washington Conference of 1949, one of the products of our adversity, differs moreover from the inter-war economic and financial conferences—for instance the Genoa Conference of 1922—by the fact that there was in it an element of mutual help such as the political world has not seen before. Sir Stafford Cripps’s optimism in that sense was as justified as his own contribution to the causative adversity is undoubted. He was clearly right in his speech at the Lord Mayor’s dinner on October 4th last when he said: “The climate of international economic opinion is more realistic and more helpful than ever before.”

On a short view it is difficult to see the tendency of these human vagaries. To-day there is widespread confusion and nervousness. It is forgotten that there have been comparable mental conditions and outlooks in the past. We tend to forget what was bad and we retain what was good; but at the moment of experience it is the bad that predominates. The prevailing attack of nerves is a bad one. There are those who go so far as to diagnose on a comparison of present events with biblical prophecy that the end of the world is at hand, chief among the criteria being the return of the Jews to Palestine. Yet a balanced view of history in no wise justifies such seismoscopic calculations. We forget how bad things were. We exaggerate how bad things are. The world has a way of wagging. Communism advances, but in its advance incorporates bodies foreign to itself, the seeds of its own ultimate undoing. Even Tito, who is a communist, has split the communist camp. When the communist planners deal with human beings in their millions they find unexpected snags. Human beings are too infinitely diverse to be moulded in any materialist pattern, no matter what pressure be applied. They are moreover wayward, inconsequent and unpredictably individual. For God made them as individuals; and though the bolshevik planners deny and defy God, they cannot affect His work nor deflect His purpose. Those British Christians who flirt with communism in ignorance of the communist purpose and in an honestly mistaken impulse will inevitably discover their mistake and correct their ignorance; and in the end

will powerfully help to undo, instead of helping on, the evil. The economic and financial upheavals, driven to excess by the rebound from the foregoing injustices and wrongness (against which human nature invariably reacts), will, in their turn and in common with the exchange value of currencies, find their level; and each time the adjustments are made, as history regularly teaches and illustrates, we find that an advance has been made, small as it may be, towards a better order and a more enlightened human kind. Such is the simple faith of the optimist, abundantly helped and substantiated by experience.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

October 10th, 1949.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THE ROME-BERLIN AXIS.*

Miss Wiskemann's detailed analysis of the relations between Hitler and Mussolini is the most satisfactory English book on the diplomacy of the Second World War since Mr. Wheeler-Bennet's *Munich*. Both works exhibit complete mastery of the published material and both are enriched by the unpublished testimony of eye-witnesses. Neither author shrinks from the duty of pronouncing judgment on men, policies and events. *Czechs and Germans*, published in 1938, established Miss Wiskemann as one of our leading authorities on international affairs, and her latest volume is even more remarkable. The story of two megalomaniac dictators, crazed with ambition and dragging Europe down in ruins over their guilty heads, does not make agreeable reading, but it is finely told and is as full of political lessons as of factual information. The main conclusion is that in dealing with such adventurers it is no use wearing kid gloves. "With gentlemen," observed Bismark, "I am a gentleman; with corsairs je suis corsaire et demi." Neither Neville Chamberlain nor Lord Halifax understood the corsair mentality which interpreted the policy of appeasement as weakness.

The vivid picture of the Führer—a chronic paranoic—contains no surprises. "There is no doubt that Hitler's mental condition in the summer of 1939 was one of what in simple language is termed madness. But with his madness went a crystal-clear lucidity over military detail and other practical facts, and an unshakeable determination to strive after the realisation of his and a bastardised Nietzsche's dreams." The Duce, on the other hand, emerges in a less familiar light as a sawdust Cæsar, a thoroughly contemptible creature—vain, irresolute, vacillating, easily dismayed, jealous of Hitler's successes, detesting the patronising air of his German overlords yet unable to free himself from their stifling embrace; for if they could not give him the mastery of the Mediterranean nobody could. Merciless to Mussolini, Miss Wiskemann is lenient—some readers may say indulgent—towards the Italians. Since she knows the country well and has written an excellent little book on it, her judgment carries weight. Italy, she says, disliked the heavy-handed Germans and detested the idea of participation in the war. Making constant use of Ciano's diary she reveals the young Foreign Minister as smarting under German tutelage and as vainly striving to preserve neutrality. Mussolini often despaired of the Italians, Ciano tells us—undoubtedly they had less than no joy in struggle and destruction for their own sake, the German *raison d'être*. "No one embraces an ideal more wholeheartedly than the Italian, but once disillusioned he is easily demoralised. In the Second World War few Italians found any inspiration until it came to resisting the Germans in Italy itself. The Second Italian army was demoralised from the start. . . . The Italians as a people were either not

* *The Rome-Berlin Axis*. By Elizabeth Wiskemann. Oxford University Press. 21s.

serious about the Axis crusade or were utterly opposed to it. Everywhere, in Yugoslavia, in Greece or in France, they had to contend with stronger initial prejudices against them. Besides this they were poorer, worse equipped and grubby, making less impression, their rations were scarcely half those of the Germans and they had less to give away. Slowly, nevertheless, it came to be realised that they were humane, that they were naturally kind, and above all that they detested the systematic cruelty of the Germans as much as did its Serb and French victims. If Italian soldiers heard cries for water from Jews packed suffocatingly into cattle-trucks on their last journey to the East, it was difficult to prevent them going to the sufferers' help. No wonder the Germans and the Duce in his Germanophile moods despaired of them. Were they not the children of that traditional morality which Nietzsche had condemned, the morality of the weak?"

In view of such differences of temperament and tradition it is not surprising that the machinery of the alliance began to creak as soon as the military tide turned. "Beneath the surface of Hitler's faith in the fraternity of supermen and the fascination of his success for Mussolini, Italo-German discord was chronic." Ribbentrop, as usual, emerges as a mannerless clown. The slender tie snapped on the day that the Duce was repudiated by a majority of his own Fascist Grand Council, and the majority of his countrymen, rejoicing at his downfall, changed sides and helped to drive the Germans out. The whole of this fascinating volume may be described as a confirmation of Mr. Churchill's declaration that one man alone brought Italy into the war. His rapid decline in prestige and health, followed by an ignominious death at the hands of his own countrymen, was at any rate a partial punishment for that monstrous crime. That he could not save his son-in-law from Hitler's avenging wrath was another token that the Fascist colossus was an extinct volcano.

G. P. G.

RUSKIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

I have frequently been asked by youths and others how best they could begin the study of Ruskin's works. It is a reasonable question, for those works are enshrined—I dare not say entombed—in thirty-nine great volumes. But I have no difficulty in answering it and advising them to begin with *Præterita*. It is a book of the utmost interest, not only by reason of the beauty and simplicity of its prose but because of the character of the story he has to tell. It is a vast treasure house and its contents defy classification. Here is a passage of noble prose in which he records the influence which the first sight of the Alps had upon him at Schaffhausen, when a boy of fourteen:

"It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such temperament as mine . . . for me the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow, and their humanity, and I wanted, neither for them or myself, sight of any thrones in Heaven but the rocks, or of any spirits in Heaven but the clouds. Thus in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth but the opening of the first page of its volume, I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace."

Præterita must surely be regarded as one of the greatest autobiographies in the language. He deals with every aspect of his life, describing faithfully

all its main influences. There is a fascinating account of his home life as a child, and whilst still a little boy of his carriage journeys with his parents which his father took annually to wait upon his country customers. We have a humorous and tolerant account of Oxford life more than a century ago. We follow him in travels to many cities and they become real to us. We are moved by his description of the great paintings of the world and by his judgments on Scott and other great writers. But we always feel that Ruskin is no longer writing in a controversial mood. For the most part he is gentle, humorous, tolerant and wise. The book may well be to many a permanent inspiration. The introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark is of great interest though I think he is unjust to Ruskin in his references to his unhappy marriage. The publisher has produced the book attractively, but the absence of pictures and an adequate index is regrettable, though perhaps unavoidable.

J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE
(President of the Ruskin Society).

ILLUSORY PEACE.

There are few things more vexatious for a reviewer than a book which he has to praise while strongly disapproving of it. Mr. F. A. Voigt's new huge volume* falls into that category; for it is not a book, but rather the material for three or four books somewhat artificially brought under a common heading. It is written under the influence of violent, if honourable, feelings and therefore in parts unbalanced, and its conclusions, while not illogical, seem to go somewhat at a tangent from the huge evidence accumulated before reaching them. Yet, with all that, the author—whose *Unto Cæsar* created a stir before the war—is one of the few whose outlook and judgment on world politics remained unaffected by any established school of thought, whose opinions are extremely worth while and were proved so by events, and, above all, one who puts his heart into them.

He has a rather rich choice of Peaces: a Pax Britannica (which he ultimately sees merged with a Pax Americana in an Atlantic System establishing a new, world-wide balance of power), a Pax Europæa, Germanica, Muscovita, Sinensis. But he tries to get away from "ideologies" and to show the world crisis as the consequence of individual blundering, of the decay of statecraft. This leads him to interesting thumbnail portraits of Bismarck, Pilsudski and Churchill, whom, with words of praise, he yet holds responsible for a good deal of disaster, together with his great Ally—our having switched our support from General Mihailovich to Tito, our leaving Mikolajczyk to the tender mercies of Moscow, the belated, American-backed support of the Greek loyalists and the previous discouraging of their co-operation with the like-minded Yugoslav elements, and of King George II's more far-seeing suggestions.

The principle for which the author stands is the old balance of power policy, adapted to the new circumstances. While evidencing it by a very detailed, documented and gripping study on the spot, 1944 to 1947, of the Polish, Yugoslav and Greek scene, and an interesting analysis of German mentality and politics, the conclusion to which he leads the reader—that it was the loss, to Russia under "God-Cæsar" regime, of the Eastern European countries which enforced our relying on U.S.A.—seems to require an equally systematic survey of the other and larger parts of the European scene. He is passionate in his plea for the smaller nations which, in order to maintain a balance of power, must be prevented by Britain from falling under the domination of a great one, and his material, concerning their range restricted as above, is huge, enormous, and in some cases verily sensational. He is fair and intelligent enough to accept some of our misfortunes in these countries as unavoidable; yet, such as he presents the

* *Pax Britannica*. By F. A. Voigt. Constable & Co. Ltd. 576 pp. 25s.

Polish, Yugoslav, Albanian and Greek tragedies, he will expose himself to a weighty antagonism by authorities as well as by other observers.

Condemning misguided information to which, in his conviction, the Western leaders fell, he produces a well-founded, searching survey of Germany. It is eminently worth while reading even for those who hold somewhat different opinions and might disagree with his conclusion "that the German idea become European and that the German order become an organic part of the European order," and would rather have the Germans accept the European idea, bringing in as their dowry their own patriotism in its federal, extensible form. There are some minor mistakes; thus when he confounds the Great Elector with his son, or misspells Count Schulenburg's name; and it is sometimes difficult to accept his rather determinist outlook. But on the whole this is one of the most intriguing, stimulating, angry and angering books we have seen for years.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

The Management of British Foreign Policy before the First World War, by Dr. Gosses (Sijthoff, Leiden, 1948), reveals an astonishing mastery of the printed materials relating to the conduct of affairs, 1880-1914. "The theme is not what happened but the machinery which shaped their policy. The Foreign Office and the Foreign Secretary were the most important factors, though public opinion and Parliament, the Crown, the Cabinet and the Prime Minister also influenced foreign policy." The Foreign Office, we are informed, will be treated in a separate volume. Here is a penetrating study of the working of British institutions in the most important of all fields by a friendly but detached foreign scholar. Dr. Gosses' book is addressed not to experts alone but to a wider public; for the first three chapters, which fill almost half the book, describe the general political, social and official background of the England of their time.

Looking at us from the middle distance he is struck, like most thoughtful Continental observers, by the blend of conservatism and liberalism, of tradition and experiment, which gives form and colour to our national life. Though we had advanced from middle-class supremacy to universal manhood suffrage, since Bagehot wrote his memorable study of the English constitution in the middle of the Victorian era, England continued to be run by the aristocracy and well-to-do *bourgeoisie* almost as completely in 1914 as at the time of the Second Reform Bill. Dr. Gosses is quite right to quote from the incomparable letters of Walter Pater to President Wilson on the eve of the First World War. "What strikes me most," wrote the American Ambassador, "is the general conservatism and traditionalism." Much the same picture was painted in the despatches and memoranda of the Anglophil Prince Lichnowsky. "Society" still ruled almost supreme, and many of those who did not belong to it by birth were eager to enter its portals. England has always been the paradise of the amateur, and Lord Salisbury spoke for most of his countrymen when he warned them not to trust to experts. That such happy-go-lucky improvisation did not lead to disaster was due primarily to the political flair and "horse sense" of our statesmen, but also to the steadying influence of our Civil Service.

The second half of this instructive book deals with the relations of the Foreign Secretary to Parliament, the Crown, the Cabinet and the Premier, and emphasises his unique position as the spokesman of his country, standing above party differences and party cries. Nowhere, indeed, does the instinct of continuity, so deeply rooted in the British character, emerge so clearly as on these lofty uplands. The fascination of the task is such that more than one Foreign Secretary who afterwards rose to the Premiership, Salisbury and Rosebery among them, preferred the second to the first place. The author reminds his readers that the picture of British public life in these

pages is that of the world before 1914. Since the First World War power has passed from the classes to the masses, yet the Foreign Office has changed less than any other department. It is still controlled by amateurs—among them men like MacDonald, Henderson and Bevin—fully conscious of their immense responsibilities and ably seconded by their experienced Civil Service advisers. On the whole this level-headed Dutch scholar approves the system he describes, and indeed the whole work breathes respect for and confidence in the British people. Perhaps in days to come he may continue his survey into and beyond the Second Civil War.

G. P. G.

MR. GUNTHER YET AGAIN.*

Mr. John Gunther's latest compendium, perhaps the most timely work of factual interpretation in his formidable series, is, as ever, eminently readable, lucid, painstaking—yet another truly marvellous achievement of its kind. At a time when objective analysis and synthesis of trends and tendencies among the European nations now subjected to alien, totalitarian tyrannies are all but foredoomed to failure by the march of events, Mr. Gunther nevertheless contrives to maintain a just attitude of mind and an equitable manner of treatment. Here before us are the grim personalities of the Soviet political scene, men and women of the Marxist underworld; figures, which, in the Edwardian decade, would have been deemed fit subject for the lighter fantasies and drama of that less sombre era. Here, too, are the leaders of the new Resistance. The range of Mr. Gunther's 343 pages embraces a notable series of pen portraits from Anna Pauker to Queen Fredericka "the Great" of the Hellenes, Gomulka and Polish "deviationists," the late Themistocles Sophoulis, sage, "salty" and Clemenceau-like, and, in Italy, Sforza and De Gasperi. Then there are the unknown Berlin Communist who promised civil liberty after a hundred years of Communism, and, in Budapest, Rakosi, who, having spent fourteen uninterrupted years in jail during the Horthy Regency, learning six languages in the process, is, in the days of his newly won greatness, wholly insensitive to the Western ideal of *habeas corpus*. Mr. Gunther's reporting of economics is also fine, especially in the Polish chapters. So, too, is the presentation of the potential conflict between Moscow-trained chiefs and those other Communist leaders who have consistently sustained the ideological struggle from their native soil. There are two minor incidental faults in the French postscript: first, Mr. Gunther gives too much of his mind to the more flamboyant elements in current French politics and consequently is unimpressed by the gathering momentum of the Radical-Socialist revival; secondly, the term "Third Force" has a third meaning besides his own two definitions, namely, the renewal and advancing progress of a distinctive, clearly differentiated, organised Liberalism in Sweden, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Norway. But this lesser criticism does not in any way militate against the basic worth of a book which will fascinate statesman and sixth-former alike and is, to the present writer, a matter for enthusiastic wonder.

DERYCK ABEL.

LORD CRAIGAVON.†

James Craig, the late Lord Craigavon, was a kindly man, warm-hearted and friendly, deliberate rather than clever, a rock of reliability but lacking in imagination about, particularly, the quick-witted Celts. The son of a rich Belfast brewer, he was educated in Scotland, and a typical Ulster Scot he remained all his life. After an uneventful career as a stockbroker and an officer in the Boer War, he drifted into Parliament, rising to a junior Minister

* *Behind Europe's Curtain*. By John Gunther. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

† *Craigavon: Ulsterman*. By St. John Ervine. Allen & Unwin. 700 pp. 35s.

in the Coalition Government after the Four Years' War. But for his Ulster connection he might have ended up as a Conservative Minister of Education or Agriculture. As it was he could not but be involved in the Anglo-Irish tangle, however incomprehensible Irish grievances, demands and aspirations were to remain to him. It was he who "made" Carson, who stood pat as "King's Man" [to use the supreme praise bestowed on him by Dr. Ervine], and who became Northern Ireland's first Prime Minister. In so far as Ulster is and feels as part of the United Kingdom nobody could have acted better for it than James Craig: to say "Not an inch" in as quiet and as friendly a manner as at all possible was his achievement.

Craigavon would have hated the idea of a biography, as Dr. St. John Ervine, the wonderful playwright, candidly admits. In his own eyes he had merely done his job—to remain part of the United Kingdom; he had no other politics. But how he would have hated this monumental, not to say monstrous, book which now sails under his flag yet is, in truth, a bloated Ulster commentary on the wickedness of the rest of Ireland! Students of twentieth-century nationalism and group pathology will be grateful to author and publishers for having braved the narrow confines of the British law of libel. Here is indeed a lifetime's collection of all possible terms of attack directed against De Valera and his friends. "Uncouth pedant," "can neither write nor speak English with clarity or grace," a mind so "common-place and narrow" . . . few but a conscientious reviewer will wade through a pamphlet of 300,000 words thick with such statements born of grievances that must have been nursed for a generation or more.

The author quotes some very interesting entries from Lady Craigavon's diaries, all the more important since the great Ulster Premier himself kept nothing but the usual papers, as official as they are empty. A good example is the exchange of letters with Lord Londonderry where anybody who had the slightest acquaintance with both can hear the chuckle with which they both bowed before the other's wise statesmanship, etc. Only Dr. Ervine takes them seriously; but then he claims for himself "some skill in understanding" the difference between sincerity and perfunctory statements. He also claims that Craigavon recommended to Neville Chamberlain the re-occupation of the Irish ports, if not a march from Ulster southward. Alas, he produces no evidence for this. He is no historian. As a playwright he could have written a sketch of Craigavon the man. Instead he chose to write an Ulster commentary on the Irish. There is still room for a history of Craigavon's premiership.

F. W. PICK.

* * * * *

Miss Wedgwood's *Richelieu and the French Monarchy* (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.) is a little masterpiece. For beginners it is the best available introduction to the study of the greatest French statesman of all time; for more advanced students it is a delight to watch her skilfully threading her way through a maze of diplomacy and the intrigues of the Court of Louis XIII and building up a picture of the founder of absolute monarchy in France. One or two reviewers have suggested that the portrait is a little too flattering, but most readers are likely to find the summary of his policy and his achievement in the closing chapter entirely satisfying. How could he, or anyone else in the second quarter of the seventeenth century, foresee that by weakening the Empire in his struggle with the Hapsburgs he was preparing the way for an aggressive Prussia? And can he be held responsible for the misuse of the power which he put into the hands of the King? That all systems of absolutism are inorganic and therefore sterile and fragile is more obvious to nineteenth- and twentieth-century Englishmen than it was to Continental observers at any period down to 1789. Unloving and unloved, Miss Wedgwood's Cardinal remains a formidable and ruthless realist towering above all his contemporaries, an almost impersonal embodiment of Machiavellian *raison d'état*. The minor figures—the feeble King, his

exasperating mother, the worthless adventurer Cinq-Mars—are firmly drawn. The author paints on a broad canvas, and the chapters on the internal organisation of France and on French civilisation are a triumph of clarity and compression. If the main object of a small book on a great subject is to send the reader to larger works, these vivid pages are likely to pass this exacting utilitarian test.

* * * * *

The fourth volume of the series "Primers for the Age of Plenty," edited by Professor Lancelot Hogben, is an ambitious and provoking volume by Professor Henry Hamilton, entitled *History of the Homeland* (Allen & Unwin, 18s.), which was written in the war years. The book is mainly concerned to summarise and interpret the historical background to current economic and social problems and conditions. The author's aim is to "make us more alert to problems which human beings are facing for the first time at a tempo of change which is entirely novel." The treatment is sectional, with separate contributions dealing with particular topics. For example there are chapters devoted to the Rise of Capitalism, Money, Commerce and Foreign Investment, the Specialist in British Society, the Labour Movement and the Place of Women in Society. There are articles on "Our Needs," including Food, Dress and Health. Under "Our Institutions" the author attempts to deal with the growth and characteristics of our system of government and with the Social Services, Education and Freedom of Thought and the Person. There is, of course, much overlapping, but no integration. A book of this nature really requires to be written by a series of experts in the major fields dealt with; the scope is too vast for authoritative treatment by any one person. Upon some topics such as constitutional law and the rights of the individual Professor Hamilton is weak; an inadequate knowledge combined with a summary and dogmatic treatment leads to distortion and to inaccurate conclusions. Moreover, he would appear on occasion to intrude political views into the narrative, as for example in the chapter on Communications, where he seems to favour nationalisation. It may well be that in a book which seeks to explain and interpret the present social, political and economic conditions in the light of the past there cannot be complete impartial objectivity. The numerous illustrations are an excellent feature of the volume.

A. de M.

* * * * *

Students of the seventeenth century will give a very warm welcome to the fourth and final volume of Professor W. C. Abbott's monumental work, *The Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (Harvard University Press, \$7. 50; Oxford University Press, 42s. net). The whole work contains the most complete collection of Cromwellian documents which have been, or are likely to be, published. Professor Abbott notes significantly that some of the documents printed in his work have probably disappeared already. In each volume the documents are woven together in an objective narrative, designed simply to place them in their proper context. Professor Abbott has no particular thesis to propound, and even in this volume refrains from any real appreciation of Cromwell's character or place in history. He contents himself with showing how the Protector's fame has changed with the prevailing temper and outlook of the age. There probably can never be a final evaluation. In this final volume he allows himself a few conclusions which emerge from the documents of the period dealt with, namely 1655-58. These years are concerned mainly with questions of administration and foreign affairs, and the volume contains a large number of despatches and reports from the agents of foreign Powers, which have not hitherto been collected together in one publication. From this material Professor Abbott draws the inevitable conclusion that Cromwell's military dictatorship

"was more distasteful to the men of his own time—even in his own party—than even the Stuart 'tyranny' which it replaced," and that his "immediate methods and results were not so different from those of the dictatorships of our own time as we should like to think." The Professor also points out that "as the evidence shows, the position and powers of the Council were much greater in the Protector's later years, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact of his ill health and his failing powers." He concludes that "the Protectorate had begun to break down, especially on the side of finance, before Cromwell died." This fourth volume, with its eleven hundred pages, concludes with a consolidated index for all volumes of this invaluable source-book.

A. de M.

* * * * *

Democracy and the Quaker Method, by F. E., B. E., and R. S. W. Pollard (Bannisdale Press, 8s. 6d.), is addressed not only to Friends, who know a good deal about the subject already, but to thoughtful citizens of all parties and all schools of thought. Here, declare the authors, is a way of getting things done, big as well as small, without voting, without heat and without undue delay. No one is more of an individualist in a spiritual sense than the Quaker who is bound by no formalities and trusts to the guidance of the Inner Light. Yet no one has a more penetrating community sense, a deeper conviction that more wisdom is to be found in a group of earnest seekers after justice and righteousness than in any of the individuals who compose it. After describing the machinery of consultation and decision in Part I, the authors proceed in Part II to illustrate its working by evidence from the last three centuries. They argue their case for a wider application for the methods in which they profoundly believe with a persuasive moderation which is likely to secure the sympathy of every reader and the assent of not a few.

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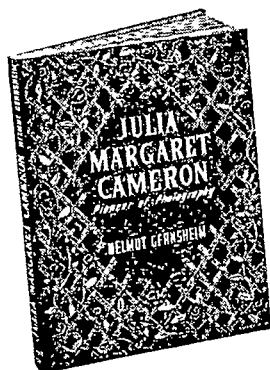
Martin Tupper : His Rise and Fall, by Derek Hudson (Constable, 18s.), is the story of a literary curiosity. Assuming that it was worth telling, it is excellently told, though even such an accomplished biographer cannot arouse more than a tepid interest in the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. The present reviewer belongs to a generation which reckoned a copy of this now forgotten work in the family library as indispensable as the Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It is characteristic that it won the hearty approval of Queen Victoria, who in art and literature preferred homespun to embroidery. That Gladstone, his contemporary at Oxford, befriended him throughout life is a tribute to them both, for Tupper's fall from favour here and in America was as rapid as his sensational rise. The discovery of his scrapbooks in a London secondhand bookshop led Mr. Hudson to attempt a resurrection of a man of high character, a good citizen, and a guide, philosopher and friend to millions of early Victorian readers.

* * * * *

Happier Days, by Sir Ernest Benn (Ernest Benn, 8s. 6d.), blends autobiography with propaganda. How much better things were, we are told, in the days of his youth when taxation was low, living was cheap, and energy earned its legitimate rewards! For the middle classes, it is true, the later Victorian era was a golden time, and to despise its manly virtues is a mark of ignorance, not a sign of superiority. But they were certainly not "happier days" for the common man and his family when "social security" was unborn and the devil took the hindmost. One of the most interesting chapters discusses "the profit motive," and argues that many great industrialists care much less for riches than is commonly supposed; what they enjoy is making their business a success. Sir Ernest Benn has worked hard and deserved his success, and it is possible to enjoy his lively sallies without sharing his admiration for the era of competitive capitalism.

A CHOICE OF THE MONTH

by Stephen Potter of 'The Sketch'



Julia Margaret Cameron

by

HELMUT GERNSHEIM F.R.P.S.

Introduction by Clive Bell

"Mr. Gernsheim's monograph is to be recommended from many different points of view. Not only does it include fifty-four large reproductions of Mrs. Cameron's finest photographs, accompanied by a bibliography, 'Notes on Sitters and Plates,' and a technical discussion of her methods and achievement, but in his biographical foreword the writer draws a vivid and detailed portrait of this accomplished portraitist. When Mrs. Cameron took to photography she was already forty-eight, and felt 'drowned in troubles and cares,' so depressed was she by the absence of her husband and sons, who were abroad supervising the Cingalese coffee plantations on which the family livelihood depended. A married daughter gave her a camera ; and from that moment there was no looking back.

The remainder of her career belongs to photographic history ; but its earlier stages certainly deserve attention, since they reveal a character that, whatever means of expression it had adopted, could never have been commonplace."

—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

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The SPECIAL ATTENTION of CONTRIBUTORS is drawn to the necessity (in view of the present very high cost of production) of sending in contributions typewritten and in their final form (the number of words being stated) so as to avoid any deletions or additions on the proof.

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RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

"Communism is the Russian destiny; it is a movement in the inner destiny of the Russian people and it must be lived through by their inward strength. Communism must be surmounted but not destroyed, and into the highest stage which will come after Communism there must enter the truth of Communism but freed from its element of falsehood."—NICHOLAS BERDYAEV, *The Russian Idea*.

THE chief factor which dominates international politics to-day continues to be the aim and foreign policy of the Soviet Union. The fundamental causes of this aim and policy are obscure and deeply embedded in Russian history and psychology. No people are more "polarised," that is, more influenced by conflicting emotions, than the Russians. But, however one may analyse the causes of this, the immediate aim of Russian foreign policy is not so difficult to assess. Roughly, since 1946, the aim has been to create a Defence Zone, bordering the Soviet Union, inside which no foreign influence would be permitted to penetrate, even at the risk of war. But outside this Defence Zone attempts would be made to advance Russian influence and the Communist system as far as was possible to do so without the risk of war.

What then is the prospect which faces Russia and Western Europe as regards attaining the second point? The two factors that have told heavily against Russia are the American Marshall Aid and the natural fear and dislike of the unknown Eastern Power. In fact there still seems to be sufficient vitality in the *Abendland* to save it from the east, and Spengler has so far been proved wrong. At the same time the issue is not finally settled. The balance of payments crises of this summer and autumn in Britain show that the whole economic organisation of Europe has not been thought out, and the question of whether it can pay its way without permanent American subsidy is as yet quite undecided. The delicate mechanism of international trade, whereby the West European deficit to the American continent was made good by United States purchases from the Colonial areas of Africa and Asia, linked to sterling, has been finally shattered in the Second World War. Can Western Europe make up this deficit and become more self-supporting? Can the sterling area develop its resources and become independent of permanent American subsidies by the aid of American long-term investments in Africa and South-East Asia? Thus, there are sufficient unsolved problems to make the rulers of the Kremlin feel that the last word has not yet been said and that the advance of Communism outside its "Defence Zone" is still a possibility, after a suitable interval.

Meanwhile, there can be no doubt that, for the time being, Russian prospects in Western Europe have lessened. Western Powers stood firm over Berlin. There have been elections in the Allied Zones of Germany which have brought a Government of the Right Centre to power. Russia has countered this by setting up the East German Republic in her Zone. The primary object of this move is to give the Germans the semblance of independence, while retaining control over the new German Government by the usual Communist methods of

cajolery and terror. Meanwhile it is hoped to use East Germany as a means to absorb into the Russian Zone West Germany as well and give Russia thus the military and industrial domination as far as the Atlantic coast.

Germany is thus probably the most vital spot in Europe to-day. If the Allies mishandle the West German situation the Russians may be able to exploit a neo-Nazi nationalism in alliance with Communism in an anti-Western drive. There has always been in German politics an Eastern and a Western school. I can remember in 1919, in Berlin, that arch-intriguer for Russia, Karl Radek, carrying on Bolshevik propaganda from a Prussian prison, where he had been confined for illegally entering Germany, while the ex-Kaiser's Generals in the War Office were laughing up their sleeves at the discomfiture of the victorious Western Allies. This little episode culminated later in the forbidden German Reichswehr getting opportunity for equipment and training on the spacious plains of South Russia. The parallel is too close to-day to be altogether reassuring, and the Western Powers must reckon with a determined attempt to use the new Eastern Germany as a centre to unite all Germany under a Communist system.

If we look at the other parts of Western Europe and the Mediterranean we see conditions developing that are, on the whole, unfavourable to Russian plans. In France the Communists are losing the prestige which they definitely got by dint of their good war resistance record. The French intellectuals and professional classes, which form an important element in the Communist movement, have been deeply shocked at the treason trials and purges in Hungary in recent weeks. The steady consolidation of the moderate progressive centre, therefore, seems to be continuing in France. In Italy, too, the same thing is going on, with the more open assistance of the Roman Catholic Church.

But it is in South-East Europe that the main dramatic developments have taken place. Greece at last shows signs of greater stability. Anglo-American assistance and the attempts made to bring about greater internal coherence have reduced the chronic weakness of that country—private political factiousness—to more reasonable proportions. The result has been a decisive defeat of the rebels and the clearing from Greek territory of Communist guerrillas. But this result has been powerfully aided by the most important event of all—the refusal of Yugoslavia to accept the orders of Moscow. This has broken the iron ring that circled Greece from the north and may have important results in Albania, where the example of Yugoslavia may become infectious.

Internal tension is mounting in Bulgaria, and the followers of Petkof, inspired with the spirit and tradition of Stambuliski, are evidently by no means dead. The treason trials and the judicial murder of Rejk, the imprisonment of Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary, and the attempts to harness the Roman Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia, show that Russia is determined to eliminate all hostile elements from inside her Defence Zone. Moreover it is a warning to those who might be inclined to follow the path of Tito and become Communists who do not necessarily regard submission to the varying orders of the Kremlin as the hallmark of a good Communist. Internal tension is thus mounting inside the Iron Curtain. The prospects of Russia's expansion beyond the Defence Zone are certainly less than they were a year ago, because the Zone itself shows signs of cracking. My experience of Eastern Europe has always been that the farther you get from Moscow,

the less dogmatic Communists become ; barring, of course, a few Moscow-trained " stooges " at the top.

The difficulty which the Kremlin is experiencing in holding this Defence Zone together opens the whole question of Communist theory and practice in relation to the non-Communist world. It must be understood that Communism is a secular religion held with the most intense fanaticism by the faithful. But it is a definitely Russian, and especially a Great Russian or Muscovite, phenomenon, and is in direct line of succession to the traditional trains of thought which have produced in their day Nihilism, the " Land and Liberty " movement, Slavophilism, Populism (*narodnichestvo*), and finally the Russian form of Marxism. All these movements postulated one of two things and sometimes both of them. The first was that the existing state of society must collapse in a fiery Apocalypse. This idea was tacitly encouraged by the Russian Orthodox Church through its aloofness from the material world which it regarded as evil, and by its doctrine of salvation by mystic communion and belief in the hereafter. It is not difficult, thus, to see how the idea of World Revolution can spring from Russian tradition, both ecclesiastical and materialist, and can become the twentieth-century adaptation of the historical line of Russian thought. The second feature of all these movements is that they nearly all, in a greater or lesser degree, assumed that Russia alone has the true faith and could lead the world to Salvation, which is Communism.

All revolutionary movements have their different shades of opinion, and in the Russian Government it is concerned mainly with tactics and the estimation of the prospects of World Revolution outside Russia. I remember first noticing these two trends inside the Russian Bolshevik Party soon after the seizure of power in October, 1917. In those momentous days, when I was in Leningrad and had access to the sittings of the Supreme Soviet in the Smolny Institute, I do not remember that Stalin played any rôle at all in the shaping of events. The current Communist legend that he was Lenin's right-hand man all through those times does not appear to me to have any foundation. In those days the public gaze was entirely fixed on Lenin and Trotsky. If Stalin had been playing at all an important rôle it is certain that those of us whose business it was to find out what was going on and report for our papers would have heard something about it. But the fact is that the first serious differences after the revolution came over the German Treaty of Brest Litovsk. On this issue Stalin did not appear to play any part, although he was doubtless on the side of Lenin. The two schools of thought inside the Bolshevik Government came to the surface on the issue of this peace treaty. Lenin took the view that Russia could not challenge the West, that she was too weak and must take a *peredishka* (breathing space), retire and allow the internal contradictions inside the capitalist world to weaken it and so increase Russia's relative strength. Trotsky, on the other hand, was not the traitor " intriguing with the imperialists against Lenin," as Communist propaganda makes him out now to be, but the fanatical protagonist of the " permanent revolution " theory. I heard him in those days on many occasions advance the idea that the Russian Revolution could not be saved unless World Revolution broke out speedily in the West, and that Russia must sign no treaty with the imperialists but must carry on the " revolutionary struggle " with the capitalists and incite to general civil war. Trotsky's view was defeated by a narrow majority

in the momentous meeting at the Taurida Palace of the Supreme Soviet, which I attended, and I know that it was only Lenin's enormous prestige that won the decision to sign the Brest Litovsk Treaty and gain a "breathing space." Later he carried the war into the Trotsky camp and made a classical speech in Moscow, which I heard him deliver in May, 1918. It was later reprinted as a pamphlet and called *The Immediate Problem Before the Soviet Power*. Here he turned on Trotsky and Bukharin and demanded an end to the "infantile sickness of Communism." As Lenin's health weakened, Stalin, who had all this time played the part of a Junior Commissar for Nationalities, came gradually to the front and finally succeeded in getting himself elected as General Secretary to the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party. Personal rivalries with Trotsky undoubtedly played an important rôle in the struggle which ensued, but also the same theoretical and tactical disagreement which had taken place at an earlier stage between Lenin and Trotsky came to the fore here too. Stalin thought that Russia could not then, in 1922, challenge the world or incite to general civil war, not because he did not want that civil war but because he thought it for the moment impracticable. Trotsky thought otherwise, but his day was done and he was soon swept into oblivion by the astute Asiatic from the Caucasus.

Meanwhile Stalin showed that he was no moderate in the generally accepted sense, for early in the 'thirties he put through by force the second Agrarian Revolution, which had the most far-reaching consequences in establishing collective agriculture in Russia. But in foreign relations he still continued to hold the view of Lenin that the time was not ripe for a psychological offensive against the West. So he concluded treaties with foreign Powers, sent Litvinov to Geneva, and later changed to a pro-German policy and appointed Molotov to sign the Russo-German Treaty with Hitler on the eve of the Second World War. The war brought about the grand coalition against Germany which for a time obscured the issue between Russia and her Western Allies. When it was over there was a period of suspense when it was still possible that co-operation between Russia and the West could be continued; for there were those in office in Moscow in those days who knew the West and thought that the economic conditions following the war, bad as they were in the West, were not so bad as in Russia, and so they advised caution. It seems that, for a time, they had the ear of Stalin, but as weakness developed in the West in 1947, first with the English coal crisis and then with the convertibility crises and the premature petering-out of the American loan, those Russian Communists who thought that the time had come for an all-out offensive against the West beyond the Defence Zone of the Iron Curtain received a strong impetus for their policy. Stalin evidently came to the same conclusion and so the Lenin and Trotsky line coincided. Most Russian Communists now agree (and those who do not were duly pensioned off and retired into obscurity) that an attempt must now be made to win for Communism as large an area outside the Iron Curtain as the objective situation would allow. And so every attempt has been made from that day to this to wreck the Marshall Plan, with the results described above.

The question now is what reaction will the failure of this offensive in Europe have on the tactical line of Moscow. It can be said that the same two schools of thought are there as in the early days of the Revolution. There are those who hold that developments in the

West must go the same way as in Russia and that the pace must still be forced, and there are those who say that there must be another "breathing space" as in 1918 after Brest Litovsk. But there are to-day, what there were not then, a few who say that Socialism in the West will come by quite different methods than in Russia. They are few in number and hold no important posts either in the State or in the Party, but they may grow if the West overcomes its dollar crisis and establishes a European co-operative system.

It would indeed be unwise to think that the people who are really in power to-day in Russia, whether they are neo-Trotskyites of the permanent revolution theory and want a forward foreign policy all the time or whether they are more cautious like the sly Caucasian, have any fundamental differences between themselves. The fanaticism with which the idea of World Revolution, that fiery twentieth-century Apocalypse to which all Russian thinking has led in the past, is held by Stalinists and neo-Trotskyists alike is difficult to understand by anyone nurtured in the ways of the West. This idea runs right through the eight volumes of Stalin's *Collected Works* and through the *History of the Russian Communist Party*, which must be regarded as the Bible (Revised Version) of Communism. Any Communist who doubts a word of it is liable to excommunication. According to this Bible, the tide of World Revolution ebbs and flows. After 1946 it was thought that Russia could consolidate Communist régimes inside her Defence Zone and even extend beyond it. She succeeded in the first objective but not in the second. And now even the first is showing signs of weakness. But things are fluid in the Far East, and Western Europe has not solved its economic problem of earning dollars and balancing its accounts. By and large, however, it seems that the Communist advance in the world will be delayed for a while, and that Russia must make use of this "breathing space" to reduce the gap between her economic backwardness and that of the West, which is a source of chronic worry to her, as it always has been since the days of Peter the Great.

The news that she can bring about an atomic explosion is evidence that she is hard at work trying to reduce that gap, but it remains to be seen if, in the meantime, the United States has not made a substantial advance beyond the position she was in atomic knowledge in 1945. Moreover, this country has not been idle in that respect either. Nevertheless the Russian Communist believes that after a period "inherent contradictions inside the capitalist world" will enable Communism to advance again in Europe, and they are waiting for that day. When, as they think, the inevitable collapse comes in the United States, then the tide of revolution will flow again and Russia will direct this flow. But one must not suppose that Stalin will adopt the same tactics of aggression that Hitler did. The very nature of Communism precludes the military offensive as the main instrument of aggression. Communist fifth column work and economic chaos incited by strikes and sabotage must come first and must succeed before the Red Army makes any move to assist local disaffection. Thus, Communist tactics differ from those of the Nazis, and this fact shows that the defence of Western Europe by means of Brussels Pacts and Western Defence measures are less important than the solution of problems of economic disequilibrium and social injustice. It is precisely because no attempt was made to solve these problems that China has gone Communist and has so given a warning to the countries of South-East Asia, including those of the Indian peninsula, that they will go likewise if they do not solve them.

Meanwhile, it seems to be a race between four factors : (1) Western Europe's power to restore its economy ; (2) Russia's effort to catch up on her economic and especially atomic backwardness ; (3) the attempts of the Middle East and South-East Asian countries to modernise their archaic societies and develop the idea of civic liberty which they have largely learnt from the West ; (4) the rate of decomposition going on inside the Communist régime within the Russian outer Defence Zone in Eastern Europe. In reference to this last factor, the Tito revolt against Moscow is of the utmost importance, and it remains a question whether Russia will not risk war to subdue Yugoslavia, which she regards as inside her Defence Zone. If she does not, it will only be because she does not feel herself strong enough, does not think she has sufficient fifth column workers inside Yugoslavia, or because she fears it may unleash a general war. Here indeed we are up against an important phenomenon. The Balkan States have all got Communist Governments and are likely to retain them, but the Southern Slavs have traditions very different from those of their Eastern cousins. The Ottoman régime that ruled the Balkans for many centuries was never as oppressive, at least in its early stages, as was the Mongol and Tartar régime in Russia, and so the tradition of central government with dictatorial powers was never so strong there as in Russia. Moreover, the Southern Slavs have never been such deep thinkers as the Russians. The problems of Life, Death and Salvation do not run through their literature as they do through the Russian. Fiery Apocalypses and World Revolutions necessary for salvation have never been part of their mental make-up.

Again, the October Revolution, ideal in its inception, has, like all revolutions, deteriorated in the course of time, and has become more and more identified with the Russian State machine and the foreign policy of the old Tsarist Empire which it inherited. The Southern Slavs naturally do not appreciate the prospects of becoming catspaws of Russian imperialism. The same thing happened after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, when Balkan Slavs, though thankful for all that Russia had done for them, were not sorry to see the Russian armies return home. So the revolt of the Yugoslavs indicates a check on this twentieth-century Russian imperialism. This may be an interesting pointer to developments which may take place in the new régime in China.

It remains to ponder on the possibility that if Russia is permanently checked in Western Europe, the Middle East and South-East Asia, the nature of the Moscow Communist régime will change. Hitherto the Trotsky and Lenin-Stalin schools have always held the day, but there are indications now of a third one which may, like Tito, abandon the dogma of an Apocalyptic World Revolution and adopt the principle of "live and let live." It is impossible to say yet because the economic problems of Western Europe are not yet solved and the fate of the young Middle East and South-East Asian countries still remains undecided.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

AMERICA REVISITED.

REVISITING America is always a thrilling experience. The tempo at which this incredibly dynamic and moody nation moves forward; the pace at which it not only conducts its day-to-day affairs but keeps on adjusting itself to its new world-wide responsibilities would be impressive in itself. To a European, however, who in recent years has experienced so much political decay, economic crisis and intellectual chaos, this American vitality seems doubly impressive and is certainly most stimulating. Now that, by the course of events, America has suddenly become projected into the unaccustomed position of the world's leading political, economic and military power, she has developed a remarkable awareness of her new responsibilities and the problems that devolve on her. The way the nation has matured in this respect is quite unbelievable. From the highest officers of the Administration to the humblest citizens, everybody knows that the days of splendid isolation are over; that America is involved in world affairs up to the hilt and cannot get out of this situation; indeed, the argument—when there is one—only ranges over the question of the extent of this commitment. Not only money is at stake, for in one way or another America is now pledged to defend some three-fifths of the world's territories and one-third of its people. This means that at any moment a new generation of G.I.s may be shipped or flown abroad to fight and die in distant parts that mean precious little to them personally.

It is not surprising that in these circumstances a constantly recurring topic of conversation or political discussion should be that of war. The feeling that a third world war may prove to be inevitable is one of the four main causes of a certain undercurrent of pessimism you find among a large number of thinking people. The other three causes of this pessimism are: the fear of a slump, the belief that even America is turning more and more towards socialism (ex-President Hoover, in his 75th birthday speech, warned that she was on her last lap towards it), and finally, the British crisis. Not that these four fears in any way exhaust Uncle Sam's headaches. Of these he has plenty—both in his international relations and in his domestic affairs. But nevertheless, the strongest emotional reactions can be traced back to the four sources of anxiety just mentioned.

The most tangible and perhaps the greatest headache of the moment is Britain's crisis. Its magnitude and sharpness present America with new problems and difficulties which are growing at a dizzy speed. Now that Uncle Sam suddenly has to add not only a lot of Britain's former responsibilities to his own (thus very unwillingly becoming something of an "imperial power"—the very idea of which he abominates) but is also called upon to shoulder a great deal of responsibility for Britain herself, the task seems bewildering and infinitely complex. The economic, political and military implications of Britain's weakness are such that wherever he looks Uncle Sam finds himself faced with the necessity of taking action, or of getting ready for action. This is as true of Western Europe as it is of the Middle East, or again of the Atlantic area as it is of the Pacific. To pick just two typical examples, Greece or Hong Kong, the great question is whether America can afford to allow a communist success that would inevitably follow Britain's withdrawal from her present positions, or whether action and expenditure in time mean the lesser evil.

Quite apart from this general concern about the decline of Britain's

rôle as a world power, there is much genuine American desire to help the British people in their latest crisis—despite the cantankerous and foolish attitude of the British socialists, who combine their requests for ever more dollars with persistent abuse of the American capitalist system. It is a dreary business, because no immediate solutions are apparent; all plans are necessarily long-term ones, while the urgency of the present situation often dictates action that is the very opposite of what is intended. Both sides are afraid of what might happen if they do not somehow arrive at one more stop-gap every time the crisis looks particularly menacing. Despite the real goodwill which is constantly being shown by the key-men in Washington and the lip-service of the more responsible British politicians, the sad truth is that there is considerable tension between the two countries. But America's annoyance is by no means limited to Britain alone. Uncle Sam feels pretty fed up with Europe in general, and nothing it ever does is to his complete satisfaction.

Since the end of hostilities America has spent over 23 billion dollars on foreign aid, and is prepared to spend a great deal more both under her Marshall Plan and under her Atlantic Pact obligations. On the morrow of the war, Europe was so sick, or even moribund, that, in order to enable her to survive, prosperous and generous America showered gifts and money on her on a truly gigantic scale without bothering much about economic or political principles. The first spending was done in a rather haphazard fashion, and reached the colossal amount of 17 billion dollars. Then it was decided to organise this help on a constructive and well-thought-out basis. During the nine months that separated the signing of the Foreign Aid Act by President Truman and General Marshall's Harvard speech in June, 1947, every conceivable aspect of the so-called Marshall Plan was examined by official and private experts almost under a microscope. The plan's immediate and long-term impact, not only on the receiving European but also on the giving American economy, was analysed and discussed in great detail. Indeed, no other piece of American legislation has ever received such long and careful study, such thoughtful and serious preparation.

In adopting the Marshall Plan, America revealed a degree of political maturity only rivalled by her financial generosity. Far from being compelled to seek outlets for her surplus production, she was still suffering from many shortages at the time, and had to introduce priorities in order to be able to assist war-torn Europe. She knew that the effort might endanger the balance of her own economy, but she was willing to take the risk. The fact that in those days America happened to be enjoying unprecedented prosperity in no way diminishes the spirit in which the whole thing was undertaken. The purpose of the Marshall Plan was, first of all, to enable Europe to bridge her huge dollar gap. It was argued that with this dollar help she could, little by little, expand her production, rebuild her trade, and gradually grow less and less dependent on her American sources of supply, while at the same time earning more and more dollars in the American market. The current phrase at the time was that the purpose of the plan was "to help Europe to help herself." Simultaneously with this, there was also another American objective—namely, to contain Bolshevism. Finally, the plan was also described as "America's design for peace," and the fact was stressed that, viewed from this angle, Uncle Sam's huge recovery programme was a matter of enlightened self-interest.

In theory all this looked perfect. The practical working-out of these ideas, however, has revealed some glaring inconsistencies in the way Uncle Sam chooses to conduct his affairs. A firm believer in free enterprise, and an enemy of State interference coupled with long-term planning, he is forcing on Europe to-day the very things he abominates at home. He demands that the European nations should produce a long-term programme, which, after all, can only be drawn up by the governments concerned. An enemy of cartels, he demands—through Mr. Hoffmann and many others—that European economy be “integrated,” and if this means anything, it means that the various competing commercial and industrial interests of Europe must somehow be cartelised. Uncle Sam also hates socialism, but by giving Marshall Aid to socialist or socialist-controlled governments in Europe he sustains them in office and enables them to apply their various programmes and fads and nostrums in a way that would be quite impossible without the financial assistance of the American taxpayer. In return, these European socialists abuse him as a private capitalist. Uncle Sam is against trade discrimination and has for a long time been preaching the virtues of reducing and even completely abolishing tariffs throughout the Continent of Europe. He has also been trying to force on this continent an international trade charter, the principles of which were laid down at Havana and have recently been again discussed at Annecy. But the draft of that charter demands, and has received, special privileges for American agriculture; while the Foreign Assistance Act of 1948 established discrimination in favour of American shipping.

It is, alas, an undeniable fact that, despite all their talk about earning more dollars through increased exports to America, most European countries have revealed themselves extremely poor and inadequate salesmen. But, at the same time, it is also true that, despite all the authoritative and promising talk about reducing her tariffs, America still charges some of the highest customs duties in the world. Indeed, in order to be able to sell to the U.S.A. at all, European traders and manufacturers not only have to climb over a tariff wall of the utmost stiffness but they also have to go through endless bureaucratic complications. In a speech delivered at the end of January 1949, Mr. Paul Hoffmann proclaimed:

“Here in America is the richest market in the world, with an annual income of over \$200 billion. Let us assume that Europe does have to find a way within the next three years to increase its exports by \$3 billion annually over the level now contemplated in order to pay for its estimated import requirements. All that Europe needs to do is to find ways of attracting an additional one per cent. of the American national income for the purchase of their wares, and the problem is solved.” But a few months later the *Wall Street Journal* published a most striking account of the way Congress and the Administration are being pressured to “protect” American industry and agriculture against foreign competition. The article quoted from the huge mail-bag reaching Congress such juicy bits as: “Dirt-cheap foreign goods are driving us out of business”; “E.C.A.-subsidised foreign factories are underselling us in our home markets”; “Russia has broken the market with her dumping here”; “Cheap foreign labour is ruining us”; “We can’t compete without protection against foreign imports.” The paper added that such letters come from every section of the U.S.A., and “cover a seemingly endless variety of products ranging from fruits and nuts to watches and crude oil.”

This outcry against foreign imports does not quite square with the objectives of the Marshall Plan or Mr. Hoffmann's exhortations, and looks ridiculous in the face of America's own discrimination. It is encouraging to know, however, that the Administration in Washington and many important public bodies are aware of this glaring inconsistency, and are seeking to improve the situation. Thus only last month the National Foreign Trade Council, an organisation of manufacturers, shippers, bankers and other businessmen, has recommended a programme aimed at developing sounder international trade, increasing imports into the United States, and fostering American private investments abroad. The recommendations, contained in a 19-point declaration adopted unanimously on November 2 at the close of the Council's thirty-sixth annual convention, will be submitted to the next session of Congress in January.

President Truman, in a message read at the meeting, emphasised the need for correcting the imbalances of trade and productivity; and widespread under-development. "We are recognising our responsibilities as a creditor nation, and we are seeking to remedy these imbalances in the joint interest of ourselves and others," Mr. Truman asserted, citing the European Recovery Programme and his "Point Four" proposals. In an address before the same organisation, the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, mentioned the increasing awareness in the United States of "the good sense" and "absolute necessity" of enabling other countries to pay for U.S. goods sold to them. However, he said, there was a vast difference "between accepting the idea that we should increase imports into the United States and taking the practical concrete steps that are necessary to increase them." It may take a long time before any action follows, but meanwhile at least U.S. officials have been discussing with British and Canadian representatives ways and means of simplifying customs procedures to encourage foreign traders to sell and ship goods to the United States. There will be further talks during the next few months with the representatives of other nations. It is no exaggeration to say that all enlightened American businessmen and politicians are fully conscious of the contradiction between U.S. policies on paper and U.S. policies in action, and are most anxious to establish a clearly defined economic policy that should be co-ordinated with an equally definite foreign policy.

Britain's example is certainly one of the strong deterrents against too much "socialism" in America. It is true, of course, that under a different name and with different slogans, the State tends to play an increasingly active part in the life of the nation in general and the life of every individual citizen in particular. In this respect the figures given by Mr. Herbert Hoover in his anniversary speech were truly staggering. Twenty years ago, he said, all government (Federal, State and local), not counting Federal debt service, cost the average family \$200 annually; now the bill is \$1,300. Together with the Federal debt service and possibly some of the spending projects which are now being advanced by the Administration, the "average family may be paying \$2,900 yearly in taxes." Again, 20 years ago, there was one government employee to about 40 of the population; now the figure is one to 22, which means one government employee to about eight of the working population. It also means that one in every seven in the population is a regular recipient of government money. According to Mr. Hoover, to-day the average working citizen must

work 61 days for the government before he can work for the welfare of his own family, and if all the spending proposals of the government are put into effect this will take another 20 days, or a total of 81 days per annum. As the ex-President put it, "most Americans do not believe in compromises with collectivism, but they do not realise that through government spending and taxes, our government is driving down the back road to it at top speed."

Despite Mr. Hoover's forceful argument and timely warning, America is still very far from being a welfare State. Indeed, the recent effective opposition to President Truman's programme seems to indicate that Congress—whatever its other shortcomings—realises the folly of spending billions of dollars on "containing" Communism abroad while paying out more billions to pave the way for a peculiar form of collectivism at home. To be sure, Mr. Truman's "fair deal" figured largely in the recent election contest between Mr. Herbert Lehman and Mr. John Foster Dulles. But although the newly elected Senator, Mr. Lehman, proclaimed himself a partisan of the welfare State, this does not by any means imply that he is in favour of anything resembling British socialism, or that he approves of financial profligacy—his fine administrative record as Governor of New York is sufficient proof of that. The extension of educational and health benefits, or the much overdue improvement of the social and financial status of America's negro population, is neither socialistic nor communistic. It was promised in both the Democratic and Republican Party platforms, and if the recent electoral successes in New York or elsewhere strengthen the hand of Mr. Truman's Administration in this respect, this is surely no cause for alarm. Most Americans are in favour of a reasonable degree of social progress, but at the same time the country definitely wants a respite from the high tax cost of the New Deal—which appears to have run its course. Public sentiment is no longer anti-big business, as it was for some years. The coalition of Southern Democrats with the Republican block has set its mind to prevent some of the more extreme legislation proposed by the President, and it is to be doubted whether the Federal Government, even without Mr. Hoover's intervention, can make much further progress towards the collectivist State—assuming that it really wanted to do so. As to the fear of a depression, this is largely founded on a variety of statistical reports, and the argument that the pattern established by the history of past cycles proves the inevitability of a severe depression after years of boom business during and after a war.

The scope of the present article does not permit a discussion of the American economic situation at any length, but, nevertheless, a few points need stressing, however briefly. Conditions to-day differ widely from those of 20 years ago. Instead of mad public speculation there is an almost complete lack of interest in the stock market. Instead of 8 billions of brokerage loans owed by speculators in common stocks there is something over 100 billion in combined savings and government bonds in the hands of the public. Instead of a continuous flow of reassuring statements to the effect that prosperity is permanent, as in 1929, now there is a series of pronouncements by businessmen and public officials forecasting recession, deflation, unemployment and war, and constantly advising the greatest caution. The dream of "sixty million jobs" is now a solid reality. Such unemployed as there are do not go on bread lines, as they did in the past. Between their relief allowances and accumulated savings the purchasing power

of the unemployed is maintained for months. Bank deposits and real estate mortgages are guaranteed. Farm prices have government support, and powerful union organisation has resulted in static wage levels, which again maintain the purchasing capacity of the nation to an unprecedented degree. The decline that took place in business during the first six months of 1949 has in recent months not only come to an end, but has, in many instances, been replaced by a spectacular up-grade movement. No sane person expected or desired America to remain at the peak of her post-war boom (1948 was in every way a record year), and even at the present, slightly lower, level, economic activity continues at a tremendous tempo. The downward adjustments are being counteracted by much accumulated and as yet largely unsatisfied demand, and they are also being cushioned by military and foreign relief expenditures. Economic experts are in pretty general agreement that these supports, plus new military and relief expenditures, effectively eliminate the possibility of any prolonged measure of depression, and for once it seems that even the economic experts are right.

Pessimists are inclined to attribute an excessive importance to the recent great strikes in the steel and in the coal-mining industry, as well as to labour's new very considerable financial demands. It is true, of course, that the suspension of work in two of America's key industries was crippling in the highest degree. At the same time it must be borne in mind that, with the exception of Mr. John L. Lewis, who is a law unto himself, the majority of trade union leaders in the U.S.A. are wise and cautious men—Mr. Phil Murray in particular—who would not chance a strike if the economic conditions of the country were really precarious. Thus, paradoxical though this may sound, the recent demands of labour and even the strikes are a sign of strength rather than weakness. They constitute an attempt to "cash in" while the going is good, based on a pretty realistic appreciation of America's present business conditions.

Apart from these what one might call fundamental national and international issues, many other news stories keep on making sensational front-page headlines. These range from the serious to the trivial, and include such things as the polio epidemic, the progress of cancer research, the anti-Communist trials, and the unsavoury Washington investigations of the so-called "five-percenters" to discussion whether Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini will get married, whether the shortage of eligible husbands will lead to polygamy in America, to the competition between television and radio programmes, as well as whether radio quiz shows should stop giving any free presents. To these front-page items, which have been selected at random, and the list of which could be increased almost indefinitely, should be added such wholly domestic affairs as, for instance, the curious personal controversy between Cardinal Spellman and Mrs. Roosevelt, or the recent elections and the prolonged political manoeuvring that preceded them in New York in the case of both Mr. O'Dwyer (who ran for Mayor) and Mr. Herbert Lehman (who ran for the Senate).

It goes without saying that the American public, like any other public, is immensely absorbed in its own daily problems and chores, and is interested in a lot of local gossip and trivia that are of no interest to anybody else. Nevertheless, it is hard these days to talk to anybody without the conversation sooner or later veering to the question of what Russia is going to do—especially now that she, too, has the atom

bomb ; whether war is likely ; whether a slump is unavoidable ; and whether Britain's crisis is really as bad as it sounds. However much even the crustiest of isolationists may dislike it, the fact is that the world has come upon America with such speed and such violence that it is impossible to ignore its impact. More than ever, President Roosevelt's famous words that " this generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny " are being justified by the events. It is a great thing that the nation recognises this fact and is making a very serious effort to meet its destiny.

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.

THE RUHR IN TRANSITION.

A FIELD-STUDY undertaken this summer confirms most vividly the headline which the French newspaper *Le Monde* gave to a series of articles on the Ruhr in July-August 1947: *Ce creuset où bouillonnent toutes les passions*. Indeed, the melting-pot character of this area has rather increased, for we are at the beginning of the complete reorganisation of the coal and steel industries. Moreover, passions are at a boiling point due to the continued dismantling policy. The rights and wrongs of the latter are secondary to the acrimonious atmosphere which it has produced. The strength of these feelings cannot be gauged with the help of statistics with which anybody seriously studying the Ruhr problems will be inundated. While the word *Engländer* (the term British being practically never used in German) is pronounced continuously with that intonation which implies disdain, a situation has developed where every step taken by the *Engländer* is looked at with utmost distrust. The fact that all decisions now are Allied and not exclusively British is frequently ignored. Thus, for instance, Mr. W. Harris-Burland, the British chairman of the Combined Steel Group, is still generally referred to as *the* chairman, whereas he shares this position with the United States and French members of the board. It is, however, true that he was the chairman of the North German Iron and Steel Control from the time it was set up by British Military Government in the middle of 1946 until November 1948, when it was transformed into the U.K./U.S. Steel Group, which in turn was joined by the French in April 1949, making it the above-mentioned Combined Steel Group.

Similar considerations apply to the Allied Coal Control organisation, which was formerly the North German Coal Control, then became the U.K./U.S. Coal Control Group, and can now pride itself with the comparatively simple initials C.C.C.G. (Combined Coal Control Group). Here the leading personality is another Englishman, Mr. H. E. Collins, who until now has presided at Press conferences held at headquarters established at Villa Huegel, in Essen, the grandiose and tasteless former private residence of Krupp. Incidentally, to understand some of the resentment not necessarily any longer bottled up within the ordinary German it is helpful to approach the villa on foot instead of enjoying the comforts of an official car. Barriers block all entrances to the spacious grounds, and the precautions taken to let nobody who is not fully authorised pass through the gates are impressive. The truth seems to be that the officer in charge of " security " has tightened up precautionary measures of late, fearing somebody may tamper with the stored tapestries of Krupp. The Combined Steel Group has its headquarters

in Düsseldorf in an undamaged large modern office building now called Atlantic House, though nobody outside Allied circles acknowledges that designation, preferring the old name of *Oberfinanzamt*. Here the waving of an Allied passport will admit the visitor at the main entrance without further ado, but a specially large notice orders all other visitors to use only a side entrance, where they have to undergo the usual inquisition. It is certainly far easier to enter the United States controlled Allied headquarters housed in the I. G. Farben building in Frankfurt, whence emanate or emanated all the main decisions—at least in the economic field, especially Law No. 75 of November 10th, 1948, concerning the reorganisation of the German coal and iron and steel industries.

It is on the basis of Law No. 75 that German organisations have been charged to elaborate plans for the complete reorganisation of the coal, steel and iron industries, subject to the control and ultimate approval of the Allied Control Groups above mentioned. During the year which has passed since the promulgation of Law No. 75 there have been considerable delays in getting the German organisations working, and though a good deal of preliminary work has been accomplished, the real work had only just started in September/October of this year. The main fight was led by the trade unions, which objected vigorously to the inadequate representation which they had obtained in the councils of the German Coal Industry Directorate (*Deutsche Kohlenbergbau Leitung—D.K.B.L.*). The latter, originally under British instructions, now under the C.C.C.G., is organised on the *Führer* principle. The head is Dr. Kost, who comes from the specifically German professional institution of *Bergassessoren*, a very exclusive caste which for a long time has provided the actual managers of the coal industry. He is assisted by a directorate of six, two of which are representatives of the trade unions. There is also a council of twelve members equally divided between representatives of the employers and the trade unions, but it has only advisory functions which are binding on nobody, a fact which has been strongly resented by the trade unions. The latter have expressed this year in two detailed memoranda to the Military Governors their opposition to the fact that the German Coal Directorate elaborates plans on such vital measures as the reorganisation of the German coal industry without much public advice and control, and that such advisory committees as have been set up were invested with no authority whatsoever.

These objections led the trade unions, in the beginning of July, to the step of withdrawing their representatives from one of the most important committees, called, after its chairman, the Vits Committee, set up on the request of the C.C.C.G. With the withdrawal of trade union support the usefulness of the committee lapsed; and after a good deal of negotiations most of the trade union demands were fulfilled by the setting-up, in September, of a new German body under the German Coal Industry Directorate, charged with elaborating plans for the reorganisation of the coal industry. It is composed of seven committees. The complexity of the issues involved emerge from the names of the respective committees: one for the reorganisation of the Ruhr; another for legal and tax questions; a third for finance; a fourth for costs and assessments; a fifth for the transfer of administration; a sixth for associated industries and stock, and a seventh for combined economy (*Verbandwirtschaft*). On all these committees the trade unions are adequately represented. There are two secretaries

—one representing the employers' side (i.e. the German Coal Directorate—*D.K.B.L.*), the other the trade unions. The general consensus of opinion, founded on the spade-work done by previous committees, is that the coal industry will probably be reorganised on the basis of fifteen to twenty companies. It has been suggested that the reorganisation of the coal industry on the basis of comparatively few numbers will facilitate socialisation measures in the future. For the time being, however, the fact must be stressed that such steps fall completely outside the task of any bodies set up under Law No. 75, since they are reserved to the Federal Government.

There is thus an element of unreality and of uncertainty in the fact that the formal reorganisation of the coal industry—as also of the steel industry—is sharply separated from the question of future ownership. Dr. Kost seems to have felt somewhat uncomfortable as to his and the committee's position since the installation of a Federal Government. Hence Professor Billfinger, of Heidelberg University, has been asked to prepare a memorandum (*Gutachten*) to advise on the possible liability German members working under Allied instructions (Law No. 75) on the reorganisation of the industry may incur *vis-à-vis* German authorities at some future date. In the meantime, the order of the C.C.C.G. to the German Coal Directorate and its committees not to divulge any instructions or discussions to the Press or public without special Allied permission has been strongly resented. The object of this "silence" rule may be to prevent further delays and to forestall pressure-groups, but it is felt that it is "undemocratic" to confine behind closed doors questions of such vital importance to the future of German economy. In practice, however, it seems very unlikely that this secrecy rule can be enforced in the long run, since the reorganisation committees alone now comprise ninety members.

As to the steel and iron industry, it is generally considered that its reorganisation is one of the most complicated tasks ever undertaken. To cut a long story short—after a quite astonishing delay, the Steel Trustee Association, as envisaged in Law No. 75, has come into being in September. Out of a hundred names submitted by German authorities twelve were selected by Allied authorities to act as trustees, some of them being already members of what until then had been the "Treuhandverwaltung im Auftrage der North German Iron and Steel Control." The assets of twenty-four companies which have already been decentralised (a more accurate term than decartelised) are now transferred by the Combined Steel Control Group to the Steel Trustee Association. The task of the latter is henceforth to elaborate proposals for the reorganisation of the industry into such units as are economically sound, without regard to past owner-relationships. Here again, however, nothing is said as to the ultimate ownership of the assets of the industry. In the Steel Trustee Association the trade union side is strongly represented. It is regretted that the twelfth proposed member of the association, who was a representative of the old companies (*Konzerne*), was at the last moment unable to accept the conditions of the full-time appointment and that thus at present the old companies are not represented in the Steel Trustee Association. They are, however, still members of the board of supervisors (*Aufsichtsrat*) of the twenty-five decentralised companies, where they share their position with an equal number from the trade unions and public authorities with an additional chairman from what was until now the *Treuhandverwal-*

tung nominated by the Combined Steel Group. In the board of directors (*Vorstand*) of these twenty-five companies there is the innovation of one of the three (managing) directors being a trade union man and fulfilling the new functions of an *Arbeitsdirektor* dealing with personnel, welfare and administration, whereas the two other directors deal with the technical and business aspects respectively. Whether the new institution of the *Arbeitsdirektor* will be retained is not yet certain, since not enough time has yet elapsed to come to a final judgment. In the meantime, the greater influence which the trade unions command in the steel set-up may not be without influence on their ultimate rôle in the coal industry.

The above facts, sketched in their broadest outline, reveal clearly the transitional character of most matters connected with the Ruhr industry at present. In the international field the arrival of the International Authority for the Ruhr has by no means simplified matters. Quite apart from the difficulty of interpreting a charter which at its best can be called a most unsatisfactory compromise between divergent views, a new international body such as the Ruhr authority has to overcome practical difficulties which are frequently overlooked by the outsider. Hence the policy to start on a modest scale. In September, 1949, forty people in all (this figure includes drivers) were employed by it—not "a hundred-strong secretariat" (*The Economist*, October 8th, 1949); in November there were seventy employed, the original estimate for next spring. With no satisfactory accommodation available it is difficult to find the right staff, the international diplomat preferring, like the old-fashioned diplomat, "a kind of gilded vagabondage" (Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen's apt description). Apart from this, the character of the future of the organisation has yet little resemblance to a life insurance.

It is also just this lack of security which is one of the difficulties of a satisfactory collaboration between the Ruhr authority and a number of Allied authorities. It is impossible to discuss long-range plans with people who are preoccupied with thoughts on their personal future. In this connection the way in which notice was given from one day to another to the staff of the J.E.I.A. (Joint Export and Import Agency)—even the head of the section had no advance knowledge of the next move—was ample warning what the changes following the setting up of the German Federal Government and the change from Military Government to High Commissioners may entail. Thus, it is not surprising that though the Ruhr agreement was signed on April 28th, 1949, the organisation did not start work in Düsseldorf at Atlantic House until August and was still awaiting the arrival of some of its officials in September. Only the British member of the council, Mr. Vaughan Berry, was available more or less from the start; a United States representative could only be found with some difficulty, and is now Mr. Parkman. The French representative, M. Dejean, had first to relinquish his duties as French Ambassador to Prague; as long as there is no German representative his place is taken by General McCready. The Dutch are represented by a coal expert, Mr. Looman, Belgium by M. De Smaele, Luxembourg by M. Kugener. The organisation itself is divided into five sections, which correspond to the functions accorded to it in its charter: Solid Fuels, i.e. coal and coke, its production and allocation side headed by Mr. Otto, of the Netherlands; the Steel Division, by M. de Boysson (France); the Trade Practices and Protection of Foreign Interests Division by Mr. Southam (Britain), and the

Administrative Services Division headed by Mr. de Sanchez (U.S.A.). These appointments were made by the secretary-general upon the proposals of the respective Governments. The council and the officials are still wrestling with the task—and will do so for some time—of finding out not only what actions they are supposed to take but also what it is possible for them to do. They have to take into account, mainly, the existing Allied Control Groups (C.C.C.G., C.S.G. and the Military Security Board) and the High Commissioners.

In a short interview with German journalists M. Kaeckenbeek, the general secretary, called the Ruhr authority "an experiment in international control" (he is the author of an exhaustive work called "The International Experiment of Upper Silesia"). Some Allied circles have somehow taken exception to the stress laid on the experimental character of the authority, since it may encourage German opposition to it. But in actual fact it was only stating the position as it is and at the same time leaving the door wide open for German participation as foreshadowed in the charter and to the broadening of the functions of the authority. The only positive action taken hitherto by the authority was the recent allocation of the Ruhr production between domestic use and export for the first quarter of 1950. There are, perhaps, certain advantages in starting an international organisation on a modest scale (U.N.E.S.C.O. is a warning as to how to do it differently), but for the time being the Ruhr authority is rather a body of Allied Occupation Powers than an international organisation in its own rights. Once German official participation is assured, it may aim at taking over the present Allied control organs of the Ruhr industry, by which action the security aspect may be more satisfactorily co-ordinated with its other functions than it is at present. But it is doubtful whether it can assert its authority over them in the not-too-distant future. As long as this is not the case there will remain the impression of unreality and makeshift about the organisation which may discredit its international character.

There are so many facts and problems to disentangle in this period of transition in the Ruhr that it is a great temptation not to see the wood for the trees. All of the organisations mentioned are after all staffed by human beings, and it is beyond the capacity of most to know anything beyond their own limited field—in the spirit perhaps of Pope's lines: "Launch not beyond your depth but be discreet—and mark the point where sense and dullness meet." The policy-making men on top who alone can give a lead—i.e. the Foreign Ministers concerned—have not the time to read long briefs. It is impossible, however, to squeeze the Ruhr problem or even one of its numerous aspects on one page. Some of the confusion which has arisen must be attributed to the vicious circle of officials of lower rank obtaining no adequate guidance from above, and even if such guidance is forthcoming, having first to reconcile it with the policies, if ascertainable, of the other interested parties. Dismantling is the most obvious but by no means the only example of making one issue a matter of high policy without having one. Finding a remedy for the present transitional and confused state of affairs requires much vision. But who shall decide when doctors disagree?

GERARD M. FRITERS.

NORWAY AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

THE Norwegian Storting elections of October 10th, 1949, were as great a disappointment to the political prophets as the election of President Truman. Danish and Swedish papers had already published conjectures about a Government of the Centre which might succeed Gerhardsen's Labour Cabinet. Instead, Labour increased its mandates from 76 to 85, thus solidifying the Socialist majority in spite of the fact that the Communists lost their 11 seats. Prime Minister Gerhardsen and his Executive are happier about this vote of confidence than about all their previous parliamentary successes (897,692 votes instead of 609,255 in 1945). Non-Socialist quarters, and particularly the Conservatives, are seeking to minimise this victory by comparing figures. Thus, on October 14th, right-wing papers were already calculating that though the Labour Party might represent over 45.8 per cent. of the electorate their opponents together possessed over 49.4 per cent. of the votes. For polemical reasons they overlooked one important fact: those 45.8 per cent. (the final result can vary only to a negligible degree) represent a solid and politically conscious unit, whereas the propaganda figure of 49.4 per cent. is split up into many separate entities.

Unlike Sweden, where Prof. Bertil Ohlin's Liberal Party has become a platform embracing all components of non-Socialist politics so that it would, as a matter of course, take the lead in any future non-Socialist combination, Norway has no such instrument. Her Conservatives (23 seats instead of 25, as hitherto) admit that certain controls are still necessary, but on the whole they tend towards the principle of *laissez-faire*, and are therefore more liberal than the Liberals. The Christian People's Party (with nine seats instead of eight, and the biggest gains amongst the non-Socialist groups) has caused further splits in the non-Socialist ranks by putting up candidates in many new areas. Strictly teetotal, and basing its policy on Sermon-on-the-Mount ideals, it is a movement for social progress. The Christian People's Party and *Venstre* (Liberal) vie with each other in demanding increased State assistance for mental patients, etc. The former consists mostly of Liberal dissidents, for whom the various religious sects, especially those of Western Norway with their largely pietist ideals, play a similar rôle as trade unions for the Labour Party. On no account should these tendencies be underrated. *Vart Land*, for example, a markedly Christian journal, has a large circulation, although it rejects film reviews and cinema advertisements as "too shallow." When this paper recently organised a protest against the issuing of contraceptives to the Norwegian occupation forces in Germany, 500,000 signatures were collected. (Norway's total population numbers 3,000,000.)

Venstre (21 seats instead of 20) looks back on a long tradition. Outdating even the Conservative Party it advocated the break-away from Sweden and supplied most of the governments prior to the Labour victories, when other groups took over many of its Liberal ideas. Its religious foundation is shared by the Christian People's Party. The Liberals have undoubtedly been the vanguard in social matters, though there is no party in Norway to-day which could afford to do without a progressive social programme.

Also in the economic sphere the firm line of Prof. Ohlin is missing. The circle around the Liberal *Dagbladet* plus a few other elements support the course of Thagaard, creator of the Lex Thagaard, in

which the various price controls are laid down and put into effect—in a somewhat dictatorial manner, as his opponents claim. Personalities outside the party frame who yet call themselves genuine Liberals are opposing Thagaard if anything even more violently than Erik Brofoss, Socialist Minister of Economic Planning (not his title but his task). One of these is Dr. Christophersen, Director of the Christian Michelsen Institute, Norway's Chatham House. The majority of the party, however, is far removed from extreme Liberalism. Christian Oftedal, an outstanding Christian humanitarian—as editor of the Liberal *Stavanger Aftenblad* he had been sentenced to death by the Germans—is not on principle opposed to controls. As regards housing, he would even like to see a more rigid system, by means of far-reaching standardisation, regardless of capitalist privileges and trade union interests. If we come to the last of the non-Socialist groups, the Peasant party (12 instead of 10 seats, with very few gains), we find this to be a unit welded together by identical interests, which is frequently accused of an opportunist attitude towards the Germans. Behind the scenes its executive is torn by struggles between reactionary and progressive elements.

The Socialist success has often been described as the personal triumph of two men, Prime Minister Gerhardsen and Foreign Minister Lange. During my interviews with them both have firmly denied this theory. Lange's foreign policy—Marshall Aid and Atlantic Pact—was dragged into the Communist agitation to such an extent that, to quote Gerhardsen, they made it an issue for plebiscite. The people's acceptance of the Government's foreign policy was almost universal. Since the Czechoslovak *coup d'état*, which destroyed also Lange's hopes for a Scandinavian mediating mission between the two worlds, Norway's sympathies belong still more to the West. Without the handicap of her pre-war neutrality her feelings towards America and England are not only those of cordial friendship but even of a close ally. The ties with Britain are strongest since, while appreciating fully the advantages of Marshall Aid, certain quarters in Norway find it difficult to suppress their apprehensions of American economic expansion.

Amongst the Labour Members of Parliament the tradition of neutrality was still sufficiently alive to evoke some initial opposition against Norway's participation in the Atlantic Pact. Only two of the 76 members of the Fraction, however, finally voted against it. Anti-militaristic by reason of principle and innate individualism, and warned by the experiences of April 9th, 1940, the Norwegian people takes its defence obligations very seriously. Thus the Norwegian Home Guard, organised largely on the model of the Swiss militia, became a veritable invasion army. The Norwegians' natural aptitude for skiing, shooting and other sports became a most valuable asset. Jens Hauge, Norway's young Minister of Defence who made a name as an outstanding leader during the military resistance, is carrying on a determined fight in New York and at every other conference of the Atlantic Pact Powers for adequate supplies of arms to enable his country to enlarge and modernise its well-tested navy as well as other branches of its fighting force. Just as there can be no more question of opposition to the Atlantic Pact within the Labour Party, internal differences generally are negligible. A small and more orthodox wing criticises the Government's nationalisation policy for its slow pace and attention to preliminaries; in its numerical and fighting strength, however, it lags far behind the British Labour rebels.

Thus, the objective observer finds an exemplary unity within the party as it could hardly have been imagined during its more radical past. The author of this unity is Gerhardsen, who carried his leadership of underground resistance into the very gates of the concentration camp. The self-educated Premier, whose interests and knowledge comprise a wide range of subjects, has never forgotten that he started off as a road labourer. It is characteristic that he exchanged his official residence for a private and more comfortable apartment in a workers' block of flats. His real strength, however, lies not so much in the loyalty of his own party as in the respect and admiration of his political opponents. This he achieved by his belief in fair play and his readiness to study carefully and discuss any useful suggestion put forward by an opposition group.

Occasional ironic references to the "Royal Norwegian Labour Party" are hardly directed against Gerhardsen's friendly relationship with Haakon VII. That a militant king and a resistance leader should be on good terms and shed their former, presumably mutual prejudices, seems only natural in this country, with its great tradition of resistance. But what has happened to the revolutionary spirit of Norway's Socialists? Marxist ideologies no longer figure as prominently in party discussions as before 1930, though they have by no means been scrapped. Only a more realistic note was introduced by the fight against unemployment and Fascism. Gerhardsen himself affirmed that bread and full employment have become more important than Marxist analyses. It would be superficial, however, to deduce from this an absence of revolutionary spirit. Only the centre of gravity has shifted. There is also something revolutionary in the way in which Brofoss reorganised the economic life as a single planned system, on a far more comprehensive basis than, for instance, in England. Consumer controls, tax adjustments with resulting limitations of income, etc., have brought about a silent revolution which all but eliminated the not very sharp class differences. This in its turn gave rise to interesting social changes. According to Gerhardsen's own confession, he was far more interested in the election results in the towns than in the rural districts, where the peasants and fishermen, aided by State subsidies, rational methods of production and co-operative trading, had found their way to the Labour Party. The great demand for their produce on the starved European markets, and the consequent favourable effect on prices, was credited to the Government and accelerated this development. Thus the Labour Party is now also a party of the peasants and fishermen, without having lost the industrial proletariat which, according to Marxist teaching, is the necessary nucleus. Membership of the trade unions has risen from 300,000 in 1939 to 460,000, of which, on the basis of majority decisions, about 50 per cent. are affiliated to the Labour Party, while the number of voters is estimated at 350,000. Communist shop-stewards, though still a factor, are diminishing steadily after each election.

Life in the towns is not without hardships, and continuous migration from the country to the towns adds to the housing shortage. Oslo frequently lacks meat, severely rationed in any case, fresh fish, vegetables and fruit. In the interest of those imports and exports necessary for the general welfare of the country, private consumption has been reduced to a minimum. One suit and one shirt exhaust a man's yearly ration of textiles. Practically all foods are rationed, with the

exception of fish, bread, cake, tea (which is not too popular), alcohol (a State monopoly and very expensive), tobacco (the import of which could not be cut down for the sake of the country's morale), as well as eggs, cheese, vegetables and fruit, all of which are sometimes difficult to obtain. According to an interesting statistical survey published by the Norwegian Government, the total consumption of food, as compared with 1938, had fallen considerably in 1948; for example, bacon was down to 61 per cent., sugar to 66 per cent., meat to 68 per cent. and coffee to 70 per cent. A slightly upward trend was apparent in the consumption of potatoes (+3 per cent.), butter (+6 per cent.), milk (+9 per cent.), and as much as +45 per cent. in the case of vegetables.

In Sweden and Denmark—the former suffered practically nothing and the latter comparatively little during the war—such statistics were interpreted as showing the decline of the Labour Party. This is certainly an error, because these figures represent a statistical not a sociological survey. The living standard of the worker, farmer and fisherman, whose average earnings of 700 crowns a year have been multiplied, is higher than ever before. The cuts affect only a small sector, and the mass of the people remains indifferent to them since they can afford at least as much, in quantity and quality, as before. The problem of unemployment, with its alarming social consequences, has changed to one of manpower shortage. To-day it is no longer a question of finding jobs, but of heightening efficiency, which has suffered somewhat through sabotage practices.

Danish seasonal workers find employment in Norway's agriculture; altogether, inter-Scandinavian co-operation is spreading over more and more intellectual and industrial spheres and has not been affected by Sweden's continued policy of neutrality, which, for the sake of Finland, is viewed with sympathetic understanding. In regard to the efforts to establish a Scandinavian customs union, on the other hand, Norway's attitude is more reserved, since her exports to Sweden and Denmark comprise mostly goods with low duty rates, while the opposite is the case in her imports from these countries. Considerable interest, however, exists for Scandinavian collaboration in industry. Such collaboration would be of great benefit to the Norwegian reconstruction effort which is to be completed by 1952, by which time food rationing should also be abolished. (The annual investment amounts to 250 million crowns.) Meanwhile, these controls are to be progressively relaxed. Since the low ebb of 1947, Marshall Aid has already brought a distinct improvement. After all, Norway is dependent on the import of food, particularly corn.

In order to see Norway's present achievements in the proper light it must be remembered what she lost during the war, namely, two billion dollars, or one-fifth of the national capital. Half of her merchant navy, covering one-third of all imports, was destroyed, and Finmark, the northernmost province, was completely ruined by the German scorched-earth tactics. The iron industry was almost entirely demolished. The reconstruction effort gave priority to the merchant navy, the fishing and whaling fleet. By 1948, the floating empire had already reached 90 per cent. of its pre-war tonnage, and to-day it is over 100 per cent. Norwegians have an almost romantic faith in this bridge across the oceans on which depends, directly or indirectly, the livelihood of great parts of the people. The merchant navy has so far not been able to cover the necessarily higher import bill to the

same extent as previously, owing to the relatively smaller rise in cargo tariffs.

More than half of Northern Norway has now been rebuilt—a remarkable achievement, considering the geographical difficulties. (Morocco is nearer to Oslo than Finland.) There is an excellent austerity discipline. Despite the acute housing shortage, which even slows down the marriage rate, nobody grumbles if priority is given to important industrial buildings like electricity works. In contrast to Germany, shops, restaurants and every kind of luxury building are relegated to the bottom of the waiting-list. Owing to the shortage of materials and manpower only 60 to 80 per cent. of the Government's housing programme has so far been realised. On the other hand, however, modern apartment houses have been erected for the workers, slums are unknown, and the National Housing Bank of Norway grants generous credits to communities, co-operatives and public corporations as well as private persons.

Obviously this housing programme is put into effect at the expense of the export industry, since timber, aluminium and electro-chemical products are reserved mainly for home consumption instead of being exported. In spite of all the difficulties Norway's total production has risen by 20 to 25 per cent. as compared with the pre-war period, and there are 135,000 more workers. Until the end of Marshall Aid in 1952, however, this upwards trend will have to be transmitted primarily to the export trade. In this respect Norway's intensified trade relations with the Eastern countries, including Finland, will be an important factor, notwithstanding Russia's recent press and radio campaign against Norway. (Average exports: 7.4 million dollars in 1938-9, 37.1 million dollars in 1947, and about 60 million dollars in 1948; imports averaged 15.6 million dollars in 1938-9, 37.5 million dollars in 1947, and over 60 million dollars in 1948.) The exchange of goods with Western and Eastern Germany, too, is on the up-grade. Though there is still a lot of resentment against the Germans, Norway needs these import markets if her trade deficit in the dollar area is not to become excessive. As to nationalisation, the only State monopoly will be for the import of feeding-stuffs and pharmaceutical products. During the next four years the possibilities of nationalising banks and insurance companies are to be investigated. While proceeding with this great reconstruction effort which, apart from E.C.A credits, necessitated loans of around 140 million dollars in America, Canada and Sweden, the Norwegian Government did not neglect its social programme. It was the first country to legislate a paid annual holiday of three weeks. Child grants of 180 crowns per year are paid from the second child onwards, in the case of fatherless children already from the first. In addition to many other social reforms, a generous pension scheme for seamen and another one for war victims deserve special mention.

Since the elections an interesting development has taken place amongst Norwegian Communists. Before the war the movement failed to take root in Norway, and its average votes of 1.7 per cent. did not suffice for a mandate. During 1944-5 its membership increased rapidly. Unlike the other parties they maintained their own apparatus which collaborated with the inter-party resistance movement without actually being part of it. Thus they were the only political movement which did not have to start from scratch. Big losses increased their prestige, though world political events—Czechoslovakia, Berlin and

Yugoslavia—served as a deterrent. Many of the Communist positions in the metal trade were lost, and last year's Communist-inspired, unofficial strikes in Telemark did not bring any numerical gains either. The unskilled workers of Oslo remain as the last rampart of Communism, but even this is crumbling gradually. The election calamity—there were still 11 Communist deputies in 1945—led to a long overdue reorganisation of the Communist Party. Its leadership fell to Strand Johansen and Løvlien, both 100 per cent. Stalinists, who, partly by force, removed all pro-Tito elements from the party office. The most prominent man in this category is Peder Furubotn. On October 10th his name was still second on the Communist election list, immediately after Løvlien. The first visible result, therefore, of the Norwegian elections has been a split in the Communist Party. This will promote rather than impede the reconstruction programme of the next four years, which has the full support of all parties.

A. J. FISCHER.

Trondhjem.

THE MONNET PLAN IN FRANCE.

ONE of the greatest Frenchmen of our time—if one judges by what the brains and the energy of one man achieve for his country—is a man of whom few people outside France know the name: Jean Monnet. He drafted the French Five-Year Plan, officially named “Plan de Modernisation et d'Équipement”—a dry mouthful only used on official stationery. All France has long since baptised it, sweet and short, “Le Plan Monnet.” With it France began to rebuild her economy long before Marshall Aid was heard of; through it France has given convincing proof that she can put her own house in order in her own way. The success of the Monnet plan is one of the greatest elements in the new prestige which France is rapidly gaining in the councils of the world.

Recently the Paris Government issued a 200-page Blue Book, Monnet's report on two years of progress—it is the best reading that has been presented to the French public since the liberation. On the eve of the Second World War—to glance back for a moment and realise the leeway which had to be made up—fully one-third of French productive capacity was unused. The spirit of enterprise had been lost. Investments barely covered replacements. The French employer, always by nature rather tight with money, did not modernise; machine tools were as often as not twenty years old. Industrial equipment was generally over age and out of date, its output lagged badly behind the British equipment. For every ten tractors in use in England, France only had one. Much reduced efficiency resulted in low wages and living standards. You did not notice that in the Ritz, but you did in workers' quarters and in the small country towns. Poor as that standard was, it could only be maintained by living on the savings of previous generations. These were lost in the Second World War. To already in 1939 anachronistic equipment had to be added the devastation wrought by the Second World War. Such was the picture confronting the French Government on V.E. Day. It turned to Jean Monnet to make an inventory and to draw up a plan of recovery. Monnet decided that nobody can know how to go if he does not know where he is going. These were the targets which he set: To regain

by the end of 1946 the 1938 (immediate pre-war) level ; to reach by the end of 1948 the 1929 (peak year of pre-war prosperity) level, and to get 25 per cent. above that by 1950. Since the entire economy of a great modern country depends on coal, electricity, steel, cement, agricultural machinery, transport—everything was concentrated on these bare essentials.

To-day France has already reached in industrial production the highest pre-war level. In agriculture the 1950 target has already been reached, and at no time before have French farms been so well equipped. Thus the first objective of the plan—bigger and quicker production—has been achieved. What is needed now is the second phase, better and cheaper production, so as to compete in the international market. From a backward, almost bankrupt economy, as France had in 1945, recovery has now been assured. What makes this progress all the more remarkable is that it was achieved in the democratic manner. No Five Year Plans in the Hitler or Stalin manner could have been imposed on France ; even the doctrinaire austerity of Crippsian methods would have been incompatible with French temperament. It had all to be done by sweet reasonableness. The man at the head of the plan had not only to be a wizard economist and a seasoned diplomat, but a psychologist with the bedside manner as well. He could impose nothing, he could only persuade all the interested parties to agree. Cabinets came and went ; Monnet and his plan stayed.

The plan itself is housed on the Paris *Rive Gauche*, halfway between the Palais Bourbon, the seat of Parliament, and the Hotel Matignon, the official residence of the Prime Minister. The plan comes under his budget. Not that it makes much of a dent therein. From the Commissioner-General, Monnet himself, to the concierge, it has less than sixty people on the pay-roll. Monnet's own room is on the first floor. One half of it is filled by an enormous refectory table, which he prefers to a desk because it has no drawers to keep files out of sight. Jean Monnet is sixty, and does not look a day over fifty—a smallish well-knit man with friendly wrinkled eyes, a short-clipped moustache, fresh complexion, and a pleasant clear voice. Literally and figuratively, he is the type of man who has both feet firmly on the ground ; in appearance, as in approach, he has remained the business man, as which he started out in life. A native of Cognac, he came to London as a brandy importer. When the Great War broke out, he organised Anglo-French economic co-operation with such success that on the establishment of the League of Nations he became its first Assistant Secretary-General, under Sir Eric Drummond.

Four years sufficed him in Geneva ; he went into banking, settled in New York, travelled the world, especially the Far East and Eastern European countries, as an adviser on economic and financial reforms. When the Second World War broke out, Monnet improvised for Daladier and Chamberlain a new plan of economic co-operation. After 1940 he went to Washington as head of the Free French Economic Mission. For his services to the British Purchasing Commission in the United States he was later knighted, but when, at first, I addressed him as Sir Jean, he corrected me, friendly enough but as determined, in his almost accentless English, that he did not think that anybody should use a foreign title, however much appreciated the honour.

Small as Monnet's personal staff is, a thousand top-drawer brains help him in the planning. They are divided over the eighteen principal

Committees, all manned with high-grade civil servants, leading industrialists and trade unionists, business men, technicians, experts and administrators, each of whom is an authority in his field. Once they have agreed—and Monnet has a rare gift of convincing rather than of compromising—everybody accepts their findings. "From somebody's plan," Monnet smilingly puts it, "it has become everybody's plan." He continued: "We keep out of politics. We are all workers here, from the regent of the Bank of France to the spokesman for the farmhands. Our economic needs have nothing to do with the changing political scene. We set a goal; once that is set, experts and technicians easily find common ground on how to reach it; such has been my experience throughout. All we—the administration of the plan—do afterwards is to tie in the loose ends and keep an even keel in the execution of measures already decided on. All the people directly interested in the solving of a particular problem sit here round the table. Thus the plan has been accepted by the nation as a whole, and the organisation which it created will continue to guide our economic recovery after Marshall Aid (under which, at present, we don't have to pay for half our imports) has finished."

A great problem was manpower. The French birthrate, long steadily declining, has been rising since 1942; last year it was well in excess over deaths. Most encouraging though this is (and one of the few moral gains of the Second World War), it will only begin to improve the labour shortage in another fifteen to twenty years. Until then, planners still have to grapple with the consequences of half a century's demographic decline. The Monnet Plan arranged for the immigration of 150,000 foreign workers, of another 100,000 North African. They offered the German prisoners-of-war (long since all released) an opportunity to stay as free labourers; 75,000 accepted the offer, which in itself is no mean tribute to the rapid healing of personal relations between ex-enemies. Monnet calculates that they need another 60,000 foreign workers to settle in France, mostly miners and farmers; and they are still very short of skilled labourers, especially in the building trade. Unemployment has fallen to less than one-half per cent., or virtually the chronic residue of the kind of people for whom no work can ever be found.

"Modernisation," muses Monnet, "is not so much a state of affairs as a state of mind." It packs Jean Monnet's working day. He lives thirty miles outside Paris, rises before seven, goes for a brisk solitary walk in the nearby woods, and is at his desk in Paris shortly after nine, working the clock round until nine at night. Yet he does not give the impression of a human dynamo. One can well imagine that his only sport—and that only snatched during occasional and invariably short holidays—is mountaineering. Nothing fits better the mind and the manner of Jean Monnet.

KEES VAN HOEK.

GOETHE AND ITALY.

IN the days when I was a student in Germany, before the first World War, a certain impatience had already become noticeable among the younger scholars towards the conventional Goethe studies of the day. In nothing was this more manifest than in the attitude regarding the question of his debt to Italy. In the lecture-rooms there still reigned the orthodox theory of a frustrated, Nordic poet, oppressed

by the gloom of his own land, who was re-born under Italian skies, and who, without the peace-giving influence of Rome, would have been unable to placate the Eumenides of his Germanic disharmony. But the legend that he was an entirely different being when he returned from Italy no longer satisfied us. I remember that at one moment it was my intention, with the intrepidity of youth, to write a controversial book on the theme—a strange one, it might have seemed, for an Italian to choose—that Goethe was transformed not by his Italian experiences but by his longing for Italy: in other words, that he brought with him to Italy all that Italy appeared to have given him. Fortunately, ill-fitted as I was then for such a task, I never wrote my attack on the Goethean dogma of the day. But at that very time Goethe's first draft of "*Wilhelm Meister*," the "*Theatralische Sendung*," came to light. The discovery disconcerted the pedants and delighted the rebels amongst us; for it revealed the astonishing maturity attained by his inward vision of the classical world before his flight to Italy. It seemed that the poet capable of creating Mignon and of writing "*Kennst du das Land*" had no need to see with his own eyes the golden fruit gleaming amid the dark green foliage, or the Greek and Roman statues that beckoned to him from Italian palaces and gardens.

The succeeding thirty years revolutionised the study of Goethe. On the one hand, valuable psychological light has been thrown upon his inner life; while on the other, we have been led back into the great tradition of the old interpreters of his work—those near to him in time, such as Humboldt, Carus, Hermann Grimm and others. To-day we can follow the great adventure which began with the clandestine departure from Carlsbad on September 3rd, 1786. We can study the visit to Italy without under-valuing, but without exaggerating, its importance.

We know now—thanks, it must be admitted, to untiring research by the scholars—that by the time Goethe had completed his first ten years at the Court of Weimar he had reached a state of tragic spiritual crisis. He himself referred to the day when he set out for Italy as the birth of his new life: above all, because it had been preceded by a phase of death-like depression. "I had rather die than live on as in these last years" were the cruel words he wrote from Italy to his deserted friend Frau von Stein, who must have been under the illusion that, with her love, she had given him ten years of happiness. It was not for nothing that Goethe, who did not like tragic endings, left a gap in the account of his own life, and never described his first period at Weimar, which had seen his emergence from the storms of his passionate youth but also the growing conflict between his own greatness and the narrowness of the life around him.

The journey to Italy, like the flight from Lotte's house in the Werther period, was an escape in search of his own balance of mind. As Gundolf rightly says, it was not due to *Ruinensentimentalität* (archæological sentimentalism). In Italy, he sought himself, and found himself. "The law and the prophets have now been fulfilled, and for the rest of my life I shall be left in peace by the ghosts of Rome." After the first excitement his letters show almost a sense of relief. "I feel as though I had been born here, and am come home after an expedition to Greenland." What chiefly fills his time and his mind is how best to develop and enrich his own personality.

It must never be forgotten that the "*Italienische Reise*" was not intended to be a comprehensive work on Italy, but simply an essential

link in his own autobiography. The book is therefore neither descriptive nor complete. It is useless to complain that Goethe has not left us his opinion of Colleoni's statue in Venice, or to wonder why he makes no mention of his great contemporary Alfieri, in whose work, twenty years later, he showed so much interest. In this connection, too, we must remember that throughout the two years he spent in Italy he made no intimate contacts with Italians. During the first weeks, in his joy at his new freedom, he tried to approach, with informal friendliness, the people amongst whom he found himself. But after the first month he engaged a German servant, who released him from worries of a practical nature; and since he was living in the house of the German painter Tischbein, where he met only the small group of foreign artists in Rome, he hardly had occasion to speak Italian. Goethe kept apart from Italians, not out of distrust or lack of sympathy but in order that he might not be distracted from the sacred task which he had instinctively set himself as the aim and justification of this great experience: the steady building up, in austerity and hard work, of the great "pyramid" of his own existence. Thus his relations with Vincenzo Monti were purely literary and sterile; while the charming eighteenth-century comedy of his reception into Arcadia was regarded by him as a childish entertainment which he referred to only in a letter to his favourite adopted son, Fritz von Stein.

He was disappointed in what he saw both of the theatre and the ceremonies of the Church. "The two arts have degenerated into empty pomp," he wrote, and concluded, "For all that, the Pope is the best actor here in Rome." After the great Whitsun celebrations, which he diligently attended, he wrote to Frau von Stein the splendid phrase: "Es ist nichts gross als das Wahre, und das kleinste Wahre ist gross." In his aloofness from things Italian, however, there was no sense of hostility. He never joined the chorus of contempt for an eighteenth-century Italy of clever intriguers and beggars. Indeed, he always remained indulgent towards the weaknesses of the Italians. ("He even speaks of the inhabitants with enthusiasm," a grudging compatriot was to complain on his return to Germany.) The physical beauty of the Italians delighted him. "In a German face the hand of God is less easily discernible than in an Italian one. In Italy, beautiful souls are to be found together with beautiful bodies."

At this point it would be easy to give way to the temptation of dwelling on Goethe's relations with Italian women. His intimate and well-known letter to the Duke on the various fears that restrained him from erotic adventures and extra-conjugal entanglements need not be quoted here. Characteristic, however, of the Goethe who in Italy remained true to himself is the fact that his one real love was for the "gentle Milanese" with the chestnut hair and blue eyes of Lotte Buff, who, like her too, was already engaged to be married. Of little importance to him, on the other hand, was the affair with Faustina, although it left its imprint on the "*Römische Elegien*." These celebrated love lyrics have contributed not a little to the belief that some, at least, of his work was directly inspired by his Italian experiences. But Goethe, who had so longed for Italy that he could not read a line of his beloved Latin elegiacs without weeping—Goethe, who had reached the shores of Lake Garda with the music of Catullus in his heart—had no need of outward contact with Rome to achieve perfection in his elegies: while their more intimate content is the fruit of his Weimarian love for the fair Cristina Vulpius.

Naturally, the effect that direct knowledge of the classical world had upon Goethe must not be underestimated. From Italy—and above all from his profound study of the figurative arts—he drew that austere sense of form which gives the stamp of final beauty to his “Iphigenie” and “Tasso.” In Italy he became altogether the *Augenmensch*, the man who in visual perception finds the bridge essential for all creative work, and it was thus that he brought his own nature to completion. In Rome he was, before all else, painter, draughtsman and sculptor; not because he believed that his own genius lay in this direction, but because with his hundreds of water-colour studies and attempts at sculpture, his careful observation of classical and Renaissance masterpieces, he was laying down the basis of his future equilibrium. “These sublime works,” he wrote, “are, like those of nature, produced according to just and natural laws. Everything that is arbitrary or capricious falls to the ground of itself.”

One aspect of his *Erlebnis* in Italy that never brought him disappointment was his deep and unremitting study of the natural world, and particularly of the “miracle of vegetation.” It was here that he found confirmation for his ideas on the “Metamorphosis of Plants”; and, curiously enough, the famous discovery of the intermaxillary bone also had its origin in Italy. Later in life he planned the composition of a vast work upon Italy in all its aspects, geological, botanical, historical and æsthetic. It was his intention to return to Rome for this purpose in 1797; and his best friends—Schiller, in particular—were already becoming uneasy at the prospect of so much time and energy being lost to poetry. But in that year Napoleon crossed the Alps on his first victorious campaign, and Goethe abandoned the project. We must be content, then, with the “*Italienische Reise*,” that admirable work which became for the whole nineteenth century the vade-mecum of every studious traveller in Italy. It is impossible to dwell here on the enormous influence which his version of classical Rome had as an educative and spiritual force on the generations that came after him; we must confine ourselves, therefore, to a glance at the final stage of his impassioned interest in Italian art.

In 1817, after the Congress of Vienna, Karl August of Weimar paid a visit to Milan. Here—in the intervals between balls and other entertainments—he found time to make extensive purchases of works of art, under the guidance of Gaetano Cattaneo, a critic and numismatist, who offered the Duke the valuable collection left by the painter Bossi, lately dead. Karl August returned to Weimar bringing with him as a gift to his illustrious friend and minister all the studies and tracings of Leonardo’s “Last Supper” made by Bossi in preparation for the painting of a large copy of the masterpiece. These drawings re-awakened in Goethe the emotion he had felt thirty years before, when he wrote to Karl August from Milan: “The ‘Last Supper’ is the keystone of artistic composition. . . . Of its kind it is a unique work, to which nothing else can be compared. . . .” In his Milanese pocket-book he had noted “the use of gesture by the Italians, and its place in painting, especially in the ‘Last Supper’.” The old poet—old if his seventy years be remembered, though he was passing through a period of intense creative work—threw himself with fervour into the study of these drawings, and in the course of three months completed an essay on the “Last Supper” and Bossi which was published at once in “*Kunst und Altertum*.” His Milanese friends, for whom he

immediately had a version prepared in French, were too little in sympathy with the "metaphysical abstractions" of criticism from beyond the Alps to appreciate the gift at its true value, and were, indeed, disappointed that the work was concerned more with the art of Leonardo than that of their own Bossi. Goethe was to find better understanding in a young English scholar of German origin, G. H. Noehden of the British Museum, who published an excellent English version of the essay.*

The work shows Goethe's religious and psychological insight and was the forerunner of all nineteenth-century criticism of the "Last Supper." At the time, however, his interpretation aroused some disapproval. He was well aware of his own originality, and wrote later, in an essay on Mantegna, these lines, which he afterwards suppressed: "It has been objected that I have gone too far in my interpretation of paintings, as in that of the 'Last Supper' by Leonardo. I know well how to distinguish what I see, what I think, and what I say. Seeing is a synthesis of infinite multiplicity; thinking is the attempt at analysis; how far speech corresponds with seeing and thinking depends on fortune. . . . Is it my fault that men do not see with their eyes, but use glasses even when their sight would be good enough were it but placed at the service of the intellect?"

Elsewhere, in reference to a critic who had found errors of perspective in the Elgin Marbles, Goethe, in defending artistic freedom, instanced Leonardo's "Last Supper," and concluded: "It is precisely in the knowledge of when to commit an error for some ultimate purpose that the hand of the master may be recognised. Verisimilitude is the condition of art, but within the realm of verisimilitude that higher reality must be given which could not in any other way be manifested. What is correct is worthless if it has not something more to offer."

Goethe's profound study of the art of Leonardo was not the last link in the chain that bound him to Italy. Cattaneo's letter of thanks for the essay, dated November 25th, 1818, brought him the name of "un jeune homme qui ira très loin." Accompanying the letter was a packet containing the "Inni Sacri" of Alessandro Manzoni. Goethe immediately divined the genius of the unknown young author of these "Hymns" which, to him, as a non-Catholic, indeed a pagan, could have no specifically religious appeal. He at once gave public expression to his admiration for the poems, and later intervened with all the weight of his great authority in the controversy over Manzoni's tragedy "Il Conte di Carmagnola," defending it against the severe criticism published in London by Ugo Foscolo. At Napoleon's death Goethe unhesitatingly proclaimed Manzoni's lyric "Il Cinque Maggio" the only great poetic tribute dedicated to this tragic date, and made a brilliant translation of it himself. When the first version of the "Promessi Sposi" was published in 1827, Goethe, then almost eighty, embarked on reading the book with impatient curiosity, and became at once its champion. His letters, his talks with Eckermann, von Müller and others, all bear witness to his enthusiasm. It was thanks to Goethe that the book promptly found two rival translators, and it is typical of his conscientiousness and sense of responsibility that at so great an age, when every hour snatched from fate was precious, he

* See L. Mazzucchetti, *Goethe e il Cenacolo di Leonardo* (Hoepli, Milan, 1939) in which is reproduced in English the hitherto forgotten version made by G. H. Noehden entitled "Remarks on Leonardo's Picture of the Last Supper by J. W. de Goethe" (London, 1821).

yet found time to make a careful work of comparison between the two versions.

If there is any cause for regret in this cordial intercourse between two great writers, it is that it remained, to all appearance, a monologue. Manzoni's notorious shyness dominated him to such a pitch that his Italian admirers must remain somewhat mortified. An early, very brief, impersonal letter of thanks ; the dedication (in which the author takes refuge behind a well-chosen quotation from "Egmont") of his second tragedy "Adelchi" to Goethe—are all that we have from Manzoni's side. It was not till 1831 that Goethe saw a portrait of his young protégé, and it is moving to note the way in which the *Augen-mensch*, the student of physiognomy, comments on it with lively sympathy. Are we to believe that Manzoni's inhibitions were due entirely to diffidence, or that other more complex scruples of a non-æsthetic kind restrained him from engaging in direct discussion with the great man whose ethical and critical credo he did not wholly share ? We cannot tell. Let us cling, then, to the simpler explanation, and listen to the voices of Goethe's Milanese friends, describing Manzoni's "cameretta di Via Morone," where Goethe's name was that of a presiding genius. Many visitors from beyond the Alps brought Manzoni greetings from Weimar, and when, towards the end of Goethe's life, his close friend Chancellor von Müller came to Brusuglio, Manzoni's country home, the guest was able to see for himself how the cult of Goethe reigned in the whole family. The dominating old Marchesa, Alessandro's mother, expressed regret that her son's desire to go to Weimar was impossible of attainment owing to his numerous family ties ; and the youngest child Filippo, aged three, was presented to the visitor as "the only member of the family who as yet knows nothing of Goethe."

Manzoni, realising, perhaps, in the course of this long interview, that his own silence towards Goethe must appear strange and unpardonable, spoke to his German guest words that, to us, are deeply moving. He told him that he did not know how to communicate with Goethe by letter, but that he was convinced, were he to find himself in his presence, that all his shyness would vanish, and he would feel "as a son with a father to whom every thought might be confided," in the certainty of being always understood. Not even when, a year later, Fate struck its cruellest blow at Goethe, and his only son August died in Italy, not even then did Manzoni bring himself to send a message of sympathy to his generous friend. Yet it might well have been that, amid the world-wide chorus of condolence, a word of comfort from this favourite adopted Italian son of his would have brought solace to the wonderful old man, who was still intent, even after this loss, on re-evoking, in his correspondence with Rome and Pompeii, the lessons learnt and the joys that had been his, so long ago in Italy. To Italy he left not only the remains of the son to whom he knew that he had "only given mortality," but also the immortal heritage of his poetic creation.

LAVINIA MAZZUCCHETTI

(English version by Marion Rawson).

The above is a translation in a much abbreviated form of a lecture given in London by Dr. Lavinia Mazzucchetti before the British-Italian Society.

THE WORLD'S FOOD SUPPLY.

"TODAY almost every purpose and activity of modern life takes precedence over the one most basic purpose of all, namely that of conserving the living resources of the earth." The paramount importance of this subject has led to the publication, first in the United States and afterwards in this country, of Mr. Fairfield Osborn's *Our Plundered Planet* (from which the above quotation is taken) and Mr. William Vogt's *Road to Survival*. The sensational titles of these two books, and in particular Mr. Priestley's tribute printed on the dust cover of the latter book—"First-class reading and as urgent as a fire alarm"—should deter no one from taking seriously the solemn warning which they contain. Not that there is much fear of this. Both books have been and are being widely read, and it may, perhaps, be said that Mr. Osborn's lament that "it is amazing how far one has to travel to find a person, even among those most widely informed, who is aware of the process of mounting destruction that we are inflicting upon our life sources" is no longer justified.

One who is not yet familiar with the contents of these two books, and desires to know something of the credentials of their authors, might not be much reassured by being informed that Mr. Osborn is President of the New York Zoological Society and Mr. Vogt chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union. Unfortunately the word "conservation" (in the sense here used)—like "ecology" and "hydrology"—is not yet, at any rate on this side of the Atlantic, the household word which it should be. Authorities apart, it would seem to be the duty of all of us to press home in our own words the warnings which not they alone have given us—Lord Boyd Orr and Mr. Bernard Baruch (who has written an introduction to Mr. Vogt's book) are among the number: To put the matter simply, the population of the world is increasing at the rate of 20,000,000 a year, and at an accelerating pace, while—to quote *Rural Economy* for February last—"the natural resources from which it is fed are deteriorating rapidly as soil fertility is depleted." The possibility of compensation by breaking up large tracts of fresh cultivable land will be dealt with later. At present it should be pointed out that, in the long run, the cultivation of what is called marginal land is often likely to do more harm than good. It may mean the breaking up of land on slopes, thus causing erosion and the calamitous flooding of more valuable land, or else the breaking up of land which ought to have been left fallow. The United States Soil Conservation Service actually recommends the withdrawal from cultivation, in the interests of long-term agricultural prosperity, of no less than forty million acres in that country. Whether this staggering figure be accepted or not, it is significant of what a body of experts thinks of the present wasteful misuse of the resources of the soil. Alongside of these are other pernicious practices, such as overgrazing and the destruction of forests, particularly in watersheds where they serve to regulate the flow of water into the great rivers and thus prevent destructive floods. All this has justified Mr. Vogt in giving to an article published by him last year the title "The Myth of American Abundance." The "get rich quick" obsession, the habit of looking on the land either as if they were pioneers who could see scarcely any limits to what a bountiful Nature set before their eyes or as something to be used up to the full on the best commercial principles, as if it was so many tons of iron or bales of cotton, is slowly—unless remedies are found and adopted—bringing "the world's best

farmers" to destruction. Such is likely to be the plight of Uncle Sam, the rich world benefactor, who has long taken Central and South America under his guardianship, and assumed a special responsibility for other hungry countries such as Greece and Japan, and has generously offered a seat at his board to most of the countries of Europe; though Soviet Russia and her satellites were deterred from embracing the opportunity of stretching their legs under his hospitable table by an unjustifiable fear of the Danai even when they bring gifts. In this matter his motives should be beyond cavil. Those who persist in giving a sinister construction to the Marshall Plan as the spawn of "dollar imperialism," or as being anything more than an enlightened realisation of the economic dependence of countries upon one another's prosperity, should read the biting passage where M. de Jouvenel in *L'Amérique et L'Europe, Le Plan Marshall*, has pointed out how such criticisms only emanate from those whose own meanness of character incapacitates them from appreciating the generosity of others.

How much remains to be done, even in the United States, is indicated by the fact that a dozen years after the shattering calamity known as the Dust Bowl had led to the establishment of Conservation Districts in 1935, the central Soil Conservation Service could still write: "If we do not protect what we have, and rebuild the land which can still be restored for productive use, the time inevitably will come—as it already has come to some areas of the world—where United States farm lands cannot produce enough for us and our descendants to eat and wear." It is hardly to be expected that, with the best of goodwill, the United States has been able as yet to do much for the mainly overpopulated countries of Latin America. Its own colony of Puerto Rico, on which it has spent so much, is no more than an island slum. It is without industries, and it provides less than half an acre of arable land for each inhabitant. It will be a quarter of an acre if the population doubles in the next twenty-five years, as is to be expected at the present rate. The area of arable land required for an adequate standard of living is calculated by American nutritionists at two and a half acres, a figure seldom reached, and nowhere, probably, in Europe. It must never be forgotten that for everyone of us on this planet, with a few exceptions, there must be somewhere or other some piece of arable land, if it is only a single acre, as is roughly the case in India, which provides him with a livelihood. It is delusive in this connection to look for a remedy in the planned industrialisation of poorer countries. Take India as an example. She already has her flourishing industries which have grown up naturally according to economic laws. But what of the vast plains where they plough the soil, covered with villages each a mile apart from the next one? Take Bhukapur with its several hundred inhabitants barely able, in the best times, to feed and clothe themselves and feed their cattle and provide a few simple agricultural and domestic utensils, with a little jewellery for their women; and suppose that a score or so of adventurers depart elsewhere to get their livelihood in a manufacturing industry. Suppose this done by a thousand other Bhukapurs so that quantities of "goods" are produced which have to find a market. They cannot do so in Bhukapur itself, where there is no margin for extra expenditure—it would resemble the case of the community which existed by its members taking in one another's washing. Nor will there be a market for them in more advanced countries, where established industries already exist, nor would those already industrialised countries be able to supply

them with food. Nor yet would less advanced countries have the requisite surplus to spend on these manufactures. There is one chance for the useful employment of Bhukapur's emigrants. They might be used to increase the productivity of Bhukapur itself. They might be engaged in the construction of the mechanical means of making canals, or sinking wells, or eradicating the noxious grass pest known as Kaus. But there is no room for industrialisation in the usual sense of the production of manufactured commodities in return for food. The present belief in it of almost every country in the world is a delusion, seemingly based upon the dazzling example of the industrial revolution in Great Britain, which took place in such very different circumstances. We are irrevocably brought back to that little plot of arable land (and another of grazing land as well) which contains for almost every one of us the indispensable source of life. In most parts of the world, particularly in China, India, Java, Japan, and several countries of Latin America, population has been increasing entirely out of proportion to the development of natural resources.

Quite recently a new note of reassurance has been struck by Sir John Russell in his Presidential Address to the British Association, which has been hailed as a counterblast to the jeremiads of the Malthusian pessimists. Observing that in thirty-two years up to 1930 Canada's wheat acreage in millions had risen from four to twenty-seven, that of Australia from five to sixteen, and that of the Argentine from seven to twenty, he added that it might have risen still higher were it not for difficulties of transport, storage and marketing. In the first two of these countries "large tracts of land hitherto unfertile" might be made available, and Dr. Mukerjee suggests that they might be made available to the excess populations of China and India. He would not find himself happy in the self-assumed rôle of receptionist to all these unwelcome guests. Canada and Australia would themselves have something to say. They may be very good, but scarcely as good as all that. Nor does it seem probable that Indians, at any rate, would be satisfactory as pioneers in these countries. No people have a right to bring children into the world and then to expect them to be maintained by some organisation thousands of miles away. It is a man's duty to see that nothing of Nature's bounty is wasted. A good deal might be done even in Puerto Rico, where there is bad erosion. "More intensive cultivation of the land already in use"—of course in the prudent manner of a husbandman who takes the long view—is, in Sir John's words, "the most hopeful way of increasing world supplies." Many—not all—of the calamities which we suffer are of our own doing. Even the dust storm of 1934, which injured 330 million out of 460 million acres of good arable land in the United States, was the result of over-grazing. 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus. As Dr. Arnold Toynbee has observed, "One of the perennial infirmities of human beings is to ascribe their own failure to the operation of forces which are entirely beyond their control." Nor are we justified in relying upon scientists to help us out, in spite of Sir John Russell's glowing account of their achievements. As his predecessor, Sir Henry Tizard, said of the food problem, "we must not encourage the easy thought that some entirely new development in science will solve it quickly." Each in his own sphere we must do what in us lies. There is an obnoxious word, "sterilising," used by town-planners when they spare golden corn-fields and lush pastures from the indignity of being built upon. *Non*

ullus aratro Dignus honos. We should give agriculture its due. We can listen to those who are trying to make our country self-sufficient, and, in particular, fight all waste, whether due to careless use of the land, or whether it is of topsoil or sewage or water (necessitating, as we are told, the conversion of fine corn and grazing ground into reservoirs) or woodlands—even of those forests across the seas pulped down to provide us with needless forms and bad journalism.

Dr. Toynbee, in *A Study of History*, describes steps in civilisation as the responses to a series of challenges. One need be no Spenglerian to realise that at this hour a step forward in civilisation is badly needed. And here is the challenge. Many—perhaps most—parts of the world are faced with widespread malnutrition, or, to put it frankly, starvation. We, more fortunate, are already confronted with a way of life in which glamorous unnecessary gadgets are offered us in place of what we really need—clothing and bedding of sound materials and an abundance of wholesome food.

A. F. FREMANTLE.

URANIUM.

FROM the standpoint both of world security and prosperity reserves of no other metal rank in importance with those of uranium. Whether for atom bombs, or for peace-time applications, nuclear energy necessarily begins with raw materials. There is only one ultimate source material known to-day, and that is uranium. It is the only element which has a naturally occurring fissionable form, i.e. one that can be split to release the enormous store of energy locked up within the atom. This fissionable form (U235) occurs in natural uranium (U238) in the ratio of one part to 139 parts. However, a new element, plutonium, not found in nature but fissionable, can be made from natural uranium in a nuclear pile. Since through this plutonium-making process it is theoretically possible to use all natural uranium, the quantity of fissionable material in the world is only limited by available uranium ores.

The average uranium content of the earth's outer shell is one gram per ton. In other words, this so-called "rare" element is more plentiful than gold or platinum, which are present in the earth's crust to the extent of 0.005 grams per ton. But what matters is the quantity of uranium concentrated by geological processes into workable or commercial deposits. Judging from the licensing regulations of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission the minimum concentration of any interest at the present time is 0.05 per cent. of uranium in the ore. Nearly 115 minerals are known to contain this precious element, a few carry as much as 90 per cent. of uranium oxide, but the overwhelming majority only a mere trace of the element.

To-day only three groups of minerals are commercially valuable as sources of uranium. They are pitchblende and uraninite (simple oxides), atunite and torbernite (phosphates), and carnotite and tynnyamunite (vanadates). There are five major categories of uranium ore deposits now being won, or awaiting exploitation in the near future. They are (1) high-grade, hydrothermal pitchblende-radium deposits, like those found in Joachimsthal, Czechoslovakia; Erzebrige, Saxony; Shinkolowbwe, Belgian Congo and Eldorado, North-west Territories, Canada; (2) carnotite and roscoelite types such as the vanadium-

uranium ores of the Colorado Plateau, U.S.A., and of Fergana Valley, east of Caspian, U.S.S.R. ; (3) gold ores of the Union of South Africa ; (4) uranium-bearing oil shales, phosphates and other marine sediments ; and (5) coarse granites, pegmatites and placers (derived from the first two rocks) carrying radioactive minerals.

Most of the stocks of uranium and associated radium hitherto produced in the world have come from pitchblende veins, of which there are two main types, viz., those mined mainly for lead, copper, gold and silver (for example mines in the Gilpin and Boulder Counties, Colorado), where the ore shows as narrow streaks and patches ; and veins containing cobalt and nickel minerals, in addition to other base and precious metal ores (for example, in Joachimsthal, Shinkolobwe and Eldorado mines). It is the latter that have contributed most to world uranium stocks.

Uraninite and pitchblende are uranium oxides containing variable amounts of copper, cobalt and other rare earths. The former is crystalline and slightly heavier than the latter, which is massive, and has a dark green to deep black colour. Both contain 50 to 80 per cent. of uranium oxide. Hunt for uranium ores forms the mining rush of 1949. It is as intense and exciting as the gold rush of 1849, but differs from it in many critical respects. Ore hunters of to-day have new aids their predecessors lacked. Except pitchblende other uranium ores fluoresce under ultra-violet light, so that the bee-like buzz of special lamps that make "black light" is an undertone of the search. This is not a final test for uranium since other minerals like zinc blende also exhibit the same property. A staccato accompaniment is the chattering click of Geiger counters (similar to a small battery-operated radio) to register radiation from radioactive substances. Here again the test is not conclusive since a positive result with the instrument does not necessarily mean that the minerals contain uranium, because radioactivity may be due to thorium, radium, mesothorium (a disintegration product of thorium) or to radioactive isotopes of potassium in the potash feldspar in granite or pegmatite rocks. Recently, the Canadian National Research Council brought out a Geiger counter weighing only 1 lb., and small enough to be lowered into a drill hole.

There is a third indication useful to the prospector of uranium. As a rule the colour round a uranium-thorium mineral in a pink or red feldspar dyke is conspicuously of a darker brick-red shade. In white veins the same minerals often give rise to a brown or black stain in the surrounding rock. Moreover, dark or smoky quartz and dark purple fluor spar found in coarse granite veins may owe their colour to radiation. In all cases, a systematic knowledge of minerals is helpful in determining whether radioactivity is due to uranium, thorium or some other radioactive element. The ultimate test of the nature and grade of the ore can only be made in an analytical laboratory. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission recently published an excellent pamphlet, *Prospecting for Uranium*, at a price of 30c., which has become a veritable Bible to seekers of radioactive ores.

For security reasons no quantitative assessment of current or potential supplies of fissionable minerals is possible. Tonnages of uranium ores mined, exported or refined have been kept secret by all nations. Strict controls on production and transfer of such ores, and on dissemination of information on nucleonics (atomic research progress), were enacted by most countries late in 1945 and early the following year. Reasons for this great secrecy are not far to seek. The

major applications of nuclear energy have been, and, in all probability, under the present disturbed world conditions, will continue for some time to be, military in nature.

Now any type of nuclear reactor built for generating power is susceptible with only minor modifications to diversion to producing fissionable elements plutonium or U233. In concentrated form these nuclear fuels are suitable for atomic armament. Similarly, if gaseous diffusion, electromagnetic or other methods of isotope separation are employed to obtain enriched uranium for compact nuclear power reactors the resulting concentrated fissionable uranium might be diverted to the production of atom bombs.

Turning to individual occurrences, when incorporated into Germany before the last war, the Joachimsthal mines in Czechoslovakia were producing pitchblende at an annual rate of 180 to 190 metric tons. Output between 1939 and 1944 amounted to 110 tons of concentrates, containing 40 per cent. of recoverable uranium oxide, and 175 mg. of recoverable radium. Two-thirds of the ore mined in Czechoslovakia was treated in the Austrian refinery of Treibacher Chemische Werke A.G., which was undamaged by war. Between 1940 and 1944 it produced compounds containing 28,964 kg. of uranium, all of which found their way into Germany. In June, 1945, Germany's stocks totalled 4,500 kg. of uranium oxide, and a similar quantity of pitchblende.

Since the war the Joachimsthal mines, as also the much smaller Saxony deposits, have been exploited by, or for, the Russians, and the ore sent to Dresden in the Soviet zone of Germany. According to D. B. Shimskin, writing in American *Science*, the Soviet Union has adequate, though low-grade, ores to support an atomic power industry. The largest deposit, which had been worked intermittently during the past four-decades, is found in the Fergana Valley east of the Caspian, and is comparable in tenor and extent with the relatively poor carnotite ores of Colorado, U.S.A. The other two, smaller, occurrences are located in Siberia and the Ukraine. Uranium ores are reported from two other countries under the Russian orbit. Bulgaria announced the discovery at Goten, north of the capital, of an ore body containing 25,000 tons of ore averaging 2 per cent. of uranium. Another large uranium ore find is reported from near Jelesnia, in Lower Silesia, Poland.

The rich and vast pitchblende deposits at Katanga, Belgian Congo, were opened up in 1922, and were, for a time, the world's principal source of radium and its by-product uranium. In 1937 they yielded 1,052 metric tons of pitchblende, or three-fifths of the world's total. Before the war the Katanga concentrates were shipped to Belgium, to sustain an output of as much as 60 grams of radium a year. In 1940 Belgian exports of uranium concentrates to the United States totalled 1,089 metric tons, and in 1942, 238 tons, since when the U.S. Department of Commerce imposed a censorship on such trade returns. Last October a new high-grade mineral assaying 60 per cent. uranium, and the balance mainly vanadium and copper, was discovered in rock fissures in the Katanga copper belt. If proved to be found in quantity it should be of great strategic value to Belgium.

The Eldorado mine on the shores of the Great Bear Lake came under Government control in 1943, and the following year Canada shipped to the United States 4,675 lb. of uranium oxide and salts. About that time radium and uranium refinery operations at Port Hope were modified from batch to continuous circuit. The Dominion

Government is spending over a million dollars for the development of two new uranium properties on the shores of Lake Athabaska in Saskatchewan. Sufficient development progress is expected by next summer to permit an estimate of their production possibilities.

The United States is exceptionally poor in uranium minerals. The unprecedented demands for the metal made by the Manhattan project, and its successor the Atomic Energy Commission, have been, and continue to be, met largely by imported ores and concentrates from the Belgian Congo and Canada. America's carnotite deposits are found in Western Colorado, Eastern Utah and Northern Arizona. As one result of the intensive hunt for uranium ores known indigenous deposits have been outlined more fully than before, and two discoveries of potential significance (at Caribou mine in Boulder, Colorado, and White Canyon in South-west Utah) have been made.

In France deserted quarries at St. Gobain have yielded radioactive minerals, and the more recent discovery of uranium ores at St. Sylvestre is expected to enable that country to meet its own needs for the construction of a second atomic pile. Also, Madagascar is a useful producer of radioactive ores, and, in the past, accounted for about 100 metric tons of concentrates a year. Secondary uranium-bearing minerals are found in Portugal in the Sierra d'Estrella region. The British-owned Urgeirica Radium Consolidated accounted for 330 tons of uranium ore, containing 1.4 per cent. of uranium oxide and 5.8 grams of radium, in 1941. The Witwatersrand gold-bearing conglomerates carry small amounts of uraninite. The Union Government is investigating the possibilities of extracting uranium as a by-product of gold-mining operations. Representatives of the U.S.A. and the United Kingdom were in South Africa last month at the invitation of the Government to continue discussions on the eventual production of uranium as an offshoot of gold-mining operations.

Is there enough uranium available in the world to render the task of developing its power potentialities worthwhile? Investigations of the Atomic Energy Commission suggest that the answer is in the affirmative. If "breeding" works, all of the fairly abundant natural uranium, U238, and thorium that can be extracted from the earth, can be converted into fissionable fuel. Known deposits of uranium ores of commercial grade (at least one per cent. uranium) contain an estimated 100 million lb. of uranium in terms of contained energy, that would be enough to supply the entire power needs of the world for fifty years at current rates (1948) of energy consumption from all sources. In addition, the earth contains an equivalent amount of thorium, some of the richest deposits being found on the beaches of Travancore in South India, and in Brazil. Both known uranium and thorium ores represent a potential wealth of power greater than the proven world oil resources. If methods were found for using low-grade ores they might even exceed the power potential of the earth's coal reserves. It is no doubt the difficulty likely to be encountered in economic extraction of uranium from low-grade ores, and of the delicate problem of ascertaining the right materials for the construction of reactors, that have led many eminent nuclear specialists and engineers to give widely different forecasts of the date when nuclear energy in civil applications is likely to prove of significant use to the world.

Before use the uranium ore needs grinding, analysing and assaying; refinement to "brown oxide" of extraordinary purity, its conversion

into "green salt" (uranium tetrafluoride) and finally its reduction into uranium metal, or change into uranium hexafluoride. At Hanford in the U.S.A. and Harwell in the United Kingdom the uranium metal is turned into fissionable plutonium. At Oakridge in Tennessee, U.S.A., uranium hexafluoride becomes a gas on heating, which is subjected to the gaseous separation process for isolating the plentiful isotope U²³⁸ from the precious fissionable U²³⁵. In this process there are many possibilities of loss, or misplacement, such as stirred recent investigations across the Atlantic. Uranium production costs, which at first amounted to nearly \$1,000 per lb., were brought down, following plant and process improvements and large-scale operations, to \$22 per lb. in 1943. This figure further declined to an estimated \$10 per lb., in 1946, when plutonium was priced at \$20 a gram. The semi-annual Atomic Energy Commission's report of last December recorded further improvements in the efficiency of nuclear plants, and that savings of 15 to 21 per cent. were effected in several processes, such as preparation of uranium oxide and refining of uranium metal.

By adopting suitable procedures, and the punctilious surveillance of staff exposed to radiation, risks in nuclear pile operations can be so reduced that they are certainly no greater than those encountered in other sections of industry handling potentially dangerous substances. Thus numbers disabled per million man-hours worked from radiation hazards from January, 1944, to January, 1948, at X-10 research centre, at K-25 plant (for separation of uranium isotope by gaseous diffusion) and at Y-12 plant (for electromagnetic separation of the same product) at Oakridge, Tennessee, were respectively two; six and seven. In the American chemical industry as a whole over a recent three-year period ten persons were disabled per million man-hours worked.

Summing up the prospects of nuclear energy it may prove exceptionally useful for special projects in remote areas of Argentina, Russia, India, China, etc., lacking other sources of power supplies. Even more significant radioisotopes are visibly transforming industry. Their applications fall under three categories based on their ionising power, penetration of the radiations produced, and the so-called "tagging" technique. An example of the first case is dissipation of static electricity where the possibility of an electric spark may occasion fire hazard or explosion. In the second instance radiation from isotopes can be used as a substitute for X-rays. Under the last heading experiments are in progress with "tracers" to improve soils and crop yields; in ore beneficiation studies, metallurgical research and medical investigations. In short, radioisotopes are opening new horizons to scientists and engineers. In these and other ways many of us live to see nuclear energy and its by-products become "a perennial fountain of world prosperity."

V. S. SWAMINATHAN.

A GENERATION OF SEX EQUALITY.

BEFORE the Houses of Parliament rose for the Christmas holidays in 1919 the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act received the Royal assent. The lapse of a generation since women in law, if not wholly in fact, have possessed equality with men seems to present a favourable opportunity to survey the present position. The whole basis of the legislation to some people rests upon an entirely false hypothesis. The relationship of the sexes is not one of a common

status in the business affairs of everyday life, but a complementary one through which by reciprocal gifts they build up the national life on the foundation of the family. Nevertheless the services rendered by women, very often as substitutes for men during the war of 1914 to 1918, led to a demand for the development of their position to which emphasis was given by a political agitation, accompanied by women padlocking themselves to railings and other eccentricities, which seems almost ludicrous after this lapse of time. Under the Parliament (Qualification of Women) Act, 1918, women were no longer disqualified by sex or marriage from holding a seat in the House of Commons, and they included peeresses. Sixteen women candidates received nomination at the election of 1918. Only one was returned and she did not take her seat. It was in accordance with the coalition manifesto to remove all inequalities between men and women that the Sex Disqualification Removal Bill was introduced into the House of Commons. The main point upon which there was difference of opinion was whether marriage should be a bar to the continuation of employment. The Solicitor-General, Sir Ernest Pollock (afterwards Lord Hanworth), pointed out that it was necessary to consider whether or not you can employ women in the interests of the State under circumstances which might be a severe temptation to remain childless. The bar was not inserted in the Act though in practice it has been in operation to some extent. The subject is carefully discussed in the recent report of the Royal Commission on Population as it is particularly germane to any consideration of the causes for the fall in the birth rate. The opening up of careers for women often brought a money-earning career into conflict with motherhood. The woman's status in marriage with interests outside the home as well as inside tended to weaken the traditional dominance of the husband. Thus emphasis was laid upon the wife's rôle as a companion to her husband and the equality of the sexes took shape in a practical form. The Commission were called upon to consider how far this change of relationship was in the national interest. They deprecated any attempts such as have been made in Germany and Italy to "bring women back into the home" as running against the democratic conception of individual freedom, but also as a hopeless attempt to stem an inevitably advancing tide. The woman of the present day is not only more conscious of the need for outside interests, but has more freedom to engage in them. In the unanimous view of the Commission, "it would be harmful all round to the women, the family and the community, to attempt any restriction of the contribution that women can make to the cultural and economic life of the nation." This conclusion upon the effect of the employment of married women justifies the opponents of any insertion of a marriage bar in the Bill of 1919. The Commission felt that there is often a real conflict between motherhood and a "career." "Part of this conflict," they add, "is inherent in the biological function of women, but part of it is artificial and the persistence of the artificial element tends to depress the status of motherhood into that of an inferior alternative to outside employment or public life." Accordingly, the Commission welcomed the removal of the marriage bar in such employments as teaching and the civil service. Moreover the Commission were of opinion that a deliberate effort should be made to devise adjustments that would render it easier for women to combine motherhood and the care of a home with outside activities. The unanimity of a body composed of men and women of widely

varying points of view is evidence that the effect of the operation of the Act over a period of thirty years has been beneficial to the nation.

Primarily, however, the object of the Act of 1919, officially known as 9 & 10 Geo. V. c. 71, was to open professions and offices hitherto closed to women. It laid down, subject to two minor provisos, that—

a person shall not be disqualified by sex or marriage from the exercise of any public function, or from being appointed to or holding any civil or judicial office or post, or from entering or assuming or carrying on any civil profession or vocation, or for admission to any incorporated society (whether incorporated by Royal Charter or otherwise), and a person shall not be exempted by sex or marriage from the liability to serve as a juror.

The reception of this Act by the legal profession provides perhaps the most striking example of the change which has taken place in the position of women. The Inns of Court with whom lies the responsibility for admission to become barristers are generally regarded as the apotheosis of conservatism. Women sought admission and were granted it without hesitation. This thirtieth year since the Act was passed has seen a recognition of their position which no one ever dreamed of or conceived to be possible at that time. Her Majesty the Queen is serving the office of Master Treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.

The association of the Royal Family with the Inns of Court dates back to the time when Queen Elizabeth is believed to have attended masques and revels. The toast which is still drunk to her memory at Gray's Inn is evidence of her special association with that Inn through her Chancellor, Sir Francis Bacon, who was particularly attached to it. In later years, however, it was only the male members of the Royal Family who had any particular connection with the Inns of Court. James II, when he was Duke of York, was admitted at the Inner Temple in 1661 and afterwards called to the Bar and Bench. The first occasion of the reigning Sovereign becoming a member of an Inn was at the Reader's Feast at Lincoln's Inn in 1671, when Charles II "was pleased to comaunde the Booke of Admittances to be brought to him, and with his owne hand entred his Royall Name therein, most graciously condisceding to make himselfe a member thereof," but there is no record that he was called either to the Bar or Bench. Reference was made to this precedent when Queen Victoria visited the Inn to open the hall and library in 1845. There were some qualms about the Queen undertaking the function, but the activities of Queen Elizabeth centuries before satisfied the Royal advisers. The official record of the opening states that "His Royal Highness Prince Albert was invited to become a member of the Inn, to which he at once agreed and the Admission Book being handed to Her Majesty and Prince Albert they were graciously pleased to sign their names therein." The Prince Consort was subsequently called to the Bar and made a bencher. Upon the opening of the Middle Temple Library in 1861, the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) became a bencher of the Inn, and in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee served the office of Treasurer. It was not until 1903 when he had become King that for the first time the reigning monarch took his place not as an invited guest but by his right as a bencher. On none of the occasions, however, was there any thought of his Royal Consort accompanying him. It was Lincoln's Inn again which created the precedent and recognised the position of women

by inviting Queen Mary at the end of 1943 to be elected a bencher *in absentia*. Owing to the conditions of the time, it was not possible for her to visit the Inn, but shortly after the conclusion of the war she marked the centenary of the opening of the library by planting a walnut tree in the garden of the Inn during the Treasurership of His Honour Hugh Sturges, K.C. After taking tea with the benchers she signed the Golden Book of admissions and made use of the inkstand provided for Queen Victoria. Early in 1944 Her present Majesty followed the precedent by accepting election as a bencher of the Middle Temple. After a shorter interval than any members of the Royal Family, who, as honorary benchers, have become Treasurers, she is serving in that office with Sir Henry MacGeagh as deputy Treasurer. During the same period the King is Treasurer of the Inner Temple with Lord Merriman as his deputy. The occasion was marked by a joint dinner of the benchers of the two Inns just before the long vacation in the recently restored Middle Temple Hall. The gracious and delightful speeches made by the Queen on this and other occasions are further evidence of the position attained by women, as there are few audiences more critical than a body of lawyers. They have been received by general and sincere acclamation. Within the same period a woman member of the English Bar has been created a King's Counsel, though a few months after a woman member of the Scottish Bar. Besides the actual practice of the law women are engaged as magistrates and in other offices for which their legal training specially qualifies them.

The Inns of Court have for centuries enjoyed the status of universities so it is fitting that contemporary action has been taken by those more generally recognised as such. Cambridge, after fully opening its degrees to women, has conferred an honorary degree upon Her Majesty the Queen, which was followed by a similar honour for Professor Penson, the first woman to be head of a great university, as Vice-Chancellor of London University. The medical schools of the University have not shown the same readiness to admit women. During the war of 1914-18 five of them opened their doors to them, but in spite of the passing of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act closed them again soon after the end of the war. At the time when Sir William Goodenough's Committee on Medical Schools reported five years ago there were still nine out of the London medical schools which did not admit women, while co-education prevailed outside London. Underlying the objection to their admission there seems to be a prejudice which extends to other departments of hospital life. In spite of the large proportion of the patients and staff who are women it is only in comparatively recent years that there have been women on some of the boards of governors of the largest hospitals. Moreover in appointments to administrative posts there is a definite prejudice against them. In more than one case recently the appointing body to the secretaryship of a hospital for women and children would not even consider an application from a woman. In the new organisation of the hospital service under the National Health Service Act it is noticeable how very few women there are in posts of any responsibility, although during the war there were women who had to bear the whole burden and heat of the day while men were otherwise occupied. There are, of course, a few notable women's hospitals run by women for women, but it would seem as if there was more scope for women than they have been given in the service as a whole.

The greatest anomaly still existing under the Act is the exclusion of women from the House of Lords. When the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Bill was before the House of Commons a clause was inserted, and not accepted by the House of Lords, to allow women to take their seats. Lady Rhondda tested her legal position under the Act before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords in 1922. Their decision was based upon the terms of the patent rather than the wording of the Act of Parliament. The subject has frequently come up for consideration in one form or another and is generally recognised by all parties to be an essential item in any reform of the House of Lords. A somewhat muddled debate in the House of Lords just before the summer vacation this year was followed by the acceptance of a motion proposed by the Marquess of Reading that steps should be taken to introduce legislation to confer upon women peers the same rights, duties and privileges as are now enjoyed by men having seat, voice and place in the House. This, however, as *The Times* pointed out, does not add substantially to the strength of the House as the hereditary peers do not provide the most valuable element in it. The Sovereign, on the advice of Ministers, places men of eminence in various walks of life in the House of Lords in order that they may have opportunity to do still further service to the community. Similarly there are women in science, including medicine, in the arts of industry and social service of whose counsel in Parliament the nation should not deprive itself by an arbitrary rule.

The extent to which theory and practice in the equality of the sexes are most strikingly at variance is in the application of equal pay for equal work by paying the rate for the job. It is a simple proposition to which politicians can glibly give assent. Whether in industry, local government or the civil service, it is very doubtful if it can be put into effective operation. The subject is one which would need an article to itself to cover any satisfactory discussion, but in this, as in so many other matters, it is the converse of the usual arguments which is demanding attention. The unmarried woman makes her work her whole life, and, whatever the official hours or output is expected to be, she devotes a whole-hearted service to her job. During the war years many men, especially in the civil service, have shown the same devotion with the resultant sacrifice of health and even of their lives. On balance, however, it is probably the woman who provides the largest proportion of workers, thus interpreting their sense of duty. Another direction in which the scales have been weighted in favour of women, especially since the war, is in the demands of domestic duties, even if they have not any outside occupation. Men of all sorts and conditions freely admit that the woman's life is far more exacting than any duties which may fall upon them in the course of their daily occupation. There is no limit to the demands of rationing and queueing. No employer would dare to impose anything analogous upon his staff. All this seems to make it clear that there is no common assessable basis upon which to establish equal pay for equal work.

In the long run it must be admitted that equality of pay in time of peace is analogous to equality of sacrifice in time of war. There are imponderables which can only be known to the individual. There is no clear cut issue such as the protagonists on either side endeavour to present to the judgment of public opinion. On the one hand there are the women's organisations who advocate a completely separate

status in all respects even for man and wife. 'This is a reaction from the time when the wife had no independent position in law. Between is the advocate of the balance of sexes. Behind lies the marital relationship. It is less than five years ago that Mr. Justice Cassels declared as the law of England "that the father is the head of the family and has control over his children, their persons, their education and their conduct until they are twenty-one years of age or marry under that age. It is because he is the father that the law recognises that he has these rights. A father has greater rights with regard to his children during infancy than any guardian or any stranger." As between husband and wife, however, under the Guardianship of Infants Act, 1925, the Court, in deciding the upbringing and custody of an infant, "shall regard the welfare of the infant as the first and paramount consideration, and shall not take into consideration whatever from any other point of view the claim of the father, or any right at common law possessed by the father in respect to such custody, upbringing, administration or application is superior to that of the mother, or the claim of the mother is superior to that of the father." There is equality of the sexes established upon the only sound test, namely, what is best for the children and the coming generation.

C. E. A. BEDWELL.

LORD ROSEBERRY AND CHARLES GEAKE.

IT is now thirty years since the untimely death in 1919, at the age of fifty-one, of one of the most influential journalists that Liberalism has ever produced—Charles Geake. Although he was not well known to the general public, this Cambridge Wrangler, ex-editor of the *Granta*, contributor to *Punch* and one-time Fellow of Clare was a great force behind the Liberal movement from 1894 onwards. As secretary of the Liberal Publication Department, he was responsible for no less than twenty-six annual volumes of the *Liberal Magazine*, and for much other literature besides. Liberal members knew that they could have complete confidence in the references, arguments and statistics which he provided. And apart from his official work for the Liberal Party, Geake was for more than twenty years one of the principal members of the staff of the *Westminster Gazette*; it was estimated that he filled six thousand columns in that excellent paper, enough to make up the bulk of a hundred novels of average length. Much of what he wrote took the form of political notes, but he also contributed leading articles, reviews, satirical sketches and light verse. With all his talent and successful industry, Charles Geake remained modest, kind, humorous, unselfish. Like his brother-in-law Sir Robert Hudson, the secretary of the National Liberal Federation, he was one of those whose real influence was known to the few rather than the many.

My aunt, Mrs. Charles Geake, has lately been looking through some of her husband's papers, and she has sent me a most interesting packet of letters that he received from distinguished contemporaries. Earliest in date is a hasty scrawl from J. K. Stephen about something J. K. S. had written for the *Granta*. Next to it is the letter in which James Bryce (afterwards Lord Bryce) invited Geake to join the Liberal

Publication Department in 1892, and with it a later letter in which Bryce congratulated himself upon the wisdom of that choice and said that, apart from Arthur Balfour, no one seemed to him to have done more than Geake to secure the Liberal victory of 1906. And then there is a note from Sir F. C. Burnand, of *Punch*, and an acrostic in praise of Geake by R. C. Lehmann, and many letters of prominent Liberals, from Augustine Birrell and Herbert Gladstone to Asquith, all testifying to their friendship and admiration. Among them is a batch of more than twenty letters from Lord Rosebery, which, by kind permission of the present Lord Rosebery, I am now allowed to quote. They throw interesting light on the character and motives of one who will always be accounted among the most gifted, as he is also one of the most controversial and intriguing, of Liberal leaders.

The letters are prefaced, appropriately enough, by a definition of Liberalism written in ink on a sheet of notepaper in Lord Rosebery's hand. It bears no date, but was presumably composed at Geake's request for one of the Liberal publications. The definition is as follows: "Liberalism mainly consists in the determination that neither class nor creed nor privilege shall hinder the progress of our national development." He apparently felt that the last four words were inadequate, for on a second sheet of notepaper he has written in pencil an alternative ending: "of a national development in accord with the spirit of the age."

The first of the letters proper is a short note from The Durdans, Epsom, written on September 16th, 1896:

My dear Geake,

I will see Gould or you or both of you with pleasure to-morrow. I shall come up to London tolerably early and we can communicate by telephone.

A. R.

This note—typical of the many in similar terms that used to pass between politicians and journalists before their secretaries finally took charge of the making of appointments—is obviously addressed to Geake in his capacity as a member of the staff of the *Westminster Gazette*. Carruthers Gould, the cartoonist, was appointed assistant editor of the paper in the same year.

Lord Rosebery had held office as Prime Minister in 1894-5, and was at this time still the leader of the Liberal Party. But he now felt himself embarrassed by the very firm language that was being used by his old friend Mr. Gladstone about the outrages inflicted by Turkey on Armenia. It seemed that Gladstone's attitude might involve the country in war. On September 24th Lord Rosebery is worried and cautious in a letter to Geake:

... I cannot anticipate what will be the line taken by Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone is simply going to lash up the anger of the nation without proposing any substantive policy, he will be incurring a great responsibility, and in my opinion he cannot know enough of the facts of the case to propose such a policy. However, I will not count a chicken before it is hatched. ...

On the same day Gladstone, at Liverpool, made what was to prove his last great speech to a public gathering. He urged that we should break off relations with the Sultan, though he admitted that if Europe threatened us with war it might be necessary to recede. Clearly Lord

Rosebery was in no way reassured. On October 6th he wrote to Geake from Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh :

My dear Geake,

Many thanks for your letter and article. It is not the *Chronicle* (for that has been persistently hostile) but Mr. G.'s return to public life and the unconscious rallying point to the disloyal that make my position untenable. It is at any rate the last straw.

Sincerely,
A. R.

Lord Rosebery's letter to Tom Ellis, the Liberal Whip, resigning the party leadership, bears the same date as the above. In it he stated that he found himself "in apparent difference with a considerable mass of the Liberal Party on the Eastern question, and in some conflict of opinion with Mr. Gladstone, who must necessarily exercise a matchless authority in the party." The letter to Ellis was not, however, published until October 8th, and on the intervening day Lord Rosebery again wrote to Geake :

Secret.

Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh.
October 7, 1896.

My dear Geake,

I hope that my note of yesterday will have prepared you for what you will see in to-morrow's papers, as was intended. I have always felt that Mr. Gladstone's return to public life made my position, already critical and difficult, quite impossible : for he was of course utilised by the intriguers, as many good men have been in politics. I cannot say how grateful I have been for the support of the *Westminster* all through these parlous times. "Few and evil have my days been," but rendered pleasant by the constant devotion of friends whom I shall always gratefully remember.

Yours sincerely,
A. R.

Lord Rosebery abdicated his position of authority in the Liberal Party, but he remained a figure of great influence, and much speculation and mystery surrounded his intentions. It was naturally most valuable to a Liberal journalist like Geake to have access to his views on the political questions of the hour. The following extracts show how closely he kept in touch with Geake at the *Westminster Gazette* during 1897-8 :

(November 17, 1897.)
Drumlanrig Castle,
Thornhill, N.B.

My dear Geake,

I could not conceive what your telegram meant. But now the papers have arrived and I have read that part of Lord S.'s [Salisbury's] speech. He is cynically inaccurate. It was by himself in connection with the Zanzibar agreement that Madagascar was handed over bodily to France. Mr. Gladstone's Government only succeeded to an accomplished fact, and had no *locus standi* (even had they wished to) to oppose what the French did in that island. . . .

(November 21, 1897.)

. . . I do not think the *W.G.* has made enough of Lord S.'s paragraph on foreign policy. He must be hard put to it to make such statements. I think the line should be : What are we to think of a Foreign Secretary who strains to vindicate his policy by absolutely reversing the order of his facts ? What must be his contempt for his audience ? And what are we to think of this great Titan sheltering himself behind

little Elgin? I think you should have a leading article, because then it would be copied into the provincial papers, and might be embodied in the *Liberal Magazine*. . . .

(November 30, 1897.)

. . . I think the enclosed is excellent. . . . You are, I think, a little too fond of crossing the "t's," as you did in the case of my Stirling speech, where you applied all sorts of things to myself which I certainly had no idea of! . . .

(July 8, 1898.)

. . . As to a meeting, I really ought to suit myself to you, because I know how hard you are worked. The best plan would be for you to take me in the transition between the *Gazette* office and Parliament Street. . . .

(October 10, 1898.)

. . . It is always excessively difficult for me to form opinions on Foreign Affairs, without knowing much more of what is going on than is usually vouchsafed to the public. I should say *prima facie* that the steps taken by the Government as to Pekin have been judicious, but that of course does not affect the question of their larger policy, as to which I am very much in the dark. I really believe that the Government are going to be firm about Fashoda—incredible as it may seem. The publication of the papers this morning must inevitably produce a ferment on both sides of the Channel, and I regard the situation as ticklish. The French, however, have really not got a leg to stand on. The only difficulty is to get them out of their position without discredit. . . .

The friendship between the two men now ran into difficult weather that might have threatened its continued existence if Geake's good intentions had ever been in doubt. Geake agreed to edit for John Lane a selection of Lord Rosebery's speeches on non-political matters. As one of the outstanding orators of his time, he had long been among the privileged few whose speeches were honoured by verbatim reports in *The Times*, and he was heard and read with even more pleasure when he talked about books, or sport, or "The Duty of Public Service," or about Burns, Stevenson or Mr. Gladstone, than when his purpose was strictly political. There was obviously a wide public for a book of "Appreciations and Addresses" such as was proposed, and Geake therefore repaired eagerly to the files of *The Times* and soon prepared a book of over three hundred pages, suitably embellished with notes.

From the start Lord Rosebery, who was as modest about his speeches as he was careful about his literary appearances, had not been sympathetic to the idea of republication; but he could not prevent it, and Geake hoped that when he sent him the proof sheets of the volume he would relent and give the book his blessing. He was disillusioned by a letter from Naples dated April 1st, 1899:

. . . I thought that my letter had dismissed all question of republishing any speeches of mine. My opinion is not at all changed. I have looked through your proof volume, and make the following remarks: In the first place the speeches on Burns, and the two long addresses which I delivered last autumn, have already been republished in a separate form. The Gimcrack speech is almost unintelligible as it stands, but I think I corrected a report at the time. The rest are in the main after-dinner speeches, almost entirely delivered on the spur of the moment (or of the previous five minutes), and are a description of drivel that I hoped had perished in the newspapers that contained them. At any rate I am quite clear that they ought so to perish. If you

continue your project, I must reserve the liberty to myself of disavowing the publication, because I feel at the bottom of my heart that these things ought not to be republished. For example, the speeches on London and on Oratory were simply the reflections that arose as I listened to the respective lecturers, and I think they were probably more critical than the lecturers quite liked. But anyhow that sort of stuff ought not to be served up again. The same may be said of the second speech on Mr. Gladstone. However, I condemn the whole publication *in toto*, with the exception of your little introductory notes, which I like very much. . . .

On receiving this letter Geake at first thought that the book would have to be abandoned, but later he received a message that "if the worst came to the worst" he could check the proofs by comparing them with a book of corrected speeches kept by Lord Rosebery's secretary. This was construed as a slight lessening of disapproval (though it later appeared that this had not been intended). Anyway, the book now proceeded to publication, and had a great success, 1,200 copies being sold in a week. But there was still more trouble in store for Geake, as *The Times* then decided to bring an action against John Lane for infringement of copyright.

"Is the volume worth a lawsuit?" wrote Lord Rosebery. "Would it not be better simply to express your indebtedness to *The Times*, and your regret that you should not have acknowledged this sooner? I hate the law; I hate lawsuits; and I particularly hate being the *corpus delicti*." And in another letter he declared: "I am sincerely sorry for the vexation to yourself, and wish I could find some way of obviating it." *The Times* was not to be propitiated, however; nor did Lane intend to give way, for he was convinced that he was in the right. But Mr. Justice North supported the view of *The Times*, and his judgment, after being reversed by a unanimous Court of Appeal, was upheld in the House of Lords on August 6th, 1900, by four to one. The case of *Walter v. Lane* did not decide that the reporter obtained the copyright in Lord Rosebery's speeches, but only in the reports of those speeches; in fact, it proclaimed that the reporter had added something "original" by his skill in reducing to writing what had hitherto only been oral; and it is thought that, despite the Copyright Act of 1911, *Walter v. Lane* is still an authority for this proposition. After the House of Lords' decision Geake drafted a letter to *The Times* explaining his part in the whole affair, but he was persuaded by Lord Rosebery not to send it and to let the matter rest. On August 14th, 1900, Lord Rosebery wrote to him:

My dear Geake,

Honestly I think you are right. My only feeling in the matter is for you. You have had a lot of annoyance in connection with a work which I cannot help fearing that you undertook from a friendly sentiment to me. As for Lane I understand that he is having a great sale of the book in America, as "suppressed in England." All the U.S. are ransacking it for the dubious passages!

Sincerely,
A. R.

Geake's book was not superseded by a definitive edition of Lord Rosebery's *Miscellanies* until 1921, when John Buchan produced two volumes under that title, which included seven of the speeches collected by Geake. Even then Buchan wrote of the difficulty of obtaining Lord Rosebery's consent to their republication, but he was able to add:

" Their author has been so good as to yield to my importunity, and permit me to make a collection of these *opuscula*, he himself standing aside in benevolent neutrality."

There seems to have been no occasion for Geake and Lord Rosebery to correspond after the latter had consolidated the Liberal Imperialists in 1902 and assumed the presidency of the Liberal League. If Geake had been able to take Lord Rosebery's side in this party conflict, their association might have developed. As Lord Crewe wrote in the official biography: " Rosebery had always kept in touch with the organisers at Liberal headquarters, especially with Charles Geake, active, genial, and clear-headed. He represented the outlook of the *Westminster Gazette*; so for the new organisation it was necessary to look elsewhere. . . ." This bundle of letters may nevertheless be of interest to historians as illustrating the fastidious integrity of Lord Rosebery, both as a politician and as a *littérateur*. Here was a man of fine and unusual qualities, who might well have become a great statesman had it not been (as he himself confessed) that at heart he had " always detested politics."

DEREK HUDSON.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist, was born at Newton-by-Usk, in the parish of Llansantfraed, or St. Brigets, in 1621, throughout his life combining the epithet with his name in recognition of his Welsh origin. Having been educated privately with his twin brother Thomas amidst the beauty of their native surroundings, he proceeded for further study both in Oxford and London, from where he was recalled, some four years later, on account of the outbreak of the Civil War. To the succeeding years, that is to say prior to 1645, belong, it seems, his courtship and marriage with Catherine Wise, and the preparation and publication of his first volume of early secular poems, which for the most part are slight in conception. After marriage, Henry and Catherine Vaughan made their home at Newton and there was born to them a family of four children—a son and three daughters. The year 1647 saw the completion of *Olor Iscanus*, the version which was printed, ultimately, in 1651, being a selection formulated by the publisher, who was also Vaughan's lifelong friend and neighbour, Thomas Powell, and sanctioned by Vaughan in view of his changed outlook at that time. To these original compositions, upon many of which Canon Hutchinson passes the judgment of literary exercises, Henry Vaughan added his English translations from the verse of Ovid and Boëthius, the progression from the one to the other being taken as an indication of the deepening seriousness of his mind. The same publication included also translations by Vaughan into English of four prose treatises, as including the work of Plutarch, Maximus of Tyre, and Don Antonio de Geuvara, Bishop of Carthage.

The following year, 1648, marks a turning point in the life of Henry Vaughan, for it witnessed, at the age of approximately twenty-seven, his conversion to the true mysteries of the Christian religion. During the same year his brother William died at the age of twenty, and it is likely that this sorrow was the cause of or at least a profound contribution to Henry's spiritual rebirth. From thenceforward he determined solemnly to devote his literary powers to holy and religious

work, so that in 1650 he published his first volume of sacred verse, *Silex Scintillans*, the quality of which is on an entirely higher plane than any of his previous work. It is, however, the vision of Henry Vaughan which is to be regarded rather than his mode of telling, for there is to be noted in his lines an uneven tenor, when the flash of intuition is subdued by the mediocre. As concerning technique, Mr. Edmund Blunden assigns to Vaughan the one gift of the metre of iambic verse, particularly of the eight-syllable couplet. Of the poets who exercised the most influence upon his work John Donne and George Herbert may perhaps be named, Thomas Traherne standing as the contemporary of most similitude.

During the succeeding year Henry Vaughan wrote a devotional manual in prose, entitled *The Mount of Olives*. It was published in 1652, together with two further short treatises, entitled respectively *Man in Darkness* and *Man in Glory*. In *The Mount of Olives* are to be found prayers and meditations suitable for varying occasions, and particularly for use in preparation for receiving the Holy Sacrament, for, wrote Vaughan, "All the Sacraments of the New Testament, in those that came to participate them, require a most Exquisite and sincere preparation," and this, being the highest, requires the most perfect.

Sometime between the publication of the two editions of *Silex Scintillans*, the second being printed in 1655, Henry Vaughan suffered from a serious illness, which left him in delicate health for the remainder of his life. To this time belongs the collection of prose treatises, published under the title of *Flores Solitudinis* in 1654. This consists of Vaughan's English translations of works by Nieremberg and Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons, and in addition a *Life of Holy Paulinus, Bishop of Nola*, which was compiled by Vaughan from authoritative sources, and in the preface to which he made suggestion, "If thou lovest Heaven, and the beauty of Immortality, here is a guide will lead thee into that house of light. The earth at present is not worth the enjoying, it is corrupt, and poisoned. . . . I exhort thee therefore to look after a better country, an inheritance that is undefiled and fadeth not away."

The same year, 1655, saw the publication of Henry Vaughan's translation of the *Hermetical Physick*, by Henry Nolle, and, in conjecture, his marriage with his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Wise, it being difficult indeed, to reconcile an irregularity of this kind in as strict a Churchman as Henry Vaughan. Of the marriage, there were again four children.

The period succeeding 1655 is considered now to have been spent by Vaughan in medical training, and it is assumed that he studied at one of the British or Continental universities. From this time onwards, there was a lapse of twenty-three years in Henry Vaughan's literary output, before his final volume of secular verse, *Thalia Rediviva*, was published in 1678. Included in this volume are poems which, for the most part, had been given no place in Vaughan's previous works, together with Daphnis, Vaughan's Elegiac Eclogue. The latter years of Henry Vaughan were troubled with lawsuits and domestic quarrels amongst his families. He died at the age of seventy-three, and is buried in the churchyard of Llansantfraid.

Throughout his life Henry Vaughan was a High Churchman and a Royalist. He was interested, intensely, in the affairs of each, but was debarred from active participation in either by the rule of the Parlia-

mentarians, and the strife of the Civil War. To Vaughan's way of thinking, contemporary life offered little but suffering and degradation, when friends were killed in battle, and the status of the Church fell to the point of almost beyond redemption; whilst from the secular approach the nation was shocked by the execution of the King, and taxes were exorbitant.

Deprived of so much of public and active life, whilst encountering sorrows amongst his family and friends, Henry Vaughan may be said to have walked the way of purgation, or purification, before the vision of the Divine Radiance was revealed ultimately to him, and which from henceforward was to illumine his life and his work. It is in regard to this manifestation that Miss Geraldine Hodgson and Mr. R. E. Sencourt assign to Vaughan an affinity with the great Spanish mystic, St. John of the Cross, Miss Hodgson making a further analogy with the French philosopher Pascal. Two concurrent themes are to be noticed as predominating much of Vaughan's writing, so that darkness and light, penitence and joy, death or crucifixion, and resurrection, embody the essentials of the true Christian mystical life; for in Henry Vaughan there was deep humility preparing the spirit for its heavenly dwelling.

O my dear God ! . . .
 Forgive your penitent Offender,
 And no more his sins remember

 Cut me not off for my transgressions,
 Wilful rebellions, and suppressions,
 But give them in those streams a part
 Whose spring is in my Saviour's heart.

As cleansed through tears and tribulations, Vaughan writes of the soul then leaving behind the falsities of this life, and being, as it were, re-born to a life which emanates from God.

False life ! a foil and no more, when
 Wilt thou be gone ?

 Thou art a toylsom Mole, or less
 A moving mist
 But life is, what none can express,
 A quickness, which my God
 Hath kist.

In another poem, entitled *Regeneration*, Henry Vaughan describes his journey to a region which is attained in this life only by the few :

Where . . . only go
 Prophets, and friends of God.

With further explanation of his experience Vaughan wrote (in differing poems) the following lines, in the first of which, as was his sometime custom, intensity of thought and vision is given expression in absolute simplicity.

I saw Eternity the other night
 Like a great Ring of pure and endless light.
 All calm, as it was bright.

 They are all gone into the world of light !

 I see them walking in an Air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days.

Towards the end of his perfect poem on *The Night* Henry Vaughan speaks of a still deepening experience, in a manner, it is true, of quotation, but it is of no less likelihood that this was granted to him. The night itself, for Vaughan, was a time to be revered, for as he writes elsewhere, "when all the world is asleep, thou shouldst watch, weep, and pray."

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness ; As men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear ;
O for that night ! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

Vaughan felt similarly about the hours of daybreak, but with the contrast of an uprising joy.

As apart from, and yet intimately connected with, Henry Vaughan's spiritual life was his intense love of the natural world, through the silent communion with which he was best enabled to rise to his heights of vision. In his appreciation and close description of Nature in his work Vaughan was foreshadowing Wordsworth. In addition to this almost sacramental outlook upon Nature, Henry Vaughan attributed an animation and a sense-life to every creature, thus the Universe becomes :

a busie commerce kept between
God and His Creatures, though unseen.
They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break.

As with all mystics, in his love of solitude, repose and order, and the consequent consideration of the wilfulness on the part of man, Henry Vaughan cries :

Lord ! what a busie, restles thing
Hast thou made man ?

and again

Man hath stil either toyes, or Care.
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd.

It was partially, therefore, in appreciation of their motionless order that Vaughan bore such veneration for the stars. Astrology, however, formed a constituent part of the hermetic philosophy which claimed the interest of each brother. In accordance with hermetic tradition, the threefold nature of the Universe finds repetition in the threefold complement of man, and all created things on this earth have their counterparts in the celestial spheres, between which there is magnetism and sympathy. To such theories, with their chosen terms, Henry Vaughan makes several allusions, particularly in the poem entitled *Cock-Crowing*.

In close relationship with Henry Vaughan's intimacy with the heavenly world is his wonder at the innocency of childhood, which he counted as a virtue remaining from a previous state before entering upon this earthly life. In this he once more foreshadows Wordsworth, and, in addition, Charles Lamb.

Happy those early dayes ! when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy,
Before I
. . . taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought.

And so to conclude there are Henry Vaughan's compelling lines from his most lovely poem on *Peace*.

My Soul, there is a Countrie
Far beyond the stars.

Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure,
But one, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy Cure.

FRANCES PAUL.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

TITO AND THE WEST

TITOISM has become a force to be noticed, a factor to be taken into account. The communist leader of a country subjugated, by himself (with initial Soviet help), to the communist tyranny, Tito has quarrelled with Stalin and with the Cominform. He has, in effect, announced to the world that Yugoslavia is to be no satellite of Moscow ; that she is, and intends to remain, a sovereign independent nation. The Moscow wireless and press, echoed dutifully in the like organs of the Eastern European satellite countries, have been engaged for months in a campaign of slander, abuse and uncouth billings-gating against Tito ; and Soviet agents have infested the country in an attempt to stir up revolution against him. A climax was reached on September 27th, when a Note was handed to the Yugoslav Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow denouncing the Soviet-Yugoslav treaty of friendship and collaboration, signed on April 11th, 1945, on the ground of alleged anti-Soviet activity by Yugoslavia, as illustrated in the Rajk trial in Budapest. The Note went on, of course, to accuse Yugoslavia of subservience to "foreign imperialist circles," and of filling the rôle of "an instrument of their aggressive policy," a rôle which had led to "the liquidation of the independence and autonomy of the Yugoslav Republic," etc. The satellite countries forthwith obeyed orders and on the exact pattern of the Moscow verbiage denounced their own separate treaties of friendship and collaboration with Yugoslavia. Next, at Flushing Meadows on October 20th, Yugoslavia was elected to one of the non-permanent seats on the Security Council, the Soviet-sponsored candidate Czechoslovakia being defeated. Mr. Vyshinsky staged his usual pantomime of abuse when the result was announced.

Yugoslavia is becoming something of a pet in the west. Arms and money are flowing into that country from the west on the calculation, reasonable enough on a superficial impulse, that a split in the enemy's camp is worth widening, especially as this particular split is potentially important. Rumours started about secret Yugoslav-Albanian negotiations for a similar schism on Albania's part. The rumours were probably due to Albania's delay in following the satellite pattern and denouncing her own treaty with Yugoslavia. They ended in smoke on November 13th, when Yugoslavia herself denounced the treaty. It goes without saying that the oppressed peoples of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Poland, Lithuania, Estonia,

Latvia and Eastern Germany long in their hearts for the day when they, like Yugoslavia, can break the shackles of their subjection to Moscow. That day will come. It stands to reason that human nature, made of the stuff of freedom and dignity, will not tolerate subjection to a foul tyranny. The very ferocity of the subjection, with its suppression of political opposition and of religious practice and its constant "purgings" of suspected rebels, merely fans the flame of determination to conquer the tyrant, for no tyrant, no matter how efficient or ruthless, can ride down the spirit of man. Man is the creature of an omnipotent God.

But the revolt staged by Yugoslavia, perhaps the herald of wider revolt, against Moscow's domination is not the only feature worth noting in this particular episode. Tito is not to be compared in kind with the submerged millions of decent men and women throughout the East of Europe; nor is his particular revolt to be taken entirely at its face value. There can be little doubt that Tito is no satellite in spirit. The show is to be his, not Stalin's. But he is a communist; his objects are the same as Moscow's, though he refuse to enrol himself under Moscow's banner. While it would be manifestly absurd to suspect (as some imaginative westerners do suspect) that this Tito-Stalin drama is a "put-up job" designed to attract western arms and dollars through Yugoslavia into the eastern camp for ultimate use against the west—for there can be no doubt that unless and until Moscow contrives to unseat Tito and replace him with a docile satellite of the Gottwald type, the split will continue, and is in fact substantially what it appears to be—yet it is the duty of serious people not to misunderstand Tito's own purpose. There is danger for the west in any form of sentimental enthusiasm or incautious building up of Tito's strength. Let the split by all means be encouraged and helped; but let us beware of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire or into another frying-pan.

Who and what is this Croat adventurer, Josip Brož, whose stage name is Tito, just as Joseph Vissarionovich Djughashvili's stage name is Stalin? He is a communist who was trained in Moscow, served on the communist side in the Spanish Civil War, and rose to power in Yugoslavia as a tool of Moscow for overthrowing the Yugoslav Government and Monarchy, and handing the country over to Russian communism. Towards the end of the war the British Government put its money on Tito and lost. The arms, equipment and support we had given to the Yugoslav patriot, General Mihajlovič, Minister of War in the Yugoslav Government, who for two and a half years had led his 300,000 Yugoslav regulars successfully against the German invaders, we switched over to Tito, who used them against Mihajlovič and the Yugoslav Government as well as against the German invader; and for the purpose of his own communist revolution. For were we not allies of Russia, concentrated on the defeat at all costs of Germany, and believing that we could deal with Russia at our leisure after Germany's unconditional surrender? It was a miscalculation on our part. Russia by contrast has dealt with us at her leisure, helped by Tito, who spread the communist empire to the shores of the Adriatic. Hitler in his ravings said at any rate one thing that it is interesting to recall in the light of the subsequent history. On January 30th, 1944, the eleventh anniversary of his accession to power in Germany, he said: "One thing is certain: there will be only one victor in this war, and that will be either Germany or Soviet Russia. A German

victory will mean the maintenance of Europe ; a Russian victory will mean Europe's annihilation. This will be obvious to anyone unless he is stark mad." Himself stark mad, Hitler could never give a balanced view of anything ; but he was consistently right about the Russian danger, even though he himself was mainly responsible for giving it its opportunity to strike.

The practical question to-day is, what is the likely effect of Tito upon the general situation ; and what limits should be set by the west for helping and encouraging him in the attainment of his purpose ? It is coming to be more generally realised that the issue now joined throughout the world is between, on the one hand, that civilisation we have known since Christianity inspired and informed it, and on the other a form of barbaric materialism which decent people shudder to contemplate. Dr. Gilbert Murray thus expressed it in last month's CONTEMPORARY REVIEW : " The issue is between that order based on justice, freedom and ' the good neighbour ' which has been the common aim of various parties in civilised Europe, Conservative, Liberal and Socialist, and on the other side something which can be briefly described in another phrase of Mr. Gladstone's, ' the negation of God erected into a system of government '." On which side is Tito ? At the present moment he is chiefly operative as a snag against the imperialist aspect of the advancing communist aggression directed from Moscow. Being the first of such snags met in that advance it has excited a somewhat uncontrolled outburst of baffled fury in the Kremlin, where the first article of faith is that physical force is the supreme weapon of policy. The Kremlin therefore has tried to browbeat Tito into compliance with its overlordship, subjecting him to an economic blockade, ostracising him from the Cominform fold and organising demonstrations of military force on his Hungarian, Roumanian and Bulgarian frontiers. It has succeeded apparently only in galvanising Yugoslav national support for Tito and in opening Yugoslavia's door to western help.

There is certainly a rift in the communist lute : but it remains a communist lute. Such a rift was always expected by experienced observers, because it is beyond the endurance of human nature that tyranny should advance unchecked ; and it is by the same token expected that the rift will widen. What, however, is to be expected in the upshot ? Will Tito be swept by the force of his own current into the anti-communist camp ; in other words will he cease to be a communist ? Or will he at some time be reconciled with Moscow, taking with him the supplies now pouring into his country from the west ? Suppose he dies, or otherwise is " liquidated," and Moscow contrives to insert a puppet in his place ? But suppose (and one cannot take a view in such a matter for more than a year or two ahead) he merely continues on his present course as a communist in conflict on personal and national grounds with Moscow ? The best thing that could happen would be that he gave such encouragement to the rebels—anti-communists—of the Eastern European satellite countries that they were enabled both to throw off Moscow's yoke and the communist yoke at one and the same time, thus reverting to their former and natural standing as civilised Christian democracies.

But what then of Tito ? The enigma of Tito darts out at us on every side. If he survived, he would be a foreign element in the very resurgence of Christian civilisation in Central and South-Eastern Europe he had himself, intentionally from one point of view, unintention-

tionally from another, contrived to originate. There can be no compromise between free Christian civilisation and tyrannical atheist materialism. If Tito proved to be his own victim, as it were, the upshot would be "a far, far better thing" than his successful competition with Stalin on his own ground. And there would then be an incontrovertibly good case for receiving a repentant Tito with open arms into the western fold: a case which does not arise so long as Tito remains a communist.

FREE TRADE IN WESTERN EUROPE

"I make this considered request," said Mr. Paul Hoffman, the Marshall aid administrator, on October 31st, "that you have ready early in 1950 a record of accomplishment and a programme which together will take Europe well along the road towards economic integration." The new world has indeed come to redress the balance of the old. Canning must have felt a brief and pleasant ripple of interest as he stirred himself in his eternal rest. If such a scene had been enacted before 1914, or even in the early years of Versailles, the City of London would have opened wide its eyes and strained its ears.

Mr. Hoffman was addressing seventeen Ministers representing their countries at the Council of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, assembled in Paris. He was urging the nations of Western Europe to undertake "two major tasks," which he described as the balancing of Europe's dollar account and the "integration" of Western European economy. He elaborated the second objective as the creation of a single large market in which quantitative restrictions on the movement of goods, monetary barriers to the flow of payments, and eventually all tariffs would be permanently swept away. In one word, freedom: freedom from political planning, so that 270 million people in Europe could breathe and live after the flow of American help had ceased—at the latest by 1952. He mixed encouragement with warning, appreciation of past, with prescription for new, efforts. Government targets and exhortations, he said, were not enough. The Council of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation after three days of difficult parturition did duly produce a resolution in favour of lifting import restrictions and of other devices for "integrating" Western European trade. The preamble to the resolution "recognises the need to form a single large market in Europe in which goods and services could move freely," and then one by one accepts the several principles laid down by Mr. Hoffman.

Mr. Hoffman was pleased with the gesture, but emphasised the difference between good intentions and good results. "I remind myself," he said, (November 2nd) "that there is no magic in words and not even any magic in resolutions, which will bring us towards this goal. . . . The magic lies only in actions." He went on to assess the emergency in words which many serious people will not regard as unbalanced. While on the one hand this present adventure, if successful, might re-establish Europe in a position of great strength in which free institutions would be very secure, yet on the other hand, as he expressed it, "if there is failure to act, or actions of the wrong kind are taken, I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that we may have a new kind of Dark Age in the world." Mr. Hoffman confessed to a "terrible sense of urgency," a feeling which is shared by those who have progressively experienced the deterioration in affairs, and who know that we have now reached a climax.

It is relevant and indeed indispensable to an understanding of the present emergency that one should take a broad view of its development. It began—and there cannot be the slightest doubt about the fatal continuity of the thing—on August 3rd, 1914, that most portentous date in modern history. From that source have flowed in their widening surge all the main evils of our modern civilisation. What was the essential thing that happened on that day? How came it to be so decisive a divide in history? What happened was simply this: that throughout our civilisation the political State, vested in the government of the day, began to swell with an access of power over the affairs of men which has never ceased to grow, and now, thirty-five years later, threatens to engulf mankind in a world-wide political tyranny. A German soldier, Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, who wrote a book *Deductions from the World War* when the first war was in progress—he himself being Deputy Chief of the German General Staff at the time—shrewdly foresaw some of the bad results that would follow the universal use of conscription in this new era of whole nations at war. Two of those results he described as the collapse of chivalry and of “the barriers which international law had sought to oppose to the encroachments of war.” (English translation published by Constable, 1918.) This was indeed the beginning of the real world revolution. In the demoralisation produced by the mixture of fear and greed then unleashed, a totalitarian power was thrust into the hands of the governments: the power to conscript life itself for the purposes of the armed forces, to dispose absolutely of the people’s food supply, to direct and control trade, to be master, and tyrant, over all our material concerns.

Now governments are not competent to be thus the master, instead of the servant, of our material interests, and they have made a progressive hash of our heritage. After the first world war the powers taken by governments ostensibly for temporary war purposes—“for the duration,” as it was said—became in essence permanent. Trade became increasingly shackled. There was such a thing as political or governmental international debt, casting its dark shadow over order and commonsense alike. Of all the futilities cast up by the wars, that of political debt between one government and another was perhaps the most grossly nonsensical and disastrous. In its main form of reparation debt from Germany to the Allies and of war debt from Britain to the United States it strangled trade, and in large measure was responsible for the unprecedented trade smash that began in 1929. For a state of indebtedness not rooted in the exchange of trade is a state of moonshine construed into a means of international vendetta and friction. It goes without saying that such debts were not, because they could not be, paid. The Allied illusion of 1919 that Germany could be made to pay £11,379 million of reparation in cash (about £140 from every man, woman and child in the country) and the American illusion that Britain could pay £1,000 million without reference to goods or services is one of the bitter jokes of all history.

Another war has added to the chaos of political omnipotence in the material field. Governments now act as practically the sole agencies of everything—trade, food, materials—swallowing proceeds in the maw of their uncontrolled experiment and expenditure, spreading muddle, havoc, financial loss and frustration, producing a widening incidence of penury and adversity, preventing recovery by the very

shackles they have bound upon enterprise. And Mr. Hoffman comes across the Atlantic, bidding these ancient and collapsed nations, by virtue of his position as almoner-in-chief, to set their houses in order while there is still time before the alms come to an end, and advising them that only by freeing the peoples of their shackles can they be saved from a threatened Dark Age which would constitute the final reckoning. "Set the peoples free!" says Mr. Hoffman, addressing a largely socialist Western Europe which faces the Nemesis of its own folly.

BRAINS AND THE HAVOC

It seems worth while to examine the broad process of the emergence of this folly into the materialist menace it now offers on the grand scale. It is thirty-one years since the first world war came to its calamitous end. Since then we have had another. Some people think we are heading for a third. There is no doubt that in our time a vast amount of planning and thinking, of work and sacrifice, has gone into this business of politics, both in the international and in the domestic sphere. Nor is there much doubt that the upshot of it all is a last state worse than the first. It is a remarkable thing, worth a little attention, that the sweat and blood and the toil and tears, and the political planning behind it all, have ended in a confusion worse confounded, in a spreading adversity and in a general sense of what we call frustration. This in short is the sorry field-day of a materialist way of life. Man has brains. In our time he has used them, and indeed overworked them, in planning things out, only to find that he plunges from one disaster into another. Man is seldom, if ever, really bad at heart. He is often misled or corrupted by complexes, by pathological infirmity or by a lack of what in the Christian Church we call faith. The political planners who in our time have been prominently responsible (though the fault has been distributed in the second degree throughout the human race as a whole) have for the most part been men of good intent. What, then, has been wrong? They have sat down, these men, and with almost inexhaustible application and industry have planned and worked for this, that and the other; for victory in war, for welfare in peace. There has been neither victory (worth the word) in war, nor welfare (worth the word) in peace.

Yet man has brains. It is therefore worth using our brains (plus something else, as will appear below) for examining our brains themselves. The arch-materialists, namely the communists, swear by their brains. They recognise no allegiance beyond the end of their nose, that is, beyond what they can establish by their materialist brains, to their own materialist satisfaction. In short, they imagine that the world and its affairs are entirely materialist in kind, and that the human brain is competent to plan those affairs. In other words, as Pius XI pointed out in his encyclical, *Divini Redemptoris*, of 1937, this materialist doctrine leaves no room for the idea of God, of spirit (and the distinction between spirit and matter, or between body and soul), of survival after death, or of a future life. But the materialist attitude to life is not confined to the communists, though the communists be its chief and extreme exponents.

Now the problem to be solved thus simply suggests itself: it has been amply proved and illustrated that exclusively materialist planning fails to produce what it is intended to produce. Indeed, it produces

disaster, manifested in war, and penury, manifested in peace. The agent of the planning is the human brain. Is there then something wrong with the human brain? Not at all. In common with all the gifts of God it is a perfect gift; but its use needs to be conditioned by another of God's gifts, if it is to be fruitful. Just as a tree, perfect in its potentiality, but incomplete, needs the collaboration of water and sun if it is to bear its fruit, so the human brain needs the collaboration of God's spiritual gift before it can work to good effect. The spiritual gift may be called intelligence, which is not the same thing as the intellect. Intelligence is the fruitful operation of an intellect conditioned and, as it were, fertilised by the grace of God which is freely offered and needs only be accepted. The tree automatically and without question accepts the rain and the rays of the sun: because the tree is not free to do otherwise. Human beings, who are free, as the result of another of God's gifts, to accept or reject any other of God's gifts, may, if they so choose, try to use their brains without the fructifying grace. And they do so choose. The result is disaster; the havoc of which we see on every hand. Hence it is that the materialists encompass failure. They are like a tree that is so pleased with itself (if so nonsensical a supposition be allowed to pass) that it has no use for, and rejects, the rain and the sun that would make all the difference.

The political planners in plain truth are so pleased with themselves that they do think themselves capable, by their unaided brains, to work out something fruitful and profitable. And, of course, they fail. Some planning of course is necessary; brains are necessary; but neither the one nor the other can produce any good result unless they be consciously and deliberately subjected and subordinated to that other, essential, need, namely the help of God. After all, even on its own physical and material level, the brain is not working properly if it fails to notice the fact that God's creation in every particular is mysterious; that there is some intangible factor at work which the brain cannot measure nor comprehend. Only a fool would look at an apple tree in bloom and say: give me some wood for a trunk, some water and some heat for its encouragement, and I will produce apples! The mystery of God's agency in the production ought to be palpable even to a brain trying to hit the truth for six off its own bat. To a brain that accepts the freely offered gift of faith, with its corollary of intelligence and a conscious dependence upon God, the truth is both sustaining and comforting. The peace of God is its harvest, and the tranquillity of order in the political world would be an incidental blessing. But these things come from God. How then can the planners expect it if they do not seek it from God? Their brains and their plans are no good unless God blesses and helps them to their function.

In the world to-day we suffer from an orgy of sterile brains and withered plans; or to put it in other words, from the functioning of governments, swollen in competence, which aim at the creation of "welfare States" through the means of egregious planning, directed by their brains alone, without the fertilising grace of God: of that God from Whom all blessings flow. The folly of it is plain to see. The remedy is plain. We have had more than a generation of anguish in our error to prompt the redress. Hence is to be deduced the true meaning of the prevailing world-wide emergency: a climax and an issue between atheist materialism with its threatened Dark Age on

the one side, and spiritual intelligence and the blessing of God on the other.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

November 14th, 1949.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

THREE GERMAN NOVELISTS.*

It is not by chance that the reviewer has chosen to deal with books by these three authors in a single article, for each of them has something of interest to say on one of the phases of the old struggle between "Prussian" Germany and that "other" Germany of which von Hassell was a representative.

Bergengruen, a convert to Catholicism, has a large following among Catholics—even abroad—but in Germany itself his appeal is more limited in scope than that of Thomas Mann or Ernst Jünger. He has for a long time been interested in the problem of right and might, of sovereign and subject, of the sovereign's duty towards society in conflict with his duty of mercy towards the individual. In *Der Grosstyrann und das Gericht* (1935) he made it amply clear on which side his sympathies lay. Bergengruen belonged to the intellectual opposition, but it would seem that his opposition was indeed mainly intellectual.

Am Himmel wie auf Erden (published in Germany in 1941 and subsequently prohibited) takes place in Berlin in the second half of the sixteenth century. For the short space of the action, which lasts only a few weeks, the reader finds himself living in a time of crisis on the threshold of modern times, but still surrounded on every hand by mediæval forms of life and ways of thinking. He can find this an exciting experience. Berlin is still a small provincial capital, surrounded by marshland, rivers and lakes. It is predominantly German, but the original Slav stock of Wends still makes its presence strongly felt: the Wends contribute their gentle knowledge of the mysteries of nature and soften the matter-of-factness of the ruling and efficient Germans. Luther has already spoken and the minds of men are troubled. Heresies and "new-fangled" ideas generally have undermined their faith in the stability of things. When the rumour of an obscure prophecy reaches their ears a panic threatens, for the prophecy foretells a catastrophic flood for a certain date, and no one can feel more exposed to its dangers than the Berliner. Such panics have already occurred in other parts of Germany, resulting in a complete standstill of all economic activity and in the breakdown of all moral bonds. Conscious of his duty to maintain law and order, the reigning prince, Kurfürst Joachim, decrees capital punishment for all who spread the rumour and for all who try to leave Berlin before the fateful day. The stage is thus set for a typical "Prussian" tragedy where duty struggles with affection, for the Kurfürst discovers that his favourite young lieutenant has arranged for his fiancée to leave. The "Prussian spirit" triumphs over "Humanitätsdusel" and the young man is duly executed. But unlike the heroes of Nazi—or for that matter of Soviet—literature, the Kurfürst remains a human being: he himself falls a prey to panic and is brought back to the path of duty by Carion, his humanist philosopher friend, and by his Wend coachman. It is true that duty triumphs in the end. But duty triumphs only because it is supported by the gentleness of a Wend coachman and by the charity of a humanist. In other words, Bergengruen makes a veiled protest against

* *Am Himmel wie auf Erden*. By Werner Bergengruen. (In "Verlag der Arche," Zürich.) *Die Gebarde*. By Ernst Wiechert. (In "Verlag der Arche," Zürich.) *Atli*. By Ernst Wiechert. (In "Verlag der Arche," Zürich.) *Ost und West: Der Ruf Stauffenbergs*. By Karl Michel. (Thomas-Verlag, Zürich.) *Stauffenberg: Historisches Drama*. By Karl Michel. (Thomas-Verlag, Zürich.)

the idolatry of unthinking and soulless duty. He makes a further point. Joachim may not yet be the perfectly obedient servant of soulless duty, his police State may not yet have complete control over the people, the triumph of duty may be incomplete and due only to extraneous agents; nevertheless the decisive step towards the eventual triumph of the Prussian spirit has been made. Joachim continues to rule over his people, but Carion, the humanist, will no longer serve him, his coachman is dead, and the Wend gods have moved out of the district.

Bergengruen shows us a moment in history when the path is cleared for the emergence of a way of life based on subservience to a grim, inhuman conception of duty and of society. Wiechert shows us some of the less savoury results of the subsequent evolution of this way of life. Wiechert, who was already well known in 1933, did not emigrate. But he soon found himself in opposition to the régime: copies of an outspoken speech he made to students circulated in Germany, and during the war he found himself locked up. He emerged from imprisonment with the conviction of having a mission, which is very noticeable in his *Rede an die deutsche Jugend* (1945). Here he takes to task those classes which should have given a lead in frustrating the Nazis, but who betrayed their trust. It was the "little man" who remained "decent" and who provided numerous martyrs.

Of the stories collected in the two slim "Insel-Verlag"-style volumes one had been published in Germany, but the edition was bombed. The others are quite new. In them Wiechert shows that the contamination by "dynamic nationalism" so noticeable in the Wilhelmian era was still polluting Germany under the Weimar Republic. In *Der Fremde* a veteran of the 1914-18 war, now down and out, visits his former company commander. The latter is now a respected member of society and glories in the prestige of the Prussian military tradition. Actually, however, he failed in his duty at the front. The down-and-out was the only witness of his cowardice. Now he comes to him to show his contempt. The moral is that often the Prussian officer gained prestige cheaply from his position, while in fact he was unworthy of being a leader. "Der Fremde" was let down like the men who appear in Grosz's pictures. "Tobias" is a decent young man of peasant stock. Between the wars he is led astray by rabid nationalists and murders a political opponent. But, frightened and horrified, he returns home when his grandmother, a sturdy Christian, makes him give himself up to the police. (It may be noted, incidentally, that the murderers of Rathenau escaped with light sentences in the early 'twenties; when retried in 1945-46 they again came off lightly—which caused a certain stir in Germany.) *Die Gebärde* deals with antisemitism in a German school, showing up the barbarous cruelty of the few and the moral cowardice of the many. *Atli*, finally, seeks adventure on the high seas in order to escape from the conventional, middle-class and materialistic Germany.

Kurfürst Joachim had tried to be inhuman, but his inhumanity was prompted by an exalted conception of his duties as a sovereign. In Wiechert's time inhumanity had lost its former element of grandeur and had become a mean feature colouring the thought of a growing proportion of the population. In 1933 it came near to complete triumph. Those who still clung to the ideals of the "other Germany" were driven into perilous opposition. Their most sensational effort to overthrow inhuman nationalism led to the events of July 20th, 1944, and to the subsequent gruesome massacre. The man who planted the bomb on that fateful day was Graf von Stauffenberg, a real aristocrat who not only was a true European but who had the courage to risk his life for his convictions. On his staff on the Eastern Front was Karl Michel, to whom we owe the two books under review. It is a pity that the latter should have chosen a literary form to give us the rich historical material at his disposal, for one might be tempted to dismiss both as "biographies romancées." This they are not: the material is authentic and even the conversations are as nearly as possible reproductions of actual conversations. If the reader remembers this he

will find these books, especially *Ost und West*, not only interesting as "romances" but fascinating as an eye-witness's accounts.

It is, for instance, interesting to see not only the atmosphere in which the events of July 20th took place but the psychological background behind the Eastern Front, where the scheme was, at least partially, hatched. Stauffenberg found there a considerable number of Russians willing to collaborate with the Germans. Rumours of this have penetrated to England through various channels. They had had enough of the Soviet régime and welcomed the arrival of the Germans. In the ordinary German soldier they found sympathy and understanding, and he, in his turn, discovered in the Russian a human being like himself. Stauffenberg hoped to make use of this atmosphere to form a united front against all tyranny. He hoped that the war in Russia would open the eyes of the Germans to the hatefulness of their own régime. If his revolt succeeded, he wanted to sign an armistice in the West and to continue the war in the East in order to save Germany from "National-bolschewismus" and Europe from Communism.

His greatest enemy was the Nazi Party, for they had no sympathy for idyllic collaboration. The only form of military collaboration they desired was with General Vlassov's army. The latter, if Michel is right, was no better than a Nazi, and his troops, if not outright bandits, then misguided men who had escaped one form of tyranny only to fight in the defence of another. If we are to believe other sources Vlassov is misrepresented here. But, whatever the real nature of events, the fact remains that thousands of Russians joined the German ranks and suffered after the war a fate none the less tragic for being little publicised. Stauffenberg can be criticised for the naïveté of his views on international politics; he can be called an inefficient amateur at revolution; he can even be criticised for breaking his oath. But whatever his faults may have been he deserves attention as a heroic champion of the "other Germany."

NICOLAS SOLLOHUB.

ON THE EVE OF THE WAR.

When the United States Government decided to issue a selection from the forthcoming full edition of the German Foreign Office archives* the Soviet Government instructed its own Archives Department to issue a suitable counterblast and to distribute it as widely as possible in the English-speaking world. The result, in the shape of two small booklets,† is welcome while we wait for the large-scale edition prepared by British, American and French historians, the first few volumes of which are already with the printers. Since one may safely assume that the Soviet archivists left no stone unturned to unearth the most incriminating documents which would show Western policy to be at least as deceitful as Soviet diplomacy was revealed to have been, these volumes make cheerful reading indeed: the West emerges as blind at the worst, but never deceitful, never scheming to the detriment of others, for ever intent on peaceful accommodation even in the face of provocation. In short, these documents confirm that we went all out to meet even extravagant claims of others if only peace could be preserved. The blacker, of course, is the guilt of Hitler—and of the men of the Nazi-Soviet Pact which gave him the green light to go ahead with his deadly adventure.

The booklets open with Lord Halifax's visit to Hitler in 1937 and give a series of snippets about later attempts to reach an over-all settlement with Nazi Germany. Sir Horace Wilson, Mr. Hudson, Lord Runciman, Lord Chatfield on the British side; Wohltat, Dirksen, Hesse on the German side; are mentioned in this connection. Hitler's answer was a studied vagueness—"one might calmly wait two or three years," he had told Lord Halifax.

* "Nazi-Soviet Relations," cf. THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April and August 1948.

† *Documents and Materials relating to the Eve of the Second World War*. Vol. I, November 1937-8, from the Archives of the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Vol. II, *Dirksen Papers*, 1938-39, (ed.) Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the U.S.S.R. Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1948. 2s. 6d. each.

Ribbentrop, who even refused to see his own London Ambassador, remains in the wings, a demon whose *Nein, nein* to all suggestions of a peaceful settlement still echoes down the corridors of history with a ring even more ominous than has his Russian partner's *niyet, niyet*. The answer to Sir Nevile Henderson's tentative proposals of March 3rd, 1938, about a revived Congo Basin Treaty (with an international supervision and individual, including German, ownership of territories there), was Hitler's march into Czechoslovakia. No documents are printed to show that the Soviet Union had been ready to fight for Czechoslovak independence in either 1938 or 1939. This is the more remarkable since M. Litvinov's Press statement in favour of a general conference is printed, together with Lord Halifax's refusal to entertain this (both documents have since been included in the Documents on British Foreign Policy, 3rd series, vol. 1). Both the German Ambassador in London, Dirksen, whose papers have been used for the second little volume, and his Press Attaché, F. Hesse, emerge as reliable reporters. They criticised Goebbels's performance with remarkable independence. More important still, they left their readers in no doubt that Britain would fight if Poland was attacked, and Wilczeck, from Paris, reported in the same strain about French determination. Ribbentrop and his master "knew" better—they did not listen to their own professional advisers but joined hands with Russia, trusting that the West would either not fight at all or, should the West be fools enough to resist, could be trampled underfoot. Both volumes have many photostat copies of the documents themselves, including the Munich agreements. If the translation is clumsy at times, it is faithful enough. English readers will be interested to learn that Mr. Neville Chamberlain was a "big capitalist"; they might otherwise have failed to recognise him in the index.

F. W. PICK.

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The Life and Times of Winston Churchill, by Malcolm Thomson (Odham's Press, 9s. 6d.), contains such a wealth of excellent illustrations that it is unlikely to be superseded. But it is much more than a mere delightful picture-book. The narrative is clear and readable, and the colours are not laid on too thick. Mr. Churchill's romantic career speaks for itself, and assuredly the lily requires no gilding. The man is never lost in the statesman, and the picture which emerges is that of a warm-hearted and attractive human being. Mr. Churchill, like lesser men, has had his disappointments, such as his exclusion from office in 1915, his political isolation from 1929 to 1939, and his smashing defeat in 1945. He has been sustained throughout by his massive self-confidence and by the loving comradeship of a woman whose grace and charm shine through this thrilling record of service, struggle and triumph.

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The reissue in the United States of *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century*, by G. P. Gooch (Peter Smith, New York, \$7.50), renders once more available a volume which has been out of print for several years and of which secondhand copies are extremely scarce. The whole stock of the fifth impression of a book of 600 pages, first published by Longman in 1913, was destroyed in the great London blitz of December 30th, 1940. Though monographs have appeared on certain individual writers discussed in its pages, there is no other work in English which surveys in detail the achievements of the leading historical scholars in Europe and America, from Niebuhr and Ranke to Acton and Maitland, Mahan and Sorel. It is a story of steady progress in technique, insight and ever-increasing international co-operation in which the lighthearted amateur has been gradually superseded by an army of experts, each labouring diligently in his chosen portion of the vineyard.

